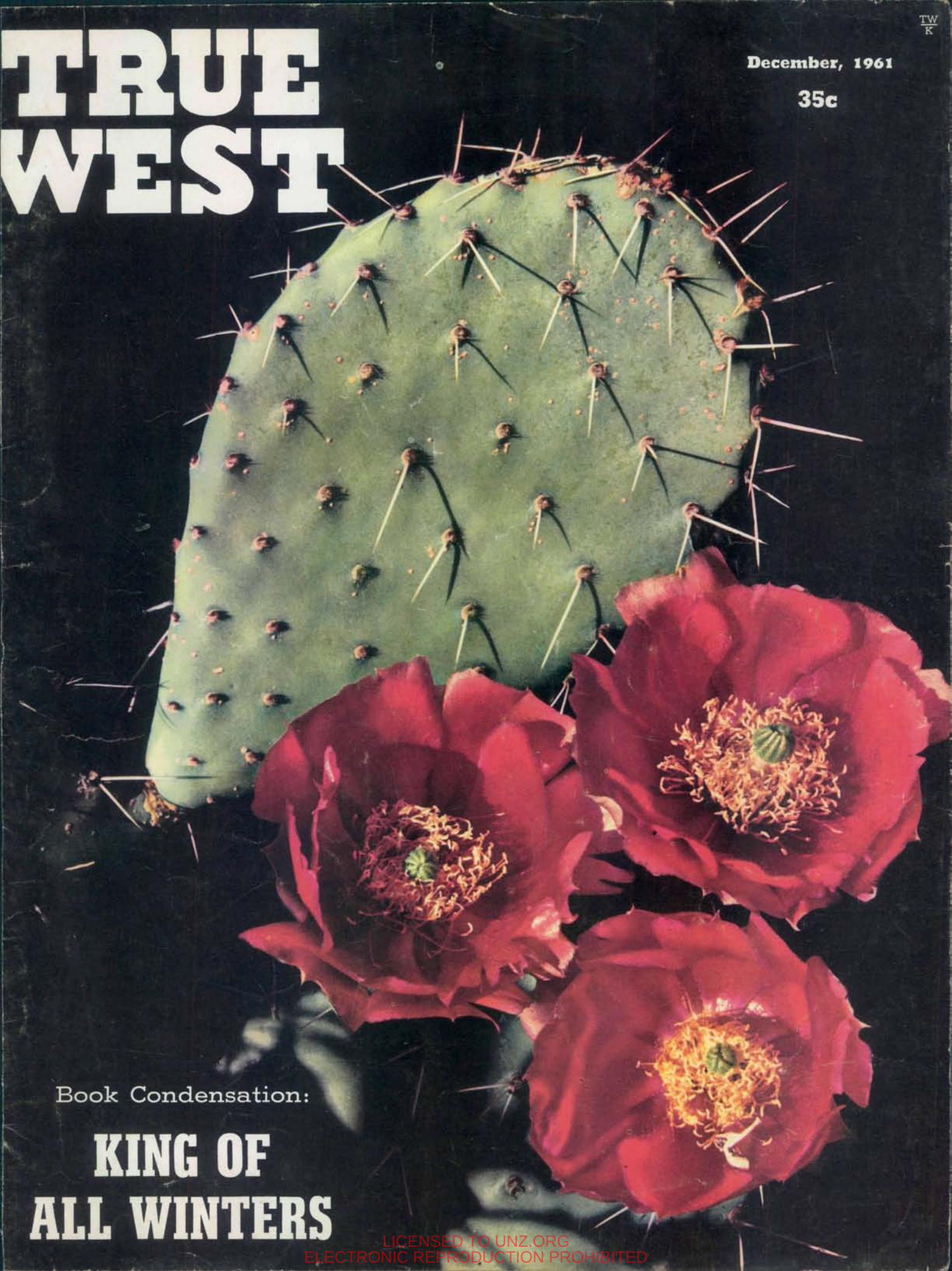
TRUE WEST

December, 1961

35c



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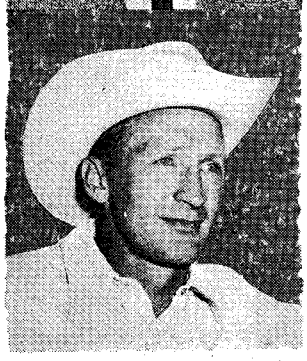

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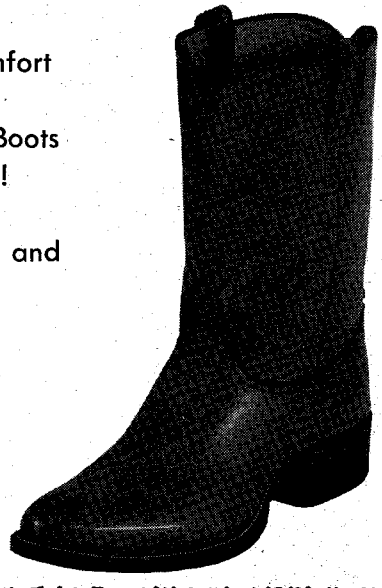

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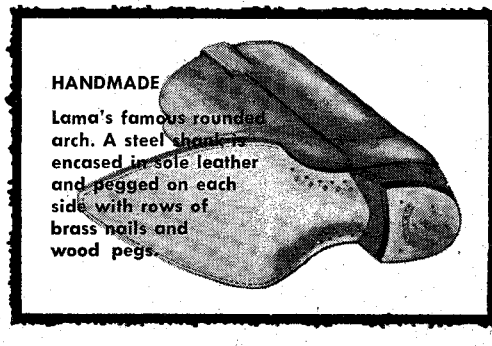

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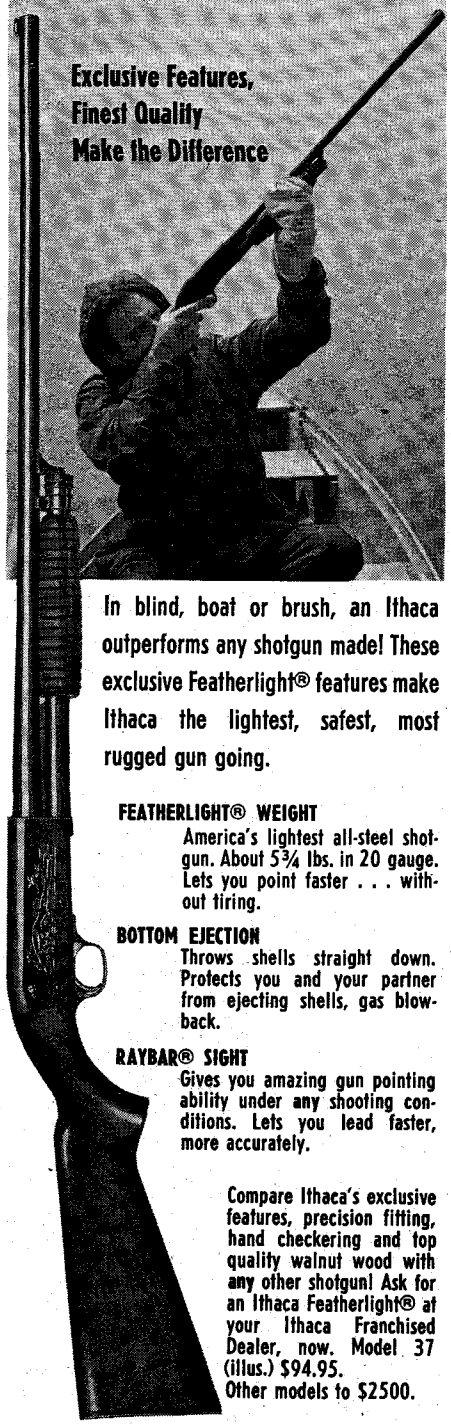

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November-December, 1961
Volume 9, No. 2
Whole No. 48

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover photo by Josef Muench

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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Saddling Up the Truth

THEY said it couldn't be done! Well, maybe it can't—but somebody has sure made a healthy stab at it!

I am talking about a radio series of thirteen quarter-hour radio programs called *THE AMERICAN COWBOY* that presents this much-abused character as he really was instead of the way so many knotheaded writers have presented him for the American public! What the general opinion of New York and Hollywood seems to be is that you can't make a series that is real factual and truthful and make it popular to the public. Well, if this series isn't popular, somebody is going to have to scratch around and find out what that word actually means!

Seventy-three radio stations in *Texas alone* contracted to run this series right off the bat and if that is any indication relative to how many stations will run it in the other states—looks like it's going to hit the saturation point!

We believe that makers of headache pills and all types of sedatives would get rich if they'd run spot ads along with these programs. It should be one dickens of a shock to the American public to hear anything at all factual about a cowboy on a radio program! Now this is not a jibe at radio stations. We are finding out fast that they *want* something better but the blamed producers say they know what the American public wants—the hero cowboy who never saw a smelly corral and knows a cow only as something that comes out of canned sound and he just doesn't get on the payroll at all if he can't sing and play a guitar!

Well sir, down here in Austin, Texas, which is the natural habitat of Walter Prescott Webb, Joe Frantz, J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gipson, Curt Bishop, the Texas History Library, and WESTERN PUBLICATIONS—well, it sort of seemed to The University of Texas radio people that it might be a good idea to paint a real life-sized portrait of the cowboy while there still might be a few left around who would believe it! Us idiots here at WESTERN PUBLICATIONS worked right along with them and TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES get some mighty valuable publicity in each program. I hope it starts a trend to begin elbowing fiction off the airways; and if it does, maybe one of these days you will see a TRUE WEST THEATRE on television—what a project that would be!

BACK to the radio series, this is what you are told at the beginning of each program:

"With the lonely sky shovin' down on his shoulders . . . and the dust of a continent cakin' his throat . . . he left his brand on the frontier of our history. Eyes squinted ahead into savagery . . . civilization doggin' his heels. And we give him to you who can take him straight—*THE AMERICAN COWBOY!*"

They do, too! They take this hired man on horseback and tell you who he was and what he was and where he came from and how he happened to go where he went and what he did on the way. They tell you what his job was and how he went about doing it, what he wore, what he ate, what he worked with, what he saw and what he wanted and what he got. They tell you what's been said about him that wasn't so, and what's been remembered about him that was. They tell you what he laughed at and what he was scared of and how he felt about himself and the men around him, about cows and horses, and women and Indians. It's all in these programs, researched and written by Marye Durrum Benjamin, (durned gal's a whiz at it!) who's script editor for Radio/Television at The University of Texas, and produced and directed by William L. Burke, radio production supervisor. The University staff people used the most dependable sources available—the complete files of WESTERN PUBLICATIONS (natch!), and the Texas History Library in the Barker History Center. They called upon people like I've mentioned plus many more top hands in the field of truth. Eleanor Page, music supervisor of Radio/Television at The University, wrote the music and Rod Rightmire was the one who concocted the idea for the series in the first place. I wish we had space to mention every person connected with the program since they did such a good job.

The producers of this series have prepared some mighty colorful and informative brochures, describing the series and telling what is included in each program. If you live in Texas and want to hear these programs, ask your local radio station to request one of these brochures

(Continued on page 64)

About the Cover

It might not be what you'd call an "Old West" cover—but, on second thought, why not? Western cacti were blooming long before there was an Old West! It saved the life of many a lost desert prospector and wanderer by supplying a little water, helped starving cattle stay alive during severe droughts, and was something cheerful to look at in a country that was out to get *you* before you got *it*.

This is the first cover, I believe, that we have ever run that doesn't have a horse, an Indian, cowboy, mountain man, prospector or badman on it. By golly, we just want to see if we can sell a magazine with a beautiful cover that has none of these elements in it—and is still as much of the Old West as any one of them!

In answer to those who want copies without printing (for the purpose of framing) we are trying to work out a non-costly way to have prints made that we can sell for approximately a dollar each. The printer has to make a new set of plates without type on them and running just a few in four colors is higher than the tip end of a scared cat's tail while he's clinging to the top pinnacle of a lofty crag. But we'll see what we can do.

The color transparency was made by Josef Muench, an old hand at extracting the most beauteous beauty from the beautiful West.

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If you haven't read the Fall issue of FRONTIER TIMES you've missed a reading treat you won't find anywhere else in the world. Authenticated and exciting tales straight from the pages of history as told by your favorite authors—J. Frank Dobie, Ellis Lucia, Tom Bailey and others—make this issue a collector's delight.

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Viva Villa!

"I liked old Pancho," Bert Judia says—and tells the reason why. He and the famous Mexican outlaw became close friends because Bert had been kind enough to help a tired stranger.

Treasure of the Craters

The government gave two men permission to look for lost loot—but only if they filled up their holes behind them!

Dewey Iron Hail

This staunch Sioux chieftain lived through both the tragedies and glories of his great race, from a carefree youth to participation in both the Custer and Wounded Knee massacres.

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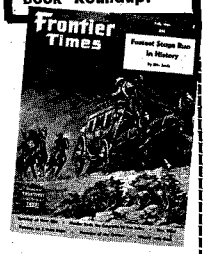
Fastest Stage Run in History; Murder Rode the Colorado; Rabbit, the Roundup Cook; The Mayor of Ulysses; The Boom Was a Bust in Bowlegs!; Flour, Furs and Freight Cars on the Red River Run; Paisano; Swift Justice; Nuggets, and Ask Frontier Times — plus your favorite departments, including Frontier Post and Western Book Roundup!



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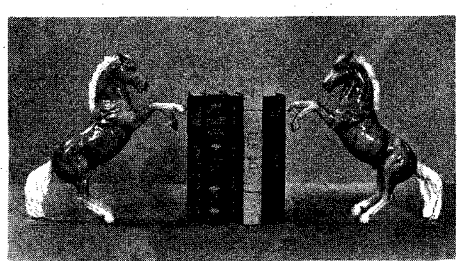

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Truly Western

Unequalled!

Dear Sirs:

Your cover pic on October TW of Amy Tilden and horse is unequalled by ANY OTHER mag ANYWHERE in years—so vastly better than the boresomely monotonous "pretty" pix, all meaningless, that you should have national recognition for it. Both girl (bless her wonderful poise and loveliness) and HORSE (whatta horse!) are "True West" and convey more authenticity than a barrel of movie and comic book styled art works.

Here's an idea: offer for sale 2x2 color slides of this cover, also big color prints for framing. TW fans would love them. —Howard Clark, Box 484, Yucca Valley, California.

Editors' Note: We're sure happy about the wonderful response the October cover brought from you-all. Our mail barrels are overflowing with requests for color prints of Amy and the Appaloosa—and whatta bunch of liars read TW! Like the guy that said: My wife thought that was such a beautiful horse I'd like to get a six-foot by four-foot reproduction . . . Man, you old buzzards ain't kiddin' us none! We'd give nine-to-one odds and toss a Texas tomcat in that you-all just ain't that interested in horses!

Unfortunately, despite the many requests, we can't make and sell prints, since we obtained the photo for cover-reproduction only. I'm sure, however, photographer H. W. Steward and the Idaho State Department of Commerce and Development will be pleased to know of its popularity.

We'll have more of 'em in the future.

Don't Cross the XIT!

Dear Joe:—

Let's set the record straight on the XIT (reference your editor's note on page 62 of the October issue). It wasn't "deeded to Boyce and Sneed" and that old hokum about "Ten in Texas" is a good story but so much bunk! Colonel A. G. Boyce came to the XIT as a ranch manager, not as an owner, and Arch Sneed joined the XIT in 1902, just four years before I did.

Back in 1875 the Texas government was feeling cramped in its old capitol building and the Texas Constitutional Convention set aside 3,000,000 acres of land in the Panhandle with which to get a new one.

Action dragged till fire destroyed the old capitol November 9, 1881. Governor Oran M. Roberts called a special legislative session. It struck a bargain with Charles B. and John V. Farwell, brothers of Chicago, under which they agreed to build a $3,000,000 capitol and accept the 3,000,000 acres in the Panhandle in payment.

Ground for the building was broken in 1882. By ox-power and a specially-built railroad, Burnet County's famous red granite was transported to Austin for the historic structure.

The Farwells borrowed money in England to develop the ranch, and on this fact probably was hung the one-time myth that the ranch belonged to Englishmen. The debt was liquidated in 1909.

Ab Blocker, a south Texas trail driver, and B. H. (Barbecue) Campbell, first general manager of the ranch, squatted on their boot heels one day and in the corral dust at Buffalo Springs figured out a brand that could be run with a straight iron that rustlers could not successfully burn over. Blocker ran the first "XIT" brand then and there. The "Ten in Texas" bit was an afterthought hung on sometime afterward.—C. E. MacConnell, 1621 West Buckeye Lane, Tucson, Arizona.

Editors' Note: We whipped up a whirlwind and are chokin' on the dust. These ex-XITers have more esprit d'corps than Marines! The erroneous editor's note was picked up directly from a biographical sketch on Milt Hinkle in a rodeo program and suffixed to the story as additional information at the last minute. We painfully admit our carelessness and hang our head in shame.

"Painfully" because one little ex-XITer from close hereabouts came in to call us on it. He was so mad when we shouted "Come in" to his knock he walked through the door, punched five holes in the floor stomping his foot, and completely shattered a desk slapping his hand against it. Then he started in on us, and . . .

Boy, for a little man he shore had big hands! ('Course, all stretched out, he might've been seven feet tall.)

We'll not never make no more mistakes about the XIT!

"Spare Me a Dime" Clubs

Mr. Robert Stout:

Just a year ago, I cracked up with a bad heart attack and found myself in Mendocino County hospital. My copies of TRUE WEST were sent to me and of course I passed them around. Few realize the hunger in hospitals like this one for reading matter, especially among the aged, many of whom have seen better times but now have little money and few friends. Some of us in this little old town of Mendocino gather up and send a carton of magazines over to the hospital each month.

This, together with Joe's plea for a much needed dime, gave me an idea. Why not organize a lot of "Spare Me a Dime Clubs?" Right now our local club consists of just me and myself: no dues, no assessments, no initiations—and just one condition for membership. To become a member of our "Spare Me a Dime Club" all one needs to do is to send a subscription of TRUE WEST or

(Continued on page 42)

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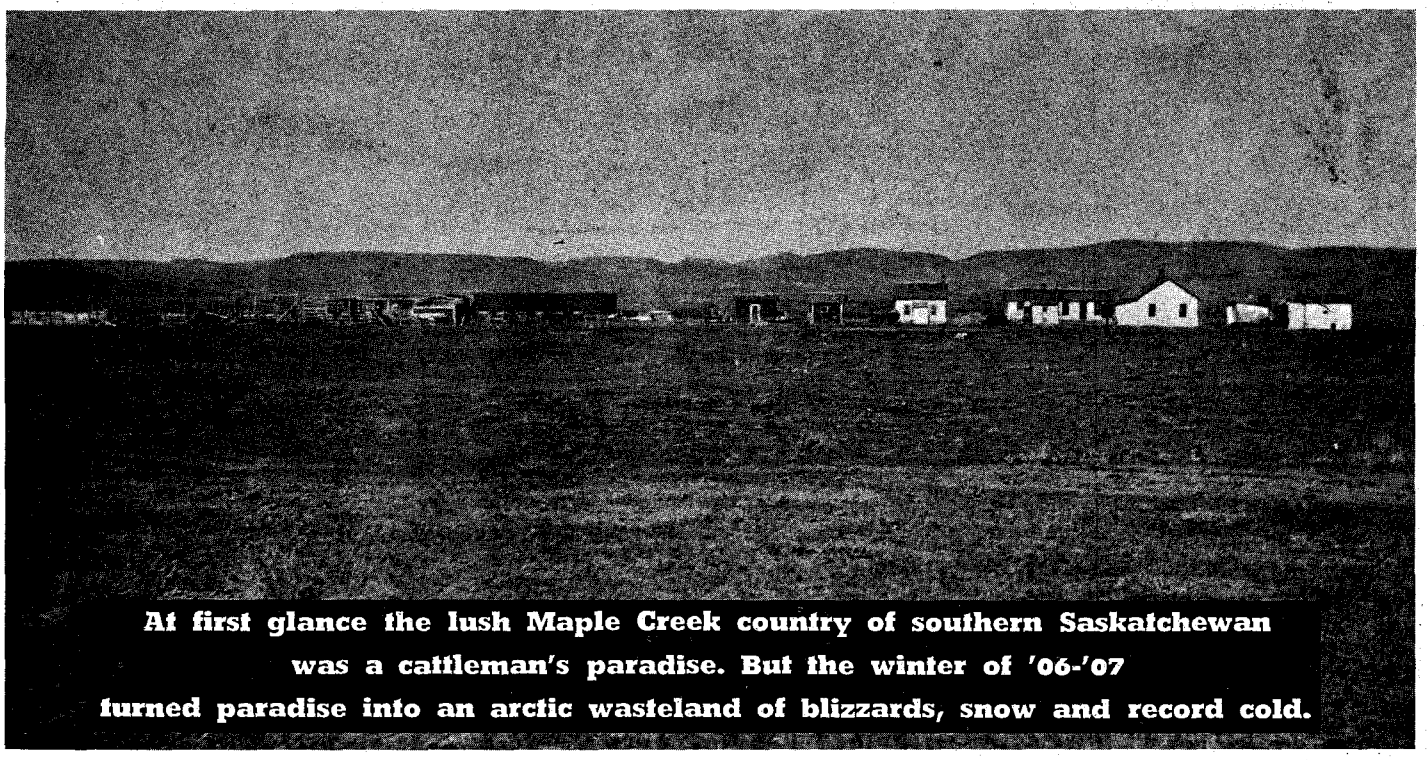

At first glance the lush Maple Creek country of southern Saskatchewan was a cattleman's paradise. But the winter of '06-'07 turned paradise into an arctic wasteland of blizzards, snow and record cold.

The Fifty Mile Ranch.

BOOK CONDENSATION!

By T. B. LONG

KING of All Winters

Editor's Note: TRUE WEST is happy to bring you our first in a series of book condensations. In years to come, T. B. Long's book will be as valuable for its scarcity as it is today for the faithful recording of a way of life that can never be brought back or lived again, except on a printed page. The following from 70 YEARS A COWBOY, published by Western Printers Assn., Ltd., Regina, Sask., Canada, Copyright 1959 by T. B. Long, will make you draw a little closer to the fire and wonder how in tarnation the old-timers ever lived through all the trouble that nature and a new land could throw at them!

AFTER the winter of 1904 many of us could see that our Madison Valley range in Montana was becoming overstocked. More people were moving in and the old-timers were getting more cattle to run. All the upper Valley, where we had had ample range before, was now rapidly being overrun with sheep. I could see that in the near future the cowboy's work would be very limited—the ranchers would either have to cut down their herds or run them in fenced pastures which they owned. This would not be to my liking at all as the cowboy life was the only one I understood.

We heard of a great abundance of grass and open range in the southern Saskatchewan country in Canada and The Jeffers Cattle Company, namely Walter Long, Burt Maynard, and Steve Gainan, were the first ones to make a decision. They appointed Tom Whitney and me to go up and look over this new range. These men knew that some move had to be made soon.

In March, 1905, Tom and I took the branch line train at Norris, Montana, for Maple Creek, Saskatchewan. Stepping off the train at Maple Creek, we were met by Fred Garrison, whom we had known on the Madison and whose father had moved to Canada a year or two previously. He had been informed by mail of our coming.

It was about thirty-two miles to the Garrison ranch and we enjoyed every minute of the trip. We were only a few miles out of the old cowtown of Maple Creek before I could see that this was a great range country. There was grass everywhere, more of it than we had seen for a long time. The Cypress Hills to the south did not look very high to us old mountain men, but as we drew near them we were impressed with their timber and beautiful scenery.

In this flat prairie country the hills were sort of set apart like islands in the sea or oases in the desert. On a gentle rising slope the prairie land gave way to brush and timber. Winding our way through this timber we finally came out on a huge flat-topped bench. Here several years growth of grass rippled in the wind, knee deep to a horse as far as the eye could see. What a cattle heaven this could be!

Already my mind was made up and I am sure Tom's was too. We arrived at the ranch about dark. Here we received

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a warm welcome indeed, as the Garrisons were lonesome for friends from their old home range and we talked far into the night.

Before daylight we were up and off to look the country over—and what a country! It is just impossible to describe the amount of grass we saw; there was free range everywhere. Tom and I knew then that this was going to be our new home and after a few days of just enjoying this cattle heaven we picked out two homesteads on Sucker Creek just north of Cypress Lake.

Bursting with eagerness and information we arrived back at Ennis on April 1. Preparations were started immediately to make the move. It was no small job convincing my wife, Esther, and Mrs. Whitney that they should leave the land they had always lived in.

Esther had sincerely hoped that I would not like the north country, but upon seeing my enthusiasm she consented to go. The Whitneys had two small children, Audry and Cecil, which made it a little harder for Mrs. Whitney to make up her mind, but at last she also agreed.

By the last of April we were ready to go and, trailing the stock to Norris, we loaded out about 100 head of horses and 1,500 head of cattle. These belonged to the Jeffers Cattle Company, Tom Whitney, and me.

There were several who decided to go along and help on this venture, some with the idea of staying and some just for the trip. They were Clarence and Paul Jeffers, Asa and Art Whitney (Tom's oldest sons), Lud Piper, Steve and Leo Gainan, Harry Wiles, Tom Whitney and I. The nearest point by rail in the United States to our destination was Havre, Montana. The women and children took the passenger train and went on ahead while the men stayed with the stock. As we had two full stock trains we were hi-balled right straight through and reached Havre without having to feed.

WE arrived at Havre at night. The trains no sooner came to a halt than the cowboys hit the dirt and were gone in a rush to remove the dust of travel, both externally and internally. Not being a drinking man I hastened to the hotel where I found two very lonesome women, already more than a little homesick.

The following day was one of great activity. The cattle and horses were unloaded and at once driven out on grass north of town. Here we set up a camp and held the herd for two days while we purchased wagons, harness, tents and all needed supplies for our journey north.

The third morning after our arrival we got the herd strung out for two miles or so and our 100-mile journey got under way. The weather was nice, there was plenty of grass and our equipment was new and all in all the world looked pretty rosy.

There was to be a big Sun Dance of all the Indian tribes at Havre soon and we had no sooner topped the hills of the Milk River breaks until we started meeting Indians. These were mostly Crees from Canada—an endless wave of them. They were traveling in wagons, afoot, and on horses and were dressed in buckskins, robes and blankets of all colors of the rainbow.

There were chiefs, with their feathery headdresses, squaws with papooses on their backs, young prancing bucks and noisy half-grown children. These, in their great numbers, were very friendly but they did slow down our drive tremendously and they were in our way clear to the Canadian border. Needless to say they were also a great worry to our women folks, who had never seen so many Indians before.

The hardships that Esther and Mrs. Whitney endured during this trip and the following years, would make a book in itself. They were cooking for fourteen, taking care of two little ones, moving after every meal and sleeping in tents through rain, wind, mud and all other adverse conditions of the trail. Esther has often said that it would have been unbearable if there had not been two of them. These pioneer women were just plain hardy, game and tough. I sometimes think they could stand more than a man. Never has enough credit been given these women who gave their all to the settling of the land.

We had very little trouble and made pretty good time until we crossed the Canadian border. Then we hit rain. When we came to Battle Creek, just north of the border, we found it full to the banks, fed by heavy rains in the Cypress Hills.

Lud Piper had purchased a new saddle in Havre and he continually worried about the fact that you must pay duty on new articles brought across the border. On unsaddling that night, Lud very carefully covered his pride and joy with the saddle blanket to protect it from the rain. We were all standing talking when we heard a startled cry from Lud and turning toward the roaring creek we saw Burt swinging Lud's new saddle over his head. After a couple of wind-up swings, he let it fly with a splash into Battle Creek.

This modern cattle drive across northern Montana between Havre and Glasgow is covering the same area the author and his companions traveled in 1905 on their way from the Madison Valley to the Cypress Hills "paradise."

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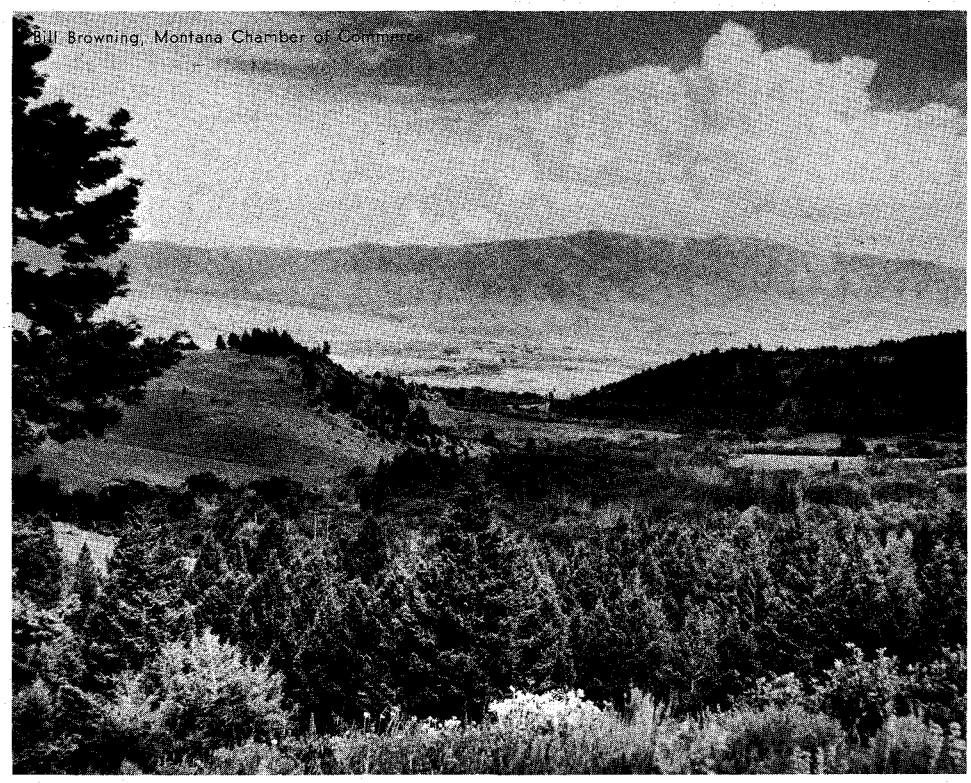

The Madison River Valley.

Author Long astride Hardway.

With an angry yelp, Lud took off in hot pursuit down the creek where, after a fast ride down the swift current, he found the saddle caught in a whirlpool near the shore. In a short time he reappeared, covered with mud but triumphant, the dripping saddle over one shoulder. As he trudged into camp Burt called, "There, Lud, your duty troubles are all over. I helped you out. They can sure see now that she has been used!"

The rain lasted for three days and we held the herd for several days to let the gumbo mud dry. Our camp was near John Badger's ranch. He at once insisted that the women folks stay at the house with his family. John Badger was a fine fellow and a wonderful host. We were all entertained continually by his wit and stories, some of which I still remember.

On my first visit, to start the conversation, I mentioned that it was quite a rain. John, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "Well, I don't know. We have some pretty good rains here. I saw it rain a beer bottle full in ten minutes one time."

Another favorite story of his concerned a trip on an extremely dark night with his friend Billy Gregg. He said that he thought it was the darkest night he had ever seen. It was so dark that when he went to blow his nose he blew Billy's instead!

The second day after we pulled out, it commenced to rain again. Toward the evening we came to the White Mud River, just below Cypress Lake. After making camp we learned that there was a roundup wagon and crew camped a short distance from us so we hastened over for a visit. Upon arriving at their camp we learned that this was the T Down Bar wagon, Harry Otterson roundup boss.

This was my first meeting with Ira Tripplet and I remember it well. He was riding a spooky horse and, as it had started to rain again, he decided to put on his slicker. He hung his reins on the

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saddle horn, reached back and untied his slicker and when the slicker unfolded in the wind his horse jumped and started to run.

Ira went on very unconcernedly putting on the slicker with his horse at a dead run and I think the horse made about a mile-and-a-half around and around the camp before he finally got the last button fastened. Then, and only then, did he pick up his reins, pull the panting horse down and ride casually back into camp.

We made the last ten miles to our summer range and established a permanent camp. The tents were banked up, an ample wood supply gathered and a corral built to hold our saddle horses. At Maple Creek we paid the duty on our stock and equipment. The duty was light and the Canadian authorities were very nice and receptive to our entrance. They took our word for everything and did not even inspect our herds. Having taken care of this, Tom took the train to Regina to record our brands and the rest of us returned home after purchasing some hay machinery.

When Tom got back we lost no time branding the stock with our new iron. When the job was finished it was getting on toward June. After fixing our camps up a little better, we had to start putting up hay to be sure that we were secure for the following winter. There was no problem finding hay in this sea of grass, anywhere you went, you could cut hay that would go from three-quarters of a ton to a ton to the acre. By the middle of September we had enough hay to winter the calves, which was all we planned to feed.

All through the haying our women folks again proved their mettle. They cooked for the crews, living in tents through rain and heat. Our horses were continually trying to head back to their home range and the women rode for them and held them along with their other work. Sometimes this required a lot of riding, but they took care of it.

The hay being all up, we hastened to get our houses built for winter. I was able to get what logs I needed close at hand but a round trip of fifty miles was required to get the finished lumber. For the trip I took four horses and one wagon and was able to bring all I needed in one load but it was a large one. By the middle of October I had the house finished.

EARL Whitney, Tom's son, who was about eighteen years old, and I were elected to gather cattle and throw them on winter range closer to home. They were ranging in north of the Cypress Hills in an area of twenty to thirty miles in diameter.

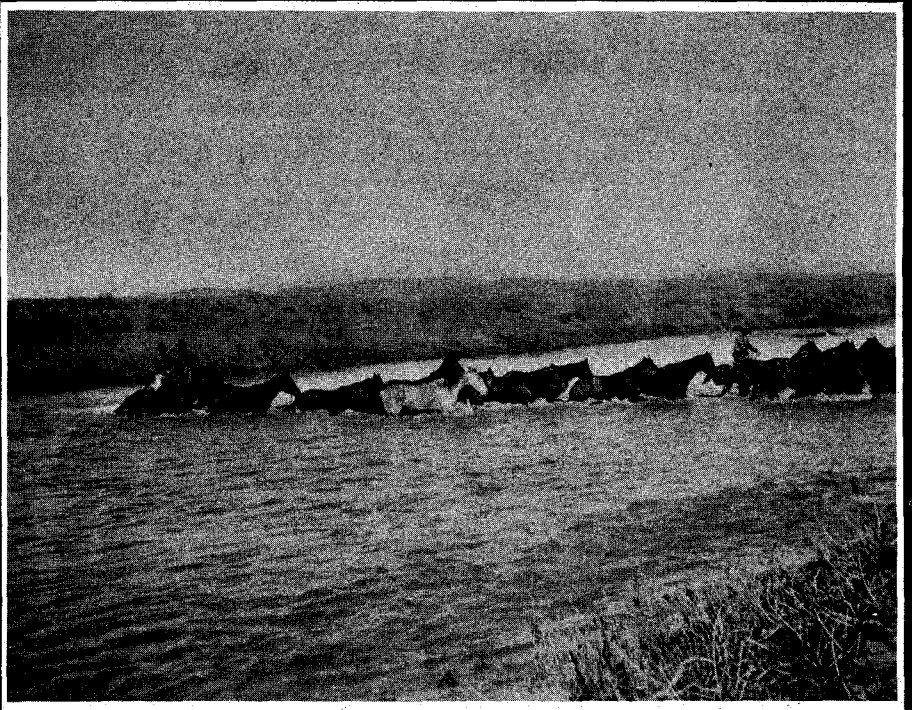
Although the days were crowded with hard work, they bring back memories of many good times and many laughs. Earl was an all-around good hand and just full of the dickens. He was strictly a dare-devil who would try anything once; we had a lot of fun on this gather.

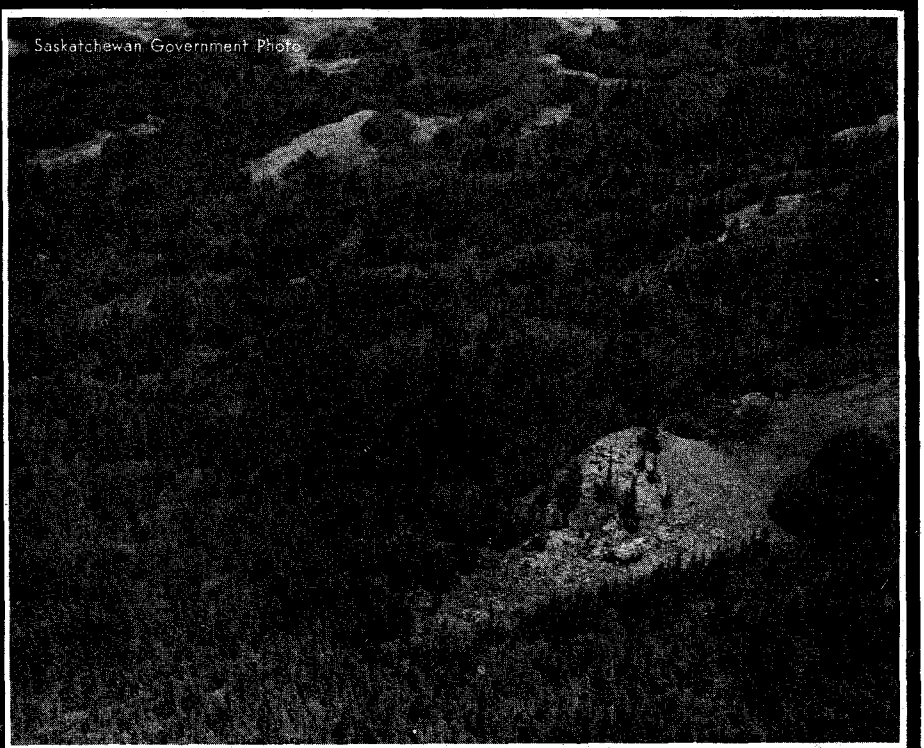
One day about noon we rode into the Harry Bettuss ranch. Bettuss was an old Texan and a real Westerner. We had a fine dinner, after which he insisted on staking us to fresh horses. He roped a horse out of the corral for me—I could see at a glance that it was a gentle horse.

While I was saddling he caught one for Earl and as he led him out of the gate I noticed that saddle marks were missing. Here was a snaky horse. He was jet black and well-built and he danced on the end of the rope. As Earl went down the rope with his bridle, Bettuss turned to me and said loudly, for Earl's benefit, "Mr. Long, I gave you kind of a spooky horse there but this one I picked for Earl is a pet of my wife's. She rides him all the time."

Many of the ranchers in those days had one or two horses which might be termed outlaws. They would always buck and it was considered very funny to stake some innocent rider to one of these and watch the fun. If he expected to fool Earl, though, he was doomed to disappointment. I could see Earl had sized up the situation also. After getting his saddle on the black. Earl took his quirt from the saddle and swung it on his right wrist.

The big black stood trembling as Earl swung up and when he hit the saddle the horse exploded. Here was a tough horse all right and he could sure unwind, but the rider's balance was pretty to watch. Everytime the old pony's feet hit the ground that quirt came off the end of his nose with a resounding pop. We watched, spellbound, until the horse and rider passed from sight down a hill. The last thing we could see was that quirt rising and falling. Bettus turned to me





Top, some of the men who rode for the Jeffers Cattle Company. Bottom, the Cypress Hills area in southwestern Saskatchewan.

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with a grin and said. "Say! That boy can ride, can't he?"

When Earl returned the horse that night Bettus would not have been stretching the truth at all if he told the next man that his wife could ride him. It was a thoroughly broken horse.

That winter was a very mild one and our loss of cattle was small; I recall one incident, however, that has always amused me.

We had a warm day and the snow had thawed some but it turned cold in the night. After doing my chores I saddled up and rode to Tom's place to see how he was doing. As I approached the corral I could hear some choice cuss words together with a sharp whacking noise and I became very curious as to just what was going on. Getting closer I found Tom among the cattle in the corral; at regular intervals I could see an axe rise above his head and fall with a smack. This was all very puzzling to me so I rode up to the fence and shouted an inquiry.

"Tom, what in the Sam Hill are you doing?"

He paused for a moment then answered, "I am chopping these - - - cows' tails off so they can get up."

The cattle had bedded down with their tails in the wet snow and as the night grew colder they froze there. Tom was chopping the long hair off the end of their tails to release them. I just sat on my horse and laughed but Tom failed to see any humor in the situation at all.

We came through our first winter on our new range in Canada with the best of luck and scarcely any loss at all. Little did we realize what we were to go through the following winter.

IN the spring I discovered that I had filed on comparatively poor land. There was only one thing to do—move again. I found an ideal spot on Davis Creek, about ten miles east of our present location, where the land was flat and grass grew thicker than hair on a dog's back. The land was also suitable for raising all kinds of feed. We made the move at once and as time was short, we set up a tent camp, leaving the moving of the house until later.

Just before the first of June our roundup wagon started out on the spring gather. We were known then as the White Mud Pool. Fred Garrison was roundup boss and we sent reps to the T Down and several other wagons. Our wagon covered the country west as far as Battle Creek, east to East End, Saskatchewan, south to the Montana border and the Cypress Hills to the north. We handled somewhere around 15,000 cattle and centered just north of Cypress Lake.

I had to rush home in a few weeks to start haying (I was very fortunate in having a remarkable hay meadow). I could just take out in any direction from camp with a mower and start cutting.

That summer Esther again put up with many hardships. Still watching the horses, she cooked for the hay crew in a tent. There were many vicious lightning storms followed by driving wind and rain. There were many times when I would be out on roundup when she would be alone or just have another woman with her.

It is hard to realize what an electric storm is like in a tent unless you have experienced it. Water always manages to come through or under a tent and when the wind blows, no matter how well a tent is pitched, some canvas always flaps or pops. The lightning flashes come through the canvas as though it were transparent and nothing deadens the crash of thunder. When it is all over, cooking with wet wood that has to be carried in through the mud follows. In spite of it all, she managed to have a fine meal ready every time the crew or a visiting cowboy appeared.

I was able to get up as much or more hay than I had the fall before and decided that it was enough. I finished just in time for the fall roundup and had no time to move the house. In this gather we were short-handed. We had the same territory to cover as we had before and several less men to do it with.

That fall will live plainly in my memory always. It was outstanding in the way the cattle handled and since then I have known, and often verified the fact, that cattle somehow can tell what kind of a winter lies ahead. No cowboys on the wagon had ever seen cattle act the way they did after we had them gathered and held at center.

Never before or since have I seen cattle so restless and hard to hold. Five nights in succession they broke away from the middle night guard and we spent nearly five days in rounding them back up again. On the sixth night Fred Garrison, wagon boss, detailed Chester Gilchrist and me to take the middle night guard. His orders were clipped short and to the point, "Go out there and hold 'em. Don't let 'em get away."

Saddling our horses in the dark of night we rode grimly out to the huge herd, knowing that our job was a tough one and extremely important. Taking over from the first guard we started around the herd at a moderate pace. As the night wore on, the herd became restless. Before long the entire herd was on its feet and we were running our horses at break-neck speed through the darkness. This had to be continued throughout the middle guard, and our horses were nearly played out, but we managed to keep the cattle bunched.

About two a.m. they became quieter and started to bed down. The danger was past. When morning came though, they were restless again. This condition existed throughout the entire fall—even on good range they would move and drift continually. I know now that some warning, some sense endowed them by nature, must have given them knowledge of the terrible winter that was coming.

By the middle of October, I had the house moved; we were very thankful to get settled. There were a number of jobs that should have been done but there was no more time. I had a lot of fencing that I wanted to do before winter, as well as some plowing and other odd jobs, but we felt very fortunate that we had accomplished as much as we had.

Frank Kirby and his wife, from the Madison, came up that fall and decided to spend the winter with us in our house. This was an extremely lucky break as we were expecting an addition to our family and it would have been impossible for Esther to have stayed alone while I rode for cattle that winter.

WE WERE heading into the worst, hardest, longest and toughest winter ever known in Canada and the northern United States. Little did we realize just how bad it could be. That winter has been forever etched into the minds of the northern stockmen who endured it and many an old-timer still marvels at the miracle of surviving it, to say nothing of the stock. Looking back, I for one, know that God must have had His arms around me many times or I certainly would not have been here now.

On November 14, 1906, fourteen inches of snow fell. My mother had been visiting us and was anxious to get home, so I rushed her to Maple Creek where she took the train. If we had not gone that morning I doubt very much if we could ever have made the trip again that winter.

The temperature dropped to twenty below and stayed there. Usually when the wind blows and it starts to snow, the temperature will rise, but not that winter. As near as I can remember, it never once got above zero until February.

The first snow did not worry us much as we had plenty of feed and we were sure that it would soon melt off as first snows nearly always do. Little did we realize that the king of all winters was just drawing his breath for an extended blow.

The wind started to blow and continued every day, not once letting up. The temperature remained steady at around twenty below. The wind was so strong and cold that my cattle started to drift down Davis Creek past Steve Gainan's ranch where they could find shelter in the heavy brush along the breaks of the White Mud River.

Each morning I would be forced to ride there, gather them and bring them back to feed at the ranch. For days I made this ride, facing those killing blizzards driving my cattle back home to feed, only to get up the next morning and find them gone again. I could not hold them as I had not built any fences.

I was able to keep my calves at home in a large corral where I fed hay but this was all. I rode every day from daylight until dark with the exception of the days when I had to haul hay and wood for fuel. I constantly watched for the expected break in the weather but none came.

After many attempts to hold my cattle on the home range, I finally had to give up and leave them on the range of their own choosing. All I was accomplishing was the wearing down of their strength as well as my own. My face became brown and was continually peeling from frostbite. I became as hardened to the cold as a man could get, and this conditioning was the thing that saved my life in some of the terrible days to follow.

Christmas morning came clear and the thermometer stood on thirty below zero. We had been invited to the Garrison's for dinner. It was fourteen miles or better and I was a little dubious, but the women folks, after being cooped up inside so long, were looking forward to the trip so much that we decided to chance it. One thing in our favor was that the wind was not blowing that morning and there was a pretty good chance that it would remain still for the rest of the day because it was so cold.

I hitched up my best grain-fed team to the bobsled; the women were tucked into quilts and robes and had a large heated rock at their feet. The long trip was made safely and we arrived at our destination about eleven a.m., cold but happy.

THE Garrisons were wonderful hosts and served a delicious dinner. Everyone was so glad for a chance to visit that the time passed rapidly. Finally some one looked out the window and discovered the darkening sky in the north. Looking out I saw a huge grey

(Continued on page 58)

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CHAINED TO A STUMP

No man was big enough or brutal enough to hold Mike McComber, even with the aid of chains. But where man fails, ofttimes Nature has a way and her justice is unheeding and swift.

By LOIS RYKER

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

LAW and order was touch and go in those first few years of the Pritchard Creek Mines in Idaho. But by 1884 a jail had been built some fourteen feet square in Murray where a horde of prospectors were working the diggings. It was not too solidly built but for most malefactors it served the purpose.

A prisoner did not usually have to be kept long. He got a fast hearing—fined and freed, or hanged as the case might be.

Occasionally a prisoner was arrested who was too dangerous for the confines of the log jail. Red-handed Mike was such a person.

He was a beast of a man, brutish, 240 pounds of beef and sinew. An ex-pugilist, he had a short temper and was considered a trouble maker. Somebody said he got his name when he was caught red-handed about to slash a miner's throat for not dividing up his tailings.

In any camp he was unpopular, like a she-bear on the rampage. Most men stayed clear of him. But when he committed an act so vile that even the hardiest riff-raff of the canyon couldn't tolerate it, his ostracism was complete. Just outside Wallace, Mike had been interrupted in a meal by two fellows who were riding down the trail into town. It was a clear case of cannibalism. A miner had stumbled from the edge of the canyon and had died in the fall. Red-handed Mike had discovered him while he was still warm and had no hesitancy in admitting his decision to make use of the unfortunate man. Grimacing and nauseated, the men galloped into town to report Mike's heinous behavior.

The dapper little sheriff, Teddy Guthrie, was called to Wallace where he caught up with Red-handed Mike, and there made his arrest. Mike spent the night in the Wallace jail without incident.

But Guthrie was forced to take him back to Murray to face trial. The distance was about twenty miles by a new wagon road which had been built through the forests. Mike didn't cause him any trouble. He was a vulgar character but he didn't have much rebellion. Not then.

GUTHRIE arrived in camp with his prisoner and started to incarcerate him in the little jail to wait for the next morning's hearing, at which time he could be properly arraigned.

The jail already contained two other prisoners. Jess and Gabby were old reprobates who had been caught pilfering miners' sluice boxes. The most they would get would be a kick out of town and a notice of unwelcome not to be misunderstood.

When they saw who was to be their jailmate (and the story of Mike's degradation had reached them), they kicked up a ruckus that could be heard down the whole canyon.

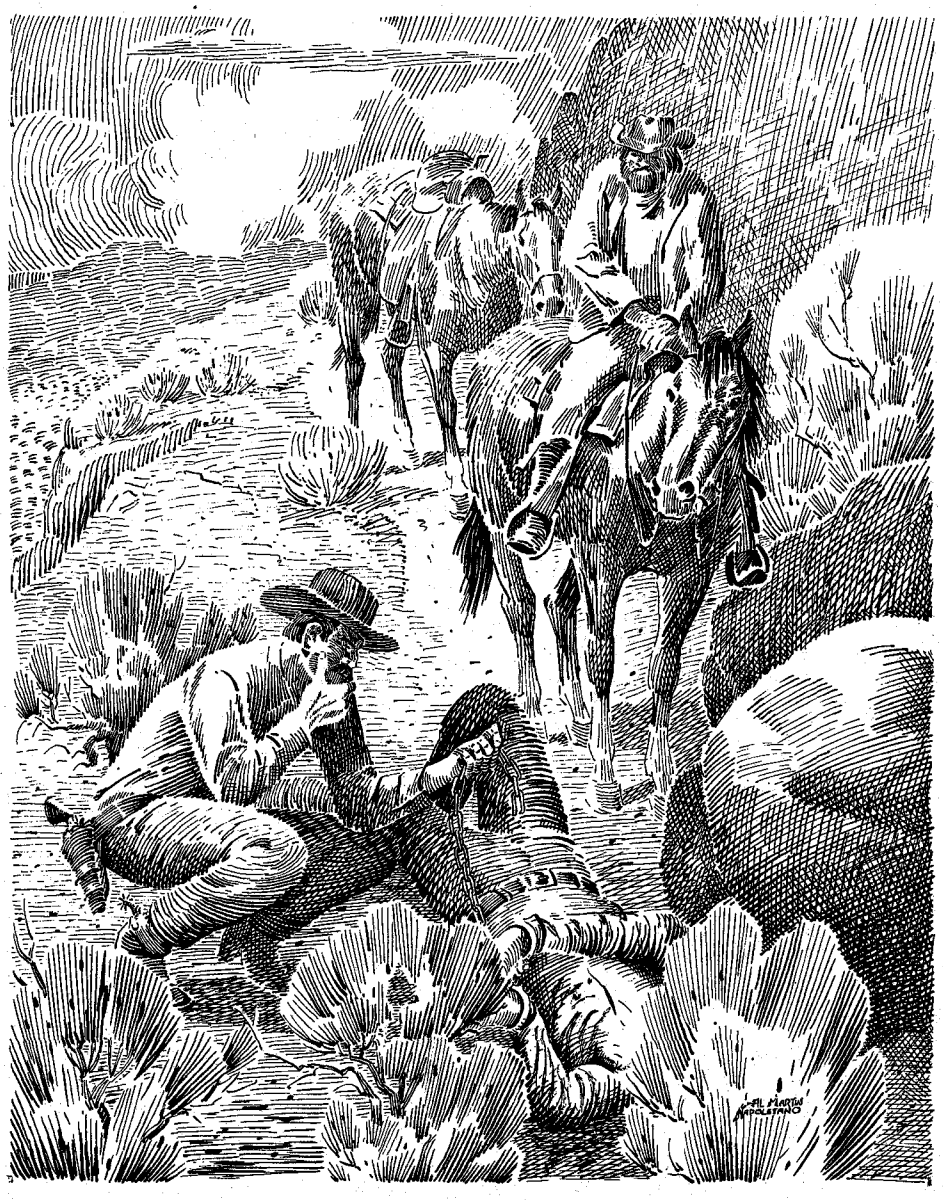
Jess looked as mean as his haggard bearded face could. "We'll kill him, Guthrie! We ain't gonna take him in here!"

Gabby's little eyes bore right through the sheriff. His voice was mild, but his words were not. "He maybe will last one hour from the time you lock that door. Maybe it'll take the two of us less than that to finish him."

Guthrie decided to take his prisoner elsewhere. He tried Dutch Jake's. The gambler, jovial and a friend of everyone, wanted no part of Mike. "No, you ain't going to use my place! He ain't fit even for a pen of hogs. Take him somewhere else!"

Guthrie tried all up and down the

(Continued on page 62)



"He got down and looked the scene over carefully."

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"The Spartar
more dedicated and unswe
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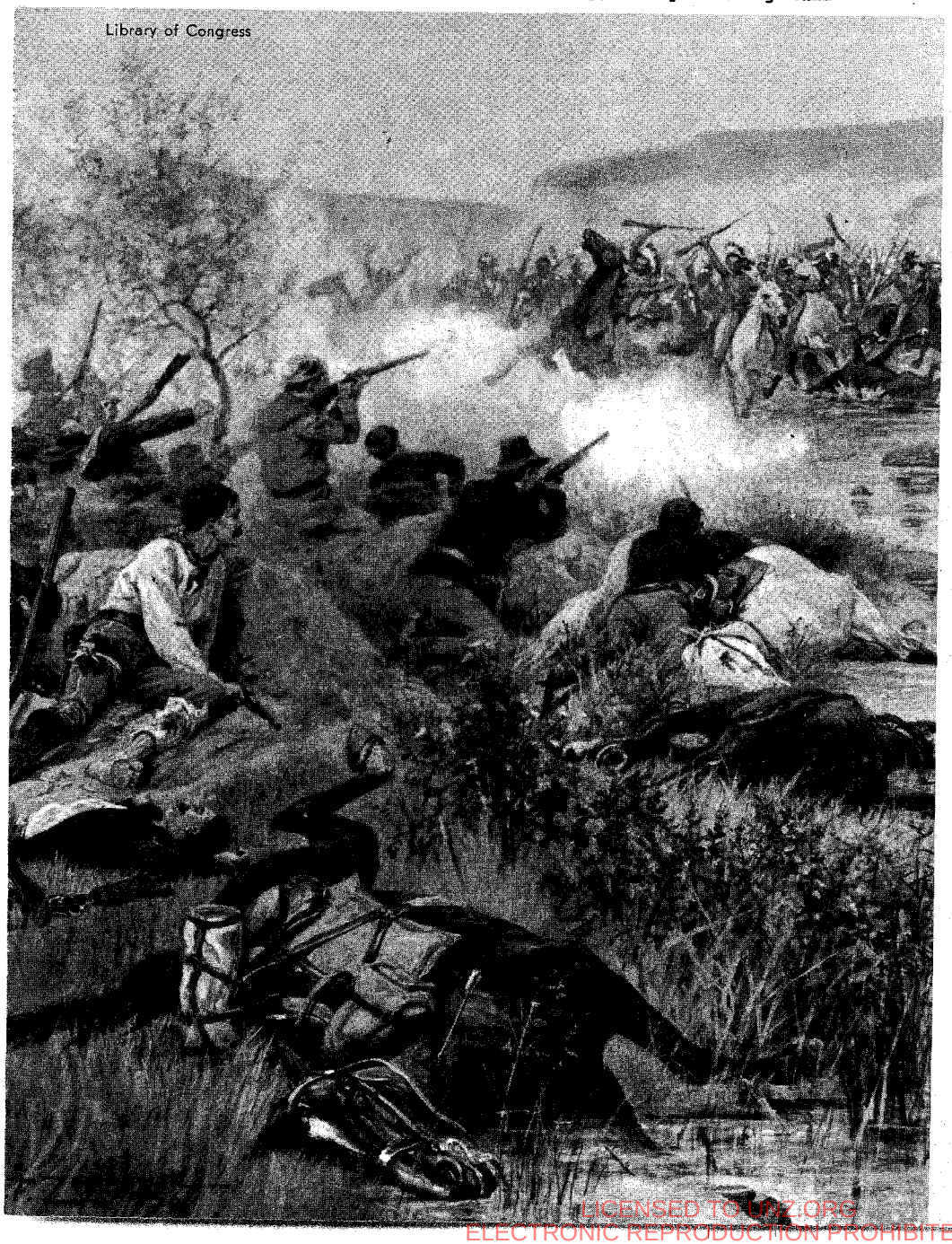
MUZZLING

Defeat of Roman Nose by Colonel Forsyth—Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, September, 1868, as depicted by R. F. Zogbaum.

Library of Congress



By BIL

TALL BULL had to be stopped. His Cheyenne "Dog Soldiers" had become the scourge of the frontier, foraying out from their headquarters in the area at the headwaters of the Republican River and making devastating raids on three states. Even Denver, with a population of almost 5,000, was not immune from the terror they were lashing across the Plains.

Finally, during the summer of 1869, Brevet Major General E. A. Carr, with seven companies of the Fifth Cavalry and 150 Pawnee scouts under Major Frank North, was ordered to launch a campaign against the Dog Soldiers and drive them back from the frontier.

The Dog Soldiers were the most feared and despised Indian warriors on the Plains. At one time the largest warrior fraternity within the membership of Cheyenne tribal circles, they were a tribe within a tribe and existed only to fight. They often went to war on their own—even if the remainder of the Cheyennes were at peace. Such was their reputation for bravery that members of other warrior societies, and even of other tribes, would accompany them on their raids.

The term "Dog Soldiers" had originated years before. A brave had wanted to form a warrior society and when no one was interested, he became a sort of Pied Piper and called all of the Cheyenne dogs out of camp. He also led away all the game animals in the area. When he and the animals were again located, the dogs showed the people where to pitch their lodges. As a consequence, when a youth became a Dog Soldier he severed family lodge ties and lived within the Dog Soldier area of the village.

The Dog Soldiers originated the "chained to the spot" defense system. Certain select members had a dog rope eight to ten feet long, one end of which was tied to a small picket pin, the other to the person of the warrior. If the fight were going against the Dog Soldiers and they were retreating, this person would drive his picket pin and make his stand. Here he fought until overcome or until he was released and freed from the spot by another Dog Soldier.

Owning one of these dog ropes was a very great honor. When the owner signified that he was ready to relinquish the

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of the Plains,"
ring in their purpose of war
ploded violence and murder
til a concentrated effort
ners tightened a final screw in

the Dog Soldiers

JUDGE

rope, an auction might be held, in which great amounts of goods would be offered for the honor of possession.

The forays of the Dog Soldiers along the Solomon, Smoky, and Saline Rivers in 1868, had led to the organization of Forsyth's Scouts, who taught the Dog Soldiers a lesson at Beecher Island.

The famous Roman Nose, perhaps the outstanding warrior of his time, was killed during that engagement. However, his friend Tall Bull, the man who had tried to prevent Roman Nose from participating in that battle until after his purification rites, still lived and Tall Bull was the chief of the Dog Soldiers.

Tall Bull's campaigns continued after Beecher Island. The name, Dog Soldier, became so infamous that all Cheyennes were tarred with the same brush. When Dog Soldiers were mentioned in the newspapers or magazines, everyone thought of the Cheyennes. When Cheyennes were named, the immediate thought was Dog Soldiers.

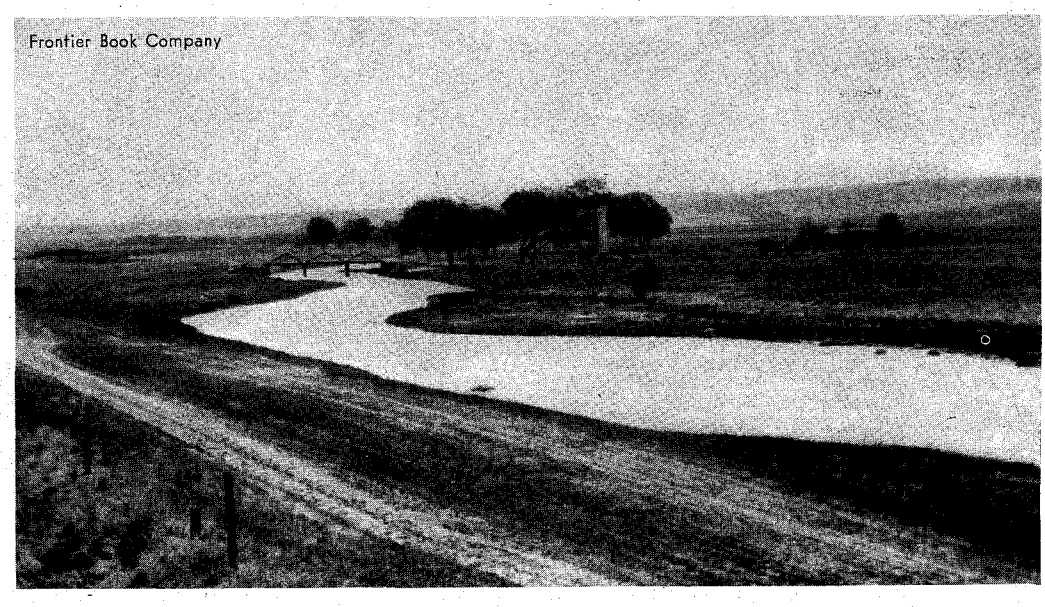
TEN days were spent fitting out General Carr's command for the coming campaign. When all was ready, General Augur and his staff reviewed the troops before their departure on July 1, from Fort McPherson.

All were surprised at the appearance and drill of the Pawnee scouts, who had been uniformed and equipped as well as the regular troops. Obeying commands in the Pawnee language by Major North, they went through the same maneuvers as the regular troops and earned compliments for themselves and their commander.

The route of General Carr's expedition lay south to the Republican River, then west up that stream.

One afternoon they camped where Turkey Creek empties into the Republican. The mule herd was turned out to graze under the care of several teamsters. Unknown to the troops or the Pawnees, the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers under Tall Bull were camped on the headwaters of the same creek.

Discovering the presence of the troops, not knowing that the Pawnees were with the troops, the Dog Soldiers launched an attack on the mule herd that night. The Cheyennes killed one teamster and wounded another. The latter, an arrow still imbedded in his flesh, ran into camp and sounded the alarm.


Frontier Book Company

Site of the Beecher Island battle.

The Pawnees, without waiting for orders, rushed to the scene and drove off the Cheyennes, who were still rounding up the herd and preparing to drive them off. But for the promptness of the Pawnees, the Dog Soldier raid would have been a success. The Pawnees chased the Cheyennes for about fifteen miles, killing several of them.

After the mule raid, the troops marched up the Republican for several more days, scouting on all sides to try to discover traces of the main Indian village.

One night the Pawnee scouts were camped about a mile away from the main camp. Around midnight, several hostile Indians rode through the Pawnee camp, firing into the tents of Major North and his brother, Captain Luther North, then escaping into the darkness. One Pawnee was wounded through the hip. The direction of their fire into the tents of the Pawnee officers proved that the Dog Soldiers were doing some careful scouting of their own.

The next day, General Carr ordered out several parties of scouts, while the main body of cavalry remained in camp. Captain Luther North and his detail detoured to the south and west, then struck for the river, twenty-five miles west of the cavalry location.

They came to a ridge and dismounting, climbed to the crest on foot. Arriving there they found a long valley leading to the river. In it they saw what appeared to be the entire Cheyenne nation. It was, in reality, the village of Tall Bull on the move for White Butte Creek.

The Cheyennes had remained in their location for several days after the mule herd raid, then moved their camp to White Butte Creek. They stayed there one night and again moved their camp, this time to Summit Springs, the creek's source. Their original intention had been to cross the South Platte, but this river was still swollen by recent rains that had melted the last of the snow in the higher hills. Tall Bull gave orders to camp for two days and sent scouts out to find a safe crossing.

When the Indians had passed out of sight, Captain North and his detail of six men returned down river to the main camp. Arriving there, they discovered that another scouting party, under the command of Colonel Royall, had had a brush with a small Cheyenne war party and had killed three of them.

The soldiers spent one day waiting for a supply train from the base at Fort McPherson to arrive, then resumed the advance, passing one campsite after another. Along the trail the prints of a white woman's shoe were seen, indicating

(Continued on page 47)

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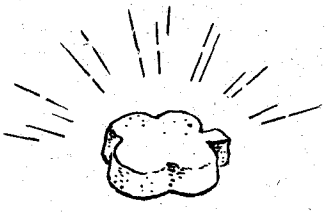
The Lost Treasure of Cherry Creek

Somewhere in Colorado a colony of "wealthy" groundhogs are hiding $399,000 worth of gold moulded in the symbol of good luck — gold four-leaf clovers.

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead



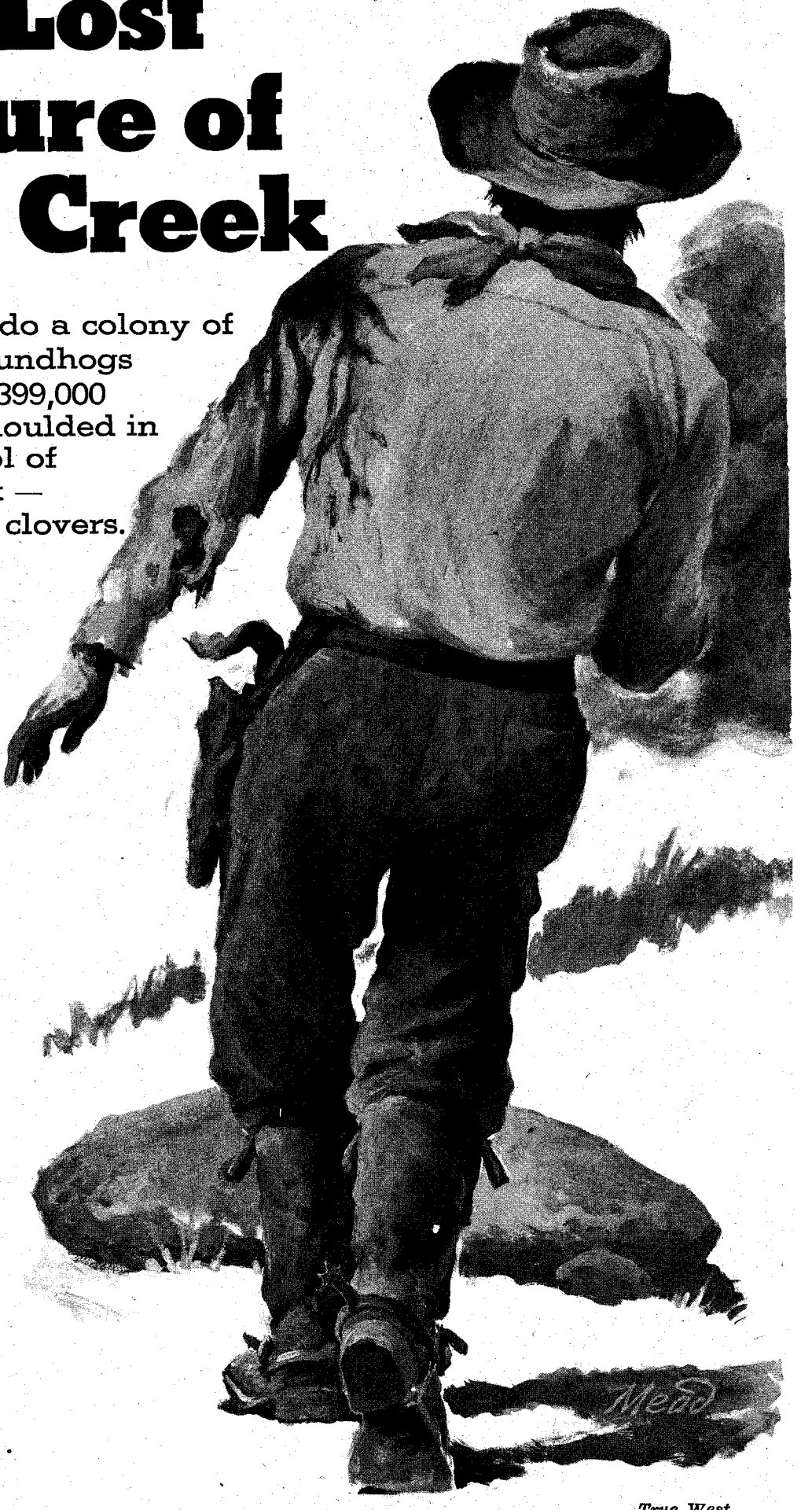
SOMEWHERE along the headwaters of Cherry Creek in Douglas County, Colorado, almost within sight of Denver, lies a fortune in gold—400 slugs of the precious metal which, at today's prices, would be worth about $399,000. The slugs are in the shape of four-leaf clovers and weigh about three-and-one-half pounds each. And they're yours for the finding.

That the gold is where it is today can be attributed to a card game during which three partners, who had never before quarreled about anything, became mortal enemies.

In the early summer of 1860, Thomas R. Gavin, who lived in Denver City with his wife and two sons, contracted with Clark, Gruber & Company, operators of a private mint at what is now Sixteenth and Market Streets, to buy raw gold at reduced prices, melt it down and mint it into $5, $10 and $20 coins. There was no government mint in Denver at the time and the Clark-Gruber gold pieces were accepted at face value as legal tender.

Gavin had found that the farther he operated from Denver City the less he had to pay for gold, due to the transportation problem. Miners in possession of the raw metal were eager to exchange it for currency or specie at bargain-rate prices. Gavin was a sharp trader and did well, since the mint furnished him with operating capital.

However, there was more work than he could do alone, so he took in as partners



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"When Bullock turned to face him, gun in hand, Gavin fired."

Peter Larkin and James Bullock, promising each of them one-fourth of the profits. The mint paid Gavin a stipulated price for the raw gold; anything he could chisel from the miners over and above that was his.

Little is known of Larkin, who appears to have been a drifter and part-time gambler. Bullock, however, was a fairly substantial citizen who owned an assay office which his wife operated in his absence.

Gold was being mined on the slopes of Pike's Peak, some distance from Denver City, and Gavin elected to go there.

The Clark, Gruber and Company mint, which had started operations only that spring, was hungry for raw gold so the trio worked fast. Soon they had 700 pounds of the precious metal, much of it fine gold contained in bottles and jars. To reduce the bulk, Gavin decided to melt it all down into bars for easier handling and to reduce chances of loss by glass breakage.

Manufacturing from deer skins what passed for a bellows, the partners successfully produced heat sufficient to melt gold, but they needed a mould. "How about this?" asked Larkin, handing Gavin an Indian-made dish he had picked up that morning. It was in the shape of a four-leaf clover and was made of pumice stone.

"Why not?" Gavin replied. "A four-leaf clover is a symbol of good luck." The cast slug weighed about three-and-one-half pounds and fit snugly into the palm of the hand.

The partners worked all that day and the next and finally had 400 golden four-leaf clovers stacked up to be put in the saddle bags. Larkin figured that he and Bullock had $2,000 each coming as their share of the profits. Gavin's share was twice that.

After supper Bullock brought out a deck of playing cards and suggested a friendly little game of draw poker. They planned to pack up the following morning and be off for Denver City by way of Cherry Creek where gold seekers were camped by the hundreds. Gavin wanted to learn if any of them had any gold to sell.

THE game developed quickly into a session of high wagers. Each player was gambling with the money he was due from the gold-buying venture. Beans were used as tokens.

At first Gavin lost heavily, but along toward midnight his luck changed and he began winning.

Bullock finally lost the beans representing the $2,000 stake he had in the gold, with Larkin only a little better than even.

"There's not much use in the two of us continuing," Gavin said. He indicated he wanted to call it a night.

"Oh, no you don't!" Larkin said angrily. "Now that Jim's out of it, it's between the two of us."

"You don't think I'm going to play all night, do you?" Gavin remonstrated. "We all need some sleep. Tomorrow's going to be a hard day."

Larkin wanted to play another hour.

"Tell you what I'll do," Gavin said. "I'll high card you for what I've won. That ought to be fair enough. We'll cut the cards once and the winner take all. That agreed?"

Larkin said that would be all right with him.

Gavin cut first and displayed a high card. Larkin cut a trey and hurled the cards into the brush.

After all had gone to bed, Gavin saw Larkin slip Bullock a loaded revolver. During the next hour or so he did a lot of thinking. It would be easy for them to kill him and dispose of his body. Then Larkin and Bullock could claim his share of the gold-buying profits along with what he had won from them and report he had died in an accident. No one would be the wiser. It was a horrible thought but he could not get it out of his mind. He remained awake all night, a revolver tucked under the jacket he used as a pillow. Neither man stirred from his blankets.

Both Larkin and Bullock were unfriendly toward Gavin when they got up the next morning. He watched them go

(Continued on page 70)

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Trophies from the Indian Wars. (1) War bonnet of Red Cloud, Sioux; (2) Ute tobacco pouch; (3) Sioux war club; (4) Ute water jar; (5) Sioux gourd rattle; (6) Tobacco pouch owned by one of the Utes involved in the slaying of Nathaniel Meeker; (7) Shoshone tobacco pipe; (8) the tobacco pipe of Tall Bull, famous Cheyenne chieftain; (9), (10), (11) Sioux tobacco pipes.

Fame and glory went to others — Custer, Carson, Cody — but no individual did more to tame the West than Indian-fighter Ranald Mackenzie

The

By GEORGE D. WOLFE

A GREAT deal of ink has been expended in books and articles on famous Indian fighters like Generals Crook, Custer, Miles and Howard. They have their place in history; we begrudge them nothing. But for some reason no first-rate biography has been written about the finest soldier of the Plains, General Ranald S. Mackenzie.

One would have to do considerable searching to find even a little bronze marker to a soldier who in a few months did more to subdue the warlike tribes than had previously been accomplished in a generation. No army post, nor mountain, nor river commemorates the name of this officer who fought and won five major battles against the fiercest tribes on the continent and who was never defeated in the field. The old Mackenzie Trail, which he blazed through the southwest, has passed into limbo.

Even stranger, West Point, which usually sees fit to memorialize with biographical monographs its outstanding graduates, has somehow passed him by. But that is the way of the world. Homage leans toward the popular, the bizarre, often the dubious, while far abler men are shunted into the archives and the "quiet dust of the cool tombs."

Ranald Mackenzie would have been among the last to protest. He never sought the limelight. He lived severely and within himself, within the bounds of his sense of duty and the Articles of War. He was a hard man; he had to be. He suffered eight severe wounds of the body, even deeper ones of the spirit, and gave his life for his country if ever a man did, dying in an army hospital comparatively young and almost forgotten.

RANALD was born in Westchester County, New York, in 1840, the son of Commander Alexander Mackenzie, USN, whose unpleasant duty it had been to hang Philip Spencer, the son of the Secretary of War, for treason.

The act aroused a tempest the width and breadth of the land and became a cloud which hovered over the family all their days and which might well have overwhelmed weaker folk. Ranald Mackenzie was then a child.

As a youth Ranald fought at soldiers and Indians with his playmates around his home in Tarrytown. He was quiet and unusually reserved. This led many to believe they could bully him, but Mackenzie was quick with his tongue and even quicker with his fists and he was treated with respect.

An avid student, he attended Williams College and his good grades and soldierly bearing enabled him to transfer to West Point. Although only 5' 9" and rather

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Indians Named Him BAD HAND

frail, he not only excelled in the classroom, but also developed into one of the best riders at the Academy and became expert with rifle and pistol.

He drove himself without stint, a pattern he would follow all his life, and when he graduated at twenty-two, the year after Fort Sumter, he was first in his class.

Lieutenant Mackenzie went into the Civil War like a cyclone. His feats of skill, his daring and his devotion to duty won him a steady series of promotions. At twenty-five he was a Brigadier General of Volunteers and Grant had said that Mackenzie was one of his most promising young officers. War's close found him back at peacetime status as Colonel of an engineer regiment, but Plains warfare suggested that this fine officer would accomplish more at the head of a cavalry unit. Thus it was that the Fourth Cavalry found its leader.

After the Civil War the prestige of the army reached an all-time low. The warlike tribes terrorized and raided at will. Especially hard hit were the Texas settlements under almost incessant forays from the Kiowa and Comanches. Even the purblind Bureau of Indian Affairs was finally aroused. The army, under W. T. Sherman, began to mesh. Colonel Mackenzie was assigned to command the crack Fourth Cavalry and ordered into the Southwest. And it was a terrific combination. As a combat unit it was one of the finest ever fielded by our army.

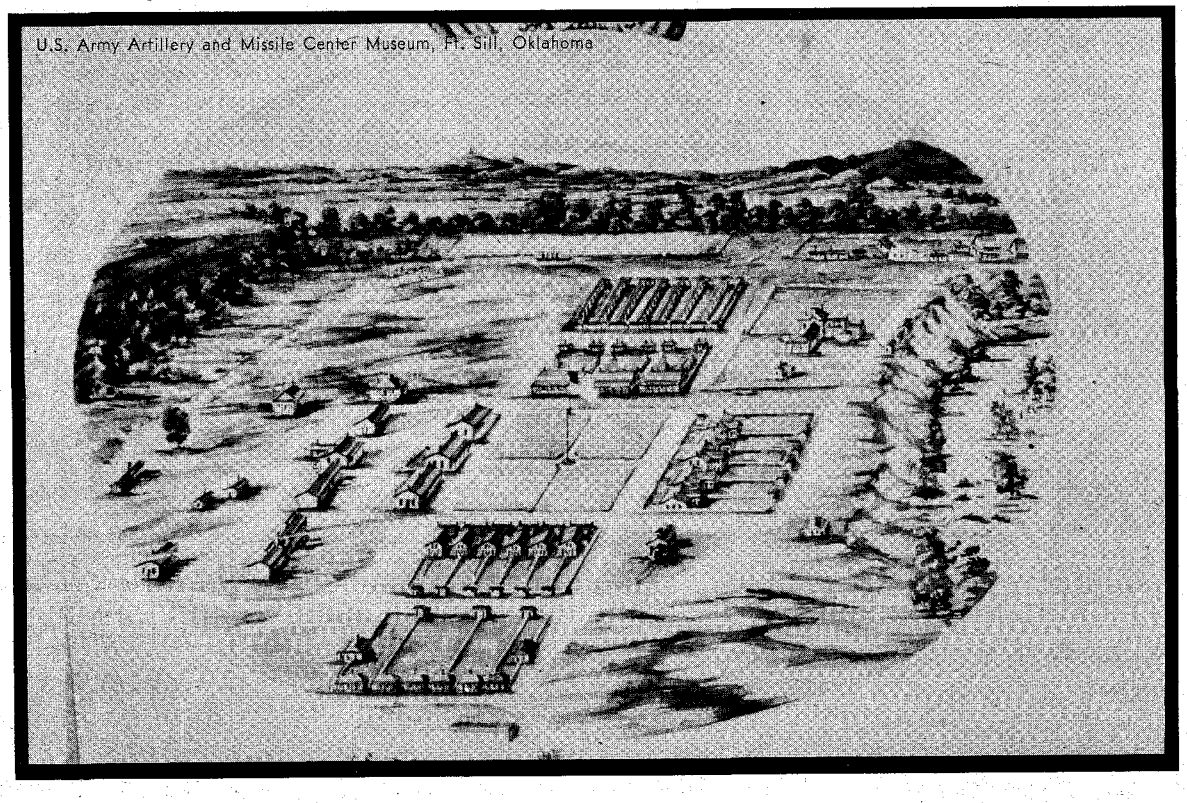
Mackenzie's hatred of the marauders became so deep and intense that it drove him beyond mortal limits. In the spring of 1871, Colonel Mackenzie and the Fourth Cavalry were sent to Fort Concho, under his superior, General W. T. Sherman. At almost the very moment of Mackenzie's arrival there a lone survivor of a wagontrain that had been ambushed by a war party of 100 Kiowas on Salt Creek Prairie staggered into the post. Sherman interviewed the survivor, then sent Mackenzie to investigate.

With four troops of cavalry he set out in a chill, slanting rain that made the prairie a vast quagmire. After an hour's ride they plowed over a muddy rise to behold the scene of the massacre. Charred and arrow-filled bodies, many of them headless, some minus hands or arms, were scattered among the remains of ten wagons. A teamster's remains were chained and spread-eagled to a wagon

Brady Collection, National Archives

Brigadier General Ranald Mackenzie

Old Fort Sill, Indian Territory.


U.S. Army Artillery and Missile Center Museum, Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

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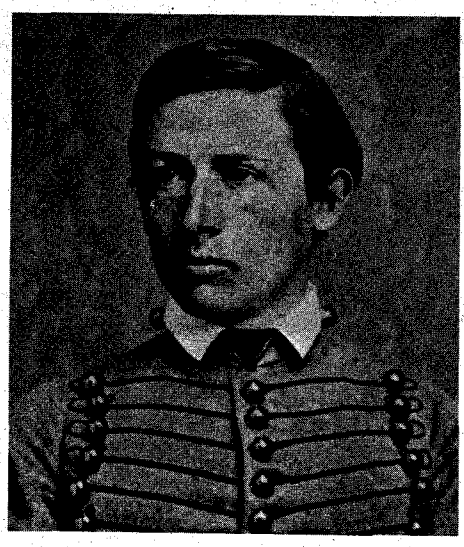


Ranald Mackenzie as a West Point cadet.

wheel. At his feet were embers of a fire. The man had been burned alive. The bodies of dead mules, still in their harness, lay grotesquely about the victims.

As a soldier, Mackenzie had seen much violence and he was not unduly emotional, but the scene filled him with horror.

He dismounted, motioned for his adjutant and orderly to do likewise, and thoughtfully approached the tangled mass. He studied it silently, promising himself that he would exact a terrible vengeance for this day.

He looked back to see how his troopers were taking it. Forlornly they sat their horses in the rain, the column reaching back into the mists. Some turned their faces away, some retched, some cursed, but most of them were watching their commander.

Mackenzie stepped to the remains at the wagon wheel, came to attention, removed his hat, and stood solemnly. His orderly cleared his throat and whispered, "It don't hurt him now, sir."

"The hurting," said Mackenzie, "has just begun!"

THAT was the understatement of the era. From that moment on he vowed to drive them to earth like rattlesnakes and kill them where he found them—men, women and children.

A working party was assigned to bury the mutilated dead in a common grave. While this was getting done, Mackenzie and his adjutant wrote out a full report. Then they began a close study of the terrain for a clue to the direction the marauders had taken, but the rains had long since obliterated the trail. The column turned back to Fort Concho.

Strangely enough, at nearly that precise moment, some Indian chiefs entered the reservation at Fort Sill to bum supplies. From this Oklahoma base many Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches continued to make raids into Texas. One chief openly boasted that he had led the attack against the wagontrain.

General Sherman ordered an investigation at Fort Sill and Satank, Santanta and Big Tree, chieftains, were arrested, charged with the raid and ordered to Jacksboro, Texas, for trial before civil authorities.

Satank was killed enroute trying to escape, but Santanta and Big Tree were convicted and given the death penalty (which was later commuted by Governor Davis to life imprisonment) and the Indians were confined at Huntsville penitentiary. Colonel MacKenzie was a witness for the prosecution.

Almost immediately after the trial, extraordinary pressure was brought to bear on Sherman to commute the sentence "so as not to rile the tribes too much." Sherman discussed this with Mackenzie. The C.O. of the Fighting Fourth spoke his mind. "There's only one way to pacify them, General. Hit them in their villages. That's where their strength for war is. Burn their lodges, drive off their herds. Destroy blankets, food, ammunition—everything. They'll go on the reservation and stay—those that are left of them!"

These words were not lost on Sherman; he and Mackenzie spoke the same language. After a moment of reflection, Sherman said, "You're under orders to attack the Comanche in the Panhandle. Get your outfit in readiness."

Mackenzie saluted smartly. "The Fourth Cavalry *is* ready, sir."

Mackenzie wasn't exaggerating. The Fourth Cavalry had been drilled without stint in the methods of Indian fighting and was the first unit to adopt and perfect the Plains tribes' method of fighting—tactics which made them "the best light cavalry in the world."

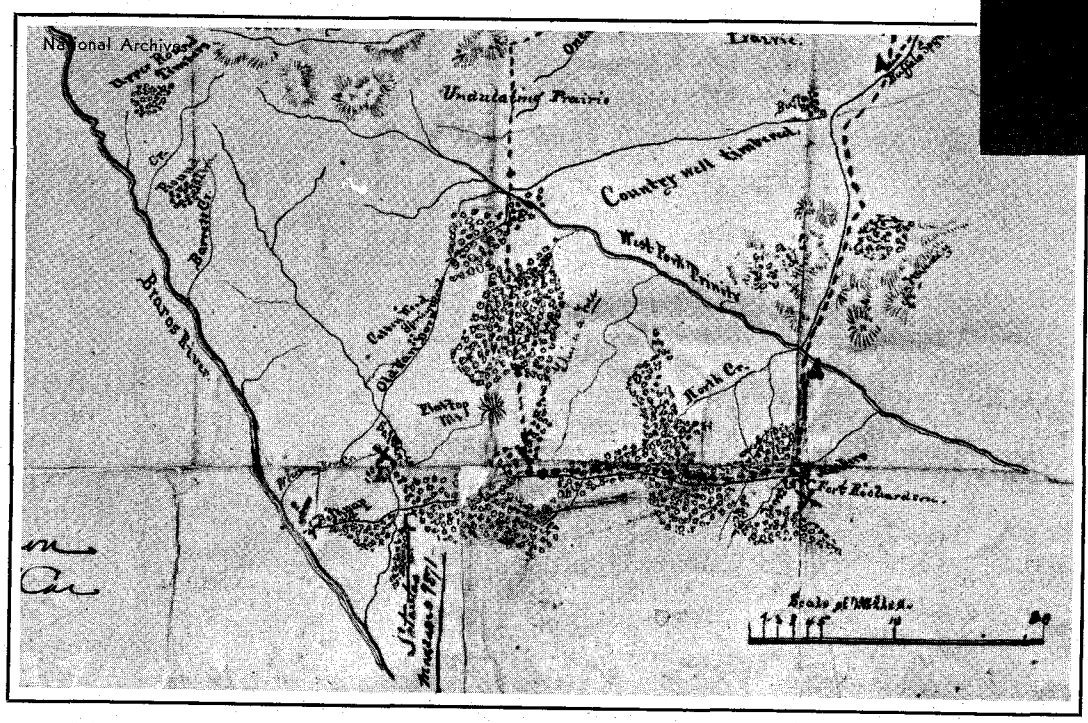
Mackenzie chose his officers, scouts and guides with great care. Complex, enveloping formations were practiced until they became almost second nature. The Indian scouts would move out in squadrons-front in a straight file at full gallop, then deploy obliquely as enveloping flankers, drawing in until the lines passed through each other, fan out again, then repeat, maneuvering the enemy into a position where the full force of the regiment could crush it.

The troopers were seasoned, tough and fit. Mackenzie tolerated no goldbricking, shirking, drunkenness, or cowardice. He punished offenders speedily and sometimes harshly. But he had a regiment which could fight its way to hell and back.

THE Fourth Cavalry took the field, moving westward into the Panhandle, at times marching night and day through the gypsum-alkali country with its brackish, poisonous water which burned the throat and sapped the strength. Near

(Continued on page 49)

National Archives



Left, part of a map showing Mackenzie's march against the Comanches in 1871. Above, General Mackenzie in later years, before the onset of the dissipating effects of his many wounds which made his last few years an almost unbearable trial.

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THE atmosphere of the frontier West still exists in the small Mojave Desert town of Daggett, California, on U. S. Highway 66. Everything about it is almost like it was in 1882 when the Southern Pacific Railway erected a station there.

About this time, the Calico Mountains to the north of Daggett yielded an abundance of silver. Eighty-six million dollars worth of silver was produced in little more than a decade. All told, more than thirty miles of underground tunnels and shafts were developed and veins four feet wide were uncovered, showing from 200 to 400 ounces per ton.

Daggett—named after John Daggett, Calico mines owner and an early lieutenant-governor of California—mushroomed as the supply center for this desert empire. Prior to 1890, with the shift of mining population from the Holcomb Valley placers to the Calico silver diggings, Daggett became the township court for the Belleville Township, which covered a territory larger than the State of Massachusetts.

As late as 1952 the Belleville Township stretched across 3,000 square miles of desert land. Beginning the first day of that year, however, the township was abolished and the seat for court was shifted from Daggett to nearby Yermo.

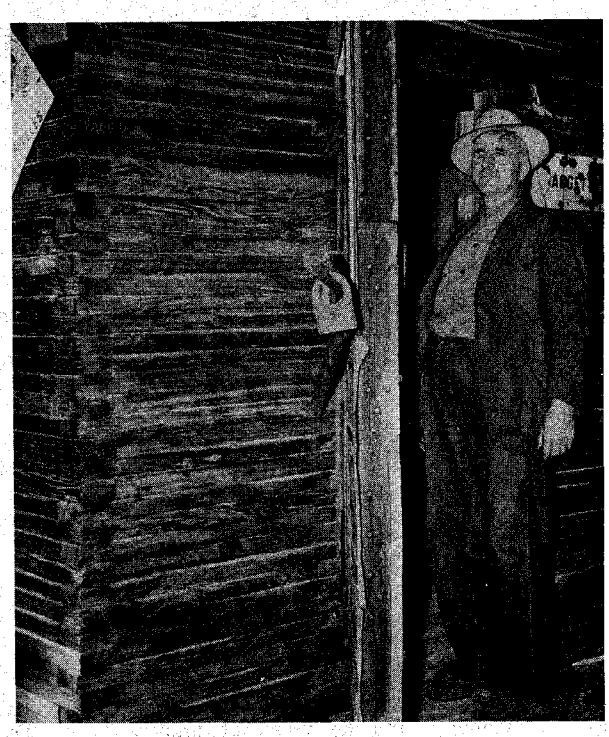
With its abolishment went the job of seventy-two-year-old, tall, silver-haired Justice of the Peace Dix Van Dyke. In 1903, the Judge's father, Theodore S. Van Dyke, had become the first justice. The elder Van Dyke died in 1923 and his son Dix automatically took over.

For lack of other accommodations, Justice of the Peace Van Dyke made a courthouse in the back yard of his 1,100-acre alfalfa ranch. Judge and defendant sat side by side on a five-ton concrete block, which once was the case for an artesian well pump.

Judge Van Dyke after his retirement looked forward to sitting back and relaxing. He ended his tenure of justice of the peace at midnight, December 31, 1951. The next day he began to take things easy. His life of leisure did not last long, however, for on October 10 of that year the colorful desert justice died.

JUDGE Van Dyke and his father came came to Daggett in 1901. Daggett's jail at that time was a one-room affair built in 1895. It consisted of 2x6 timber, laid log cabin-style with iron rods threaded through the corners, long strap iron hinges on the door and an iron bar and padlock to hold it.

The man who built it celebrated by getting drunk and was the first prisoner.



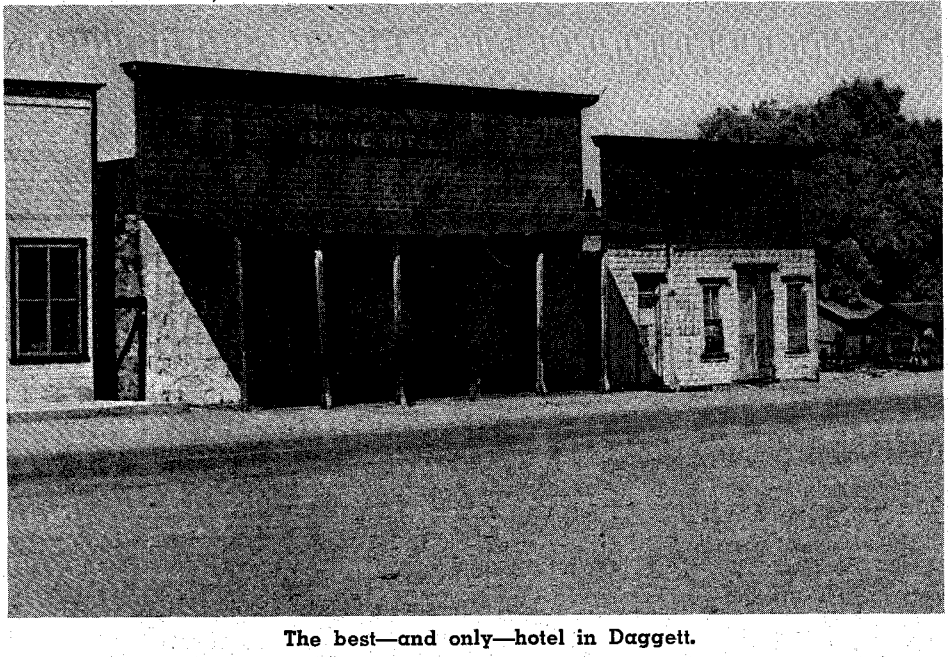
Justice of the Peace Dix Van Dyke stands at the entrance way to the Daggett, California, jail, which was built in 1895. It has not been used for many years.

By WELDON D. WOODSON

Photos by the Author

Court for 3,000 square miles was held in an alfalfa patch; the man who built the jail was its first prisoner; you might say that from the time it started right up to the present day, Daggett has been the

Rip van Winkle of the Calicos



The best—and only—hotel in Daggett.

Actually, it was designed to hold criminals only until officers could move them to San Bernardino by train.

Never in much use as a jail, it has been a convenient place to post road signs, the old ones indicating early wagon roads. In time, Judge Dix Van Dyke had it trucked to the back yard of his home for preservation purposes.

Theodore S. Van Dyke was a lawyer, but Dix had no formal legal training. His judgments were based on common sense and, like his father, Dix had a reputation for fairness.

His theory of justice was: "It's a judge's job to keep men out of jail as well as put 'em in."

"When we first came here," Dix Van Dyke once said, "we didn't know what to do and there was no one to tell us anything. Came near walking out several times, but we weren't quitters even though farming the desert is a tough racket. We managed to get in twenty acres of alfalfa, then some fruit trees. You can't make the desert conform to your ideas. You have to conform to the desert."

The Van Dyke cottage which still stands is almost hidden in a forest of

(Continued on page 51)

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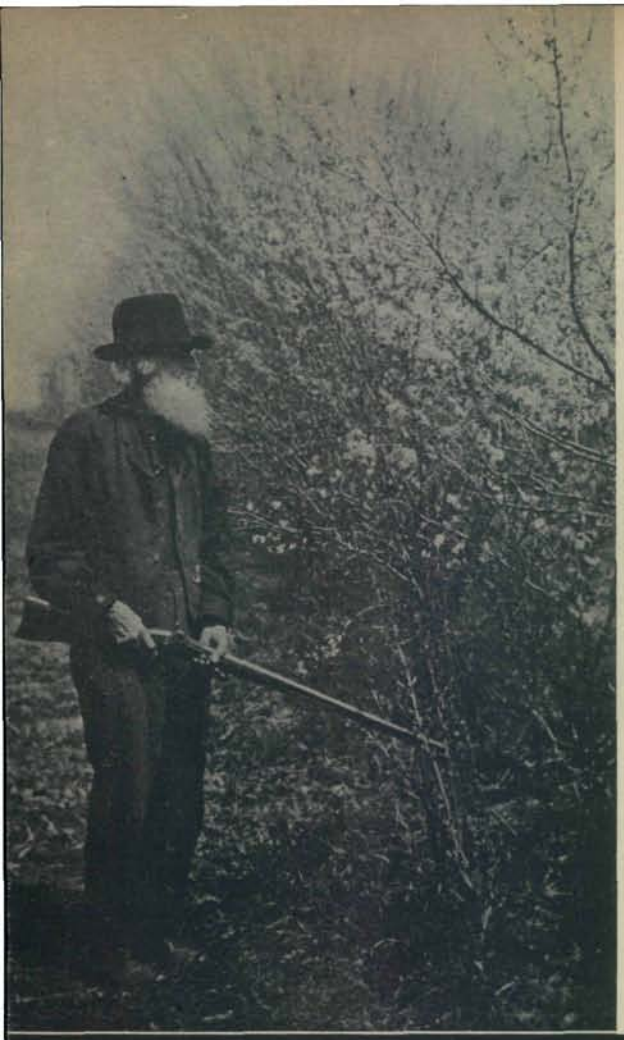

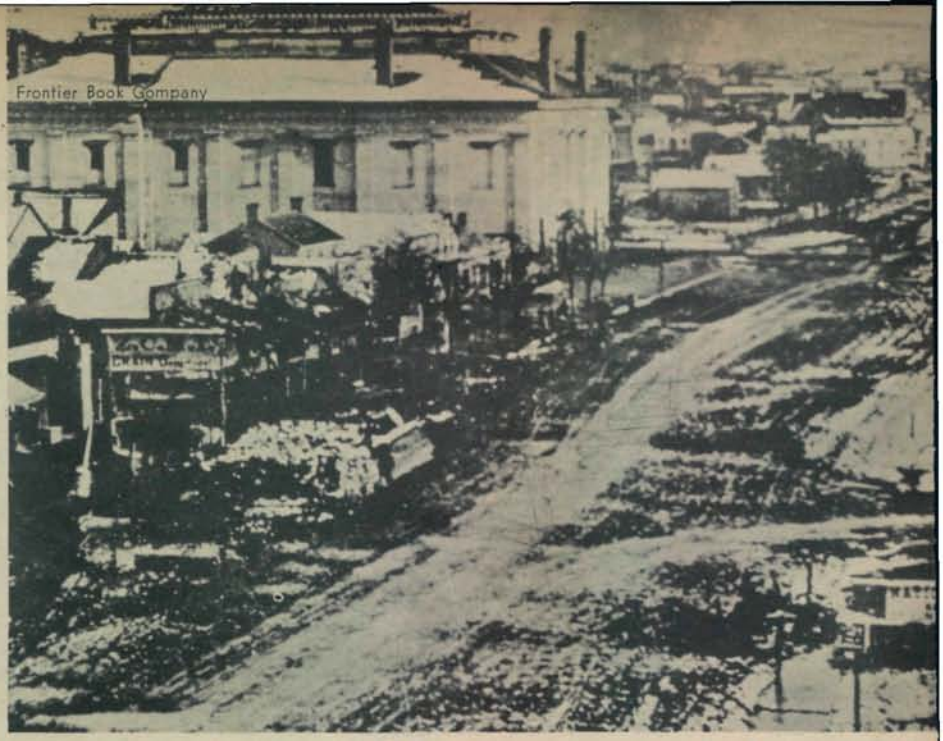

Left, a Mormon ready to defend his home against advancing Federal troops. Above, a view showing First Street in Salt Lake City, 1869.

The Mormons preferred to vacat

than suffer the indignation of sharin

Brigham Young and the

By MARK

ON the sixth day of September, 1857, a single horseman swayed easily in the saddle as his mount picked its way down Echo Canyon, Territory of Utah. His cap was adorned with the crossed swords of a U. S. cavalry officer and his mission was that of the first contact emissary from President James Buchanan to Brigham Young, leader of the Mormons, Governor of Utah.

Earlier that year a great amount of pressure had been brought to bear upon Buchanan to activate and send federal troops to quell ". . . that lecherous old scoundrel, Brigham Young, his priests and concubines."

Now that U. S. troops were close to Salt Lake City, the Mormons were in actual danger. The pangs of their persecutions in Illinois and Missouri were not yet blotted from their memory. But more than physical violence, the Mormons feared the shattering of their religious sanctity, the defilement of their wives and daughters by the soldiers and the moral retrogression of their sect by the horde of licentious camp followers, brawlers and plunderers.

The armies of the United States were to enter the valleys of Utah. President Buchanan had said they must, the Peace Commission said they ought, and Brigham Young said they might. An actual, clear-cut reason for this military action has to this day never really been determined. But we do know the factors of agitation were many. The soldiers were told that their task, ostensibly at least, was to insure the installation of Cumming to the executive appointee post of governor, replacing Brigham Young as territorial head. But it was folly to think that an entire army was needed to accomplish a task of escort and political inauguration.

The Mormons and a goodly number of their eastern Gentile supporters believed differently. Rumor had it that a certain faction wanted the army out of the way in Washington (a prologue to the rising slavery issue), and that others wanted the money that comes through contracting for the issue of supply and material to moving troops. Most knew nothing at all of the real reason—if any one single reason could have been applied to the situation—except that the cry had been raised: "Down with the Mormons!"

ON July 24 of that year the news that the United States was sending an army against the Saints reached the ears of the stunned Mormons. By the middle of the month a small and trusted band of hardy Utah mountain men, under the command of Mormon Colonel Robert T. Burton, reined their horses east and set out to meet the approaching troops.

The sun was high when the lone cavalry officer was surrounded by Burton's men and escorted to the Great Salt Lake City offices of Governor Brigham Young.

The officer, a Captain Van Vliet, had left Fort Leavenworth on July 28 with six mule-teams but had quartered the teams and drivers at Ham's Fork. He had then journeyed on alone, fearing that his mission might be misunderstood, thereby inviting disaster. The Mormons had made it quite clear that they would protect any infringement upon their colonies at all costs but would avoid, if possible, any bloodshed.

As soon as the protocol of preliminary greetings was over, Captain Van Vliet addressed himself to Brigham Young and his council.

"Governor Young, I come with a letter from my superiors and with orders to purchase stores, forage and lumber for our soldiers who are on their way here."

"May I ask, Captain," Brigham said affably, "what brings soldiers of the United States to the wilds of the Utah Territory?"

Van Vliet, realizing his position was a bit awkward, hesitated only momentarily in choosing the proper words. "Through

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Above, the old City Hall in Salt Lake City, 1862. Right, Brigham Young.

nd burn Salt Lake City rather

eir capital with troops of the U.S. Army.

Saints Went Marching

EVANS

some unhappy misunderstanding, Governor, the President of the United States has been informed that the records of this Territory have been burned and that the people here are inimical to the ruling government."

"The records of the Territory," said Brigham Young, "are in the proper receptacle for all such documents, and this people, as you can now testify, are as peaceful and as law-abiding citizens of the great United States as any that dwell beneath the shadow of the flag. I cannot see, Captain, any justification for sending down an army upon us."

"Sir," began Van Vliet almost apologetically, "the army is not sent out here to do harm or to annoy the peaceable and law-abiding citizens of this Territory, but to protect such from all outlaws and murderers, both Indians and whites."

Brigham Young raised his hand to silence the murmur of disapproval from his council members. "We have a fully organized and properly acknowledged corps of territorial officers. We are and always have been able to protect the inhabitants of this Territory from any insult or injury."

Van Vliet then proceeded as delicately as he could to convey the information that a new governor had been appointed, was now with the main body of troops, and would enter Utah Territory to assume his new office as soon as circumstances would permit. The officer assured Young and the council that the new governor, Cumming, was a wise and prudent man who would lend his full support to befriending the Latter Day Saints.

Hot debate and accusations filled the council chambers for the next few hours. Van Vliet was surprised to find himself among an assembly of shrewd, determined men, not at all the fanatical fools which he had expected.

"We have no fight with the United States," Young stated flatly, "but when these troops, which you say must eventually quarter in the valley, arrive, they will find Utah a desert. Every house will be burned to the ground, every tree cut down, and every field made into a barren waste. We have three years' provisions on hand. These we will cache and then go into the mountains."

With this the interview was terminated. Van Vliet rode out to meet his superior, General Albert Sidney Johnston, and deliver his report.

Johnston's answer is still considered a classic remark in the military. The General uttered the oath: "I am ordered to Salt Lake City and I will winter there or in hell!"

NEITHER the soldiers nor the Mormons wanted war, but one had a duty, the other a grave responsibility. In view of their staunch religious beliefs, Brigham Young and his council outlined a plan to interpose if possible.

The final plan adopted by Brigham Young's council was to determine the exact location of the troops, then proceed at once to annoy them in every way possible. This included every exertion to stampede their cavalry animals and set fire to their supply trains. Lot Smith suggested burning all the country before and alongside the moving troops, wearying them with night raids, blockading the roads and destroying the river fords, all the while keeping concealed as much as possible to prevent the army from learning the Mormon strength.

Smith was entrusted with the leadership of forty hand-picked men to accomplish this undertaking.

The first strike was against the supply trains. Smith's force burned the wagons and stampeded the horses and mules. Then, time after time, Smith deployed his mountaineers along river beds, rocky escarpments, behind bushes and trees, firing their guns not to kill but

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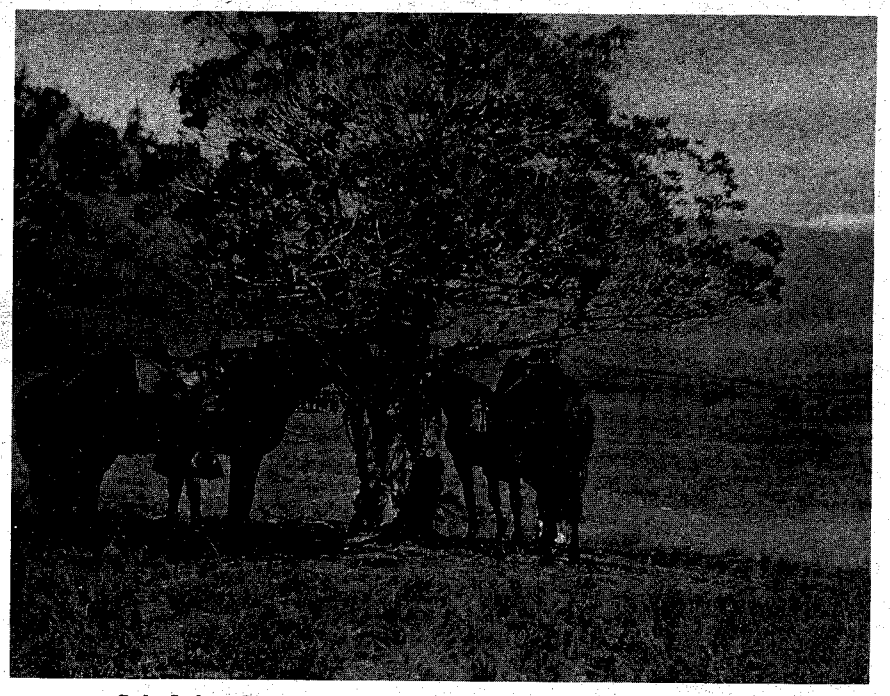

Left, Mormon girls outside their home near Salt Lake City, 1859. Right, a portion of Johnston's command as it wound its way through southwestern Wyoming, en route for Brigham Young's capital.

only to harass. And always the forty men were on the move, changing their individual positions constantly, using the old Indian trick of keeping the foe guessing just how large a body of men faced them.

Throughout the winter of 1857-8 Lot Smith and his forty men followed their arranged course, burning grass and trees, tearing up bridges, destroying supplies and demolishing all forms of shelter along the route.

Slowly and painfully, Johnston's command made its way to Fort Bridger. When they arrived, half-frozen, starved and in rags, they found the fort in ruins.

Johnston entered this report in his day book, later to be read to Congress.

"The expedition was now ordered to Fort Bridger, and at every stop the difficulties increased. There were only thirty-five miles to be traversed, but excepting on the margin of a few slender streams, the country through which our route lay is the barest of desert land. There is no shelter from the chilly blasts of this mountain solitude, where even in the month of November the thermometer sometimes sinks to 16 degrees below zero. There is no fuel but the wild sage and willow; and there is little pasture for the half-frozen cattle. Our march commenced on the sixth day of November, and on the previous night five hundred of our strongest cattle were taken by the 'Mormons'. The trains extended over six miles, and all day long sleet and snow fell on the retreating column. Some of the men were frostbitten, and the exhausted animals were goaded by their drivers, until many of them fell dead in their traces. At sunset the troops camped wherever they could find a particle of shelter, some under bluffs, and some in the willow copses. At daybreak the camp was surrounded by the carcasses of frozen cattle, of which several hundred had perished during the night. Still, as the trains arrived from the rear, each one halted for a day or more, giving time for the cattle to graze and rest on such scant herbage as they could find. To press forward more rapidly was impossible, for it would have cost the lives of most of the draft animals; to find shelter was equally impossible, for there was none. There was no alternative but to proceed slowly and persistently, saving as many as possible of the horses, mules and oxen. Fifteen days were required for this difficult operation."

INSTEAD of complying with the declaration to winter in Salt Lake City, the U. S. troops did winter in a veritable hell. They billeted throughout the long, cold winter among the ruins of Fort Bridger, re-naming their tent camp Fort Scott.

Such was the condition that befell the federal army which had been sent to encamp within the Valley of Great Salt Lake. To be sure, Lot Smith and his band of forty mountaineers, who followed and surrounded the army with harassing circumstances, took their toll in cracking the morale and physical comfort of the soldiers. But theirs was definitely a mere companion effort compared to the war against the army which was waged unceasingly by Mother Nature.

In the spring of 1858 the Mormons agreed, with reluctance and tiredness, to permit Cumming to enter the valley to assume his position as the new governor. Brigham Young turned over the great seal of the Territory and other records which Buchanan had been told were destroyed.

But the amenities of this act were only superficial and short-lived. Even after the official installation of Cumming as Territorial Governor, Johnston insisted upon entering the valley with the remnants of his forces. At the same time, under army escort, a Peace Commission was being sent out to present a Proclamation of Amnesty. This two-man commission, representing both the civil and military, included the U. S. Army's Major McCulloch and Senate-elect, ex-Governor Powell of Kentucky. These two men advanced alone into the Mormon encampment, preceding the federal troops by several days.

When Powell and McCulloch entered Brigham Young's council chambers they faced a group of stern-visaged men who had settled themselves in orderly lines upon rows of benches. On the platform sat Young, Cumming and the Mormon officials. The meeting, which was to determine whether civil or military rule would govern Utah, came swiftly to order. Cumming had previously cautioned the commissioners to be discreet and impartial in their decision. No rebellion had been initiated, and Cumming warned that the situation might be patched up as a sort of peace but that it would never, could never, be done at sword point.

The council convened. Governor Cumming introduced Powell to the assembly. Powell referred to the action of the President in sending out the Peace Commission and then read, in judicial tones, the pardon offered by Buchanan. The document was couched in somewhat obscure terms, but it was made clear that the Mormons were accused of over fifty crimes and misdemeanors for which Buchanan offered amnesty to all who would acknowledge the supremacy of the United States government, and in this acknowledgement permit federal troops to enter the Territory and take up quarters.

The pardon concluded with a pledge of good faith to all peaceable inhabitants of the Territory of Utah, and an assurance that neither the President nor his representatives in the Territory would be found interfering with the religion or faith of the inhabitants of this region.

The great council hall suddenly became quiet when Brigham Young stood to answer the charges and to honor—or reject—the executive pardon. Young's action was deliberate, his speech stern, eloquent and assured.

"Now let me say to you peace commissioners," he began in sonorous tones, "we are willing those troops should come into our Territory but not to stay in our cities. They may pass through this city,

(Continued on page 52)

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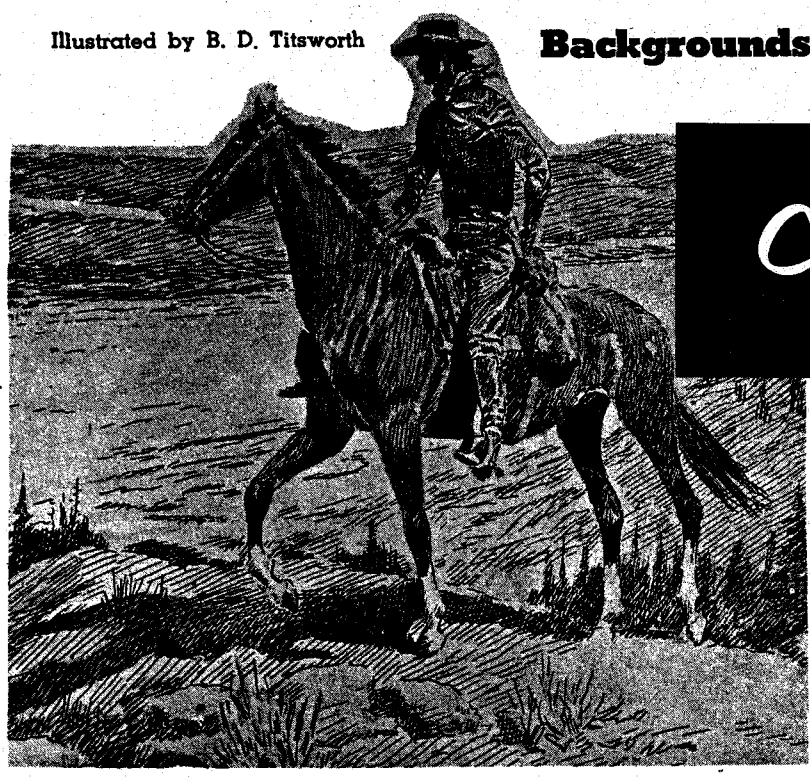
Fourth in a series—

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

Backgrounds of Famous Western Badmen



CLAY ALLISON

By JOHN CARSON

THE Allisons of Ireland left their native island in the middle 1700's, eventually settling in North Carolina. John Allison was born there in 1801.

In 1805 the family moved to Tennessee, some members settling in Wayne County, others in Baxter. Even as a youth John, of Wayne County, was a restless soul. Farming held little interest for him. A religious sort, he studied for the Presbyterian ministry and more or less followed that vocation the rest of his days. Soul saving, though, wasn't any too lucrative, so he farmed a bit and bought and sold livestock.

He never wandered far from Wayne County, and in due time married his childhood sweetheart, Nancy McCullough Lemmond, a determined, plucky woman three years his senior. In those pre-Civil War days, Tennessee was violently partisan and Nancy Allison was no exception. Eight children were born to the Allisons, four girls and a like number of boys, and all of them hated Yankees.

Robert Clay, the seventh, was born in 1840. His brother John, with whom his fortunes would be linked for many years, was born six years later. Never strong, John Allison, Sr., died of pneumonia when Clay was eleven years old. The forthright Nancy buried her man and raised her brood. She and the older children did the farming, and because Nancy thought it important, the younger children went to school.

Like his father, Clay was a restless sort, but unlike the father, the boy did not shrink from violence. With no money with which to buy ammunition, he became an expert with a knife, learning to hit a target as small as the palm of his hand at thirty feet or more.

All of the Allisons, and particularly Clay, were rabid Southerners. During his entire life, Clay never found a Yankee he could really like. Maybe that was his trouble later on—lawmen with whom he tangled, men like the Earp brothers, Wild Bill, the Mastersons, were all Northerners.

When the war finally came, Clay, with dozens of other Allisons, rushed to enlist. Clay started with Nathan Bedford Forrest, but saw action with other noted Rebel leaders as well.

In the second or third year of the war, Clay was captured by the Yankees when his horse was shot from under him. While he never claimed that he was maltreated while a prisoner, it is certain that his close relationship with the Northerners only made him hate them more. He finally escaped and performed good service for "The Cause"—the Lost Cause as it was becoming increasingly obvious to all.

CLAY'S mother died in 1864, and Clay never returned to Wayne County. At the end of the war, with some of his kin, including his younger brother, John, he went to Texas, where Johnny Rebs were welcome. They had notions of ranching along the lush Brazos bottoms, and while some of them stayed on the chosen place, Clay signed on with a Goodnight trail herd headed for Colorado.

He spent some money and saved some. He had many friends, bosses and cowboys alike, and was, by and large, a typical Texas cowboy—humorous, sometimes pathetic, always dangerous—sort of a deadly Huck Finn.

The Allisons earned their ranch, and Clay, the leader, also earned a reputation as a man quick to take offense—one who would rather shoot than argue. He was fast with a gun and killed a man or two. Yet, to link his name with those of Bill Longley, Ben Thompson or Wes Hardin is to do the man an injustice.

He was more like Loving, Goodnight, Iliff or Story—yet, in a way, the comparison does *them* an injustice. They were builders, and Clay was a builder, but like a little petulant boy who knocks down his tower of blocks, so did Clay Allison knock down what he had so painstakingly built.

A prosperous rancher, racer of fine horses, drinker of fine (and sometimes not so fine) liquor, Clay, had he been able to keep his gun sheathed, would have been in the vanguard of a new civilization. But he could not, and instead became the last of the old.

IN 1873, then thirty-three years old, Clay met and married Dora McCullough, no kin. While not handsome, Clay was rugged looking and a good dresser.

Their first child, Patsy, was Clay's pride. She had a crippled foot, and Clay spent years and a small fortune trying to find a specialist who could right it. He was told it could not be done; unfortunately, he did not live long enough to see a successful operation which straightened the foot, allowing the pretty girl to lead a normal, happy life.

Clay had fine holdings on the Washita, a loving wife, children and good horses. Dodge City saw him—so did Ogallala and Cheyenne—often in some kind of trouble. After Clay died, many legends and tales were circulated—tucking his tail between his legs when Wyatt spoke sharply to him; a graveside knife duel with a man named Johnson; making the redoubtable Bat Masterson hunt a hole. Some of the stories told of Clay Allison are true but most are not.

One thing stands out, though, whether you're an Allison man or not. He wore a gun and used it many times, but was never a hired gun. He was a wild, reckless, sometimes cruel man. He did not shrink from violence—he ran forward to meet it. He fought his own battles always, and sometimes the battles of others.

One Sunday morning in July, 1887, Clay offered to drive a team of horses into town for a friend. The buggy wheel struck an outcropping and Clay was thrown to the ground. His head struck a rock, and his skull was crushed. The great man was dead at forty-seven.

A contemporary newspaper wrote his epitaph: *"Clay knew no fear: to incur his wrath was equivalent to a death sentence."*

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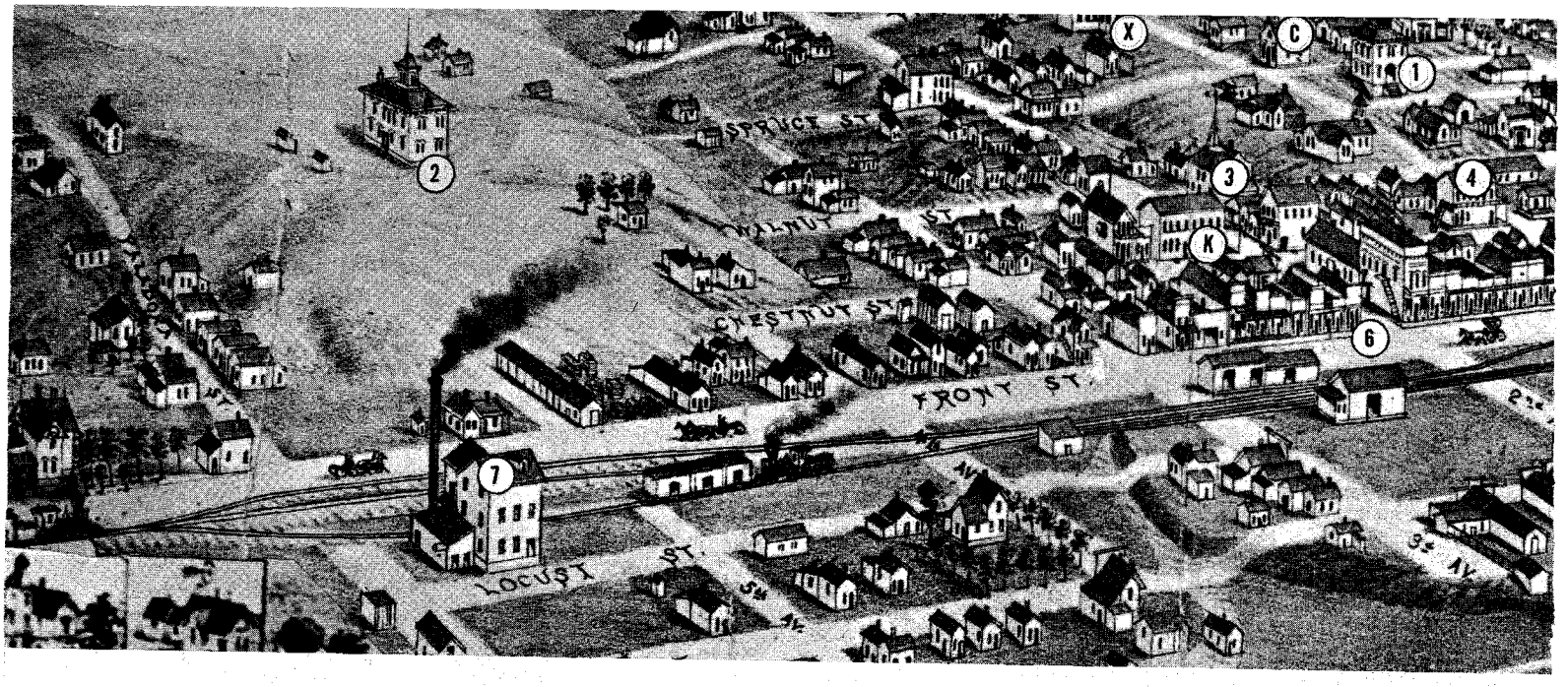

The Earp and Maste

INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH HALF-A-DOZEN OF DODG

THE AUTHOR REVEALS SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED FACTS ABOU

By MILT HINKLE

MY dad, George Hinkle, was a cowboy, scout, soldier, bartender, hide and bone buyer, boxer, wrestler, railroad worker, blacksmith and teamster before he became sheriff of Ford County, Kansas. He was elected November, 1879, and took office January 12, 1880, taking the office from Bat Masterson. In the vote-off between Masterson and Hinkle, Hinkle captured 404 votes against Masterson's 268.

At the time Bat Masterson was sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, the Long Branch Saloon and Gambling Parlor in Dodge City was going strong. The Long Branch was next door to the Hoover Saloon and George Hinkle was the night bartender at the Hoover. By day he was a bone and hide buyer.

George Hinkle did not gain a reputation killing people. He was known to handle the bad boys with his fists, strength and by plain out-thinking them. He said you could stand up close to a gunman, look him in the eyes, study his movements, and when he was ready to draw his gun (if you were fast and had the power), you could hit him on the chin and knock him loose from his guns. He also said you could stand two or three feet from him and have the advantage, as a fist fighter had only to go into action with his fists, which were always ready. However, the gunman had three different moves to make: one, go for his gun; two, pull the gun up; three, squeeze the trigger.

Deadwood Dick Clark, an old stage driver, and I had many long talks together. In 1913 he drove the stagecoach in the 101 Ranch Show and I was one of the performers that year. It is his opinion that George Hinkle and Bill Tilghman were the greatest lawmen Dodge City and Ford County ever had. Tilghman, Clark and other old-timers have told me quite a bit about the shady things Earp and Masterson were involved in but I am not here to pass judgment, only to tell what I know are some facts. Who of us who has lived a full lifetime has not had a shady deal or two pushed back into a closet somewhere?

Luke Short and Bat Masterson were both professional gamblers, and both had reputations as killers.

Dad said that on the night of September 6, 1879, Bat Masterson, then sheriff of Ford County, walked into the Hoover Saloon. He was looking for trouble and stirred up a ruckus at one of the card tables.

Dad took all he could. Then, with a white apron over his arm, he walked over to where Masterson was and said, "Bat, it is your job to keep order. Now you are doing wrong by coming in here and starting trouble. You've insulted

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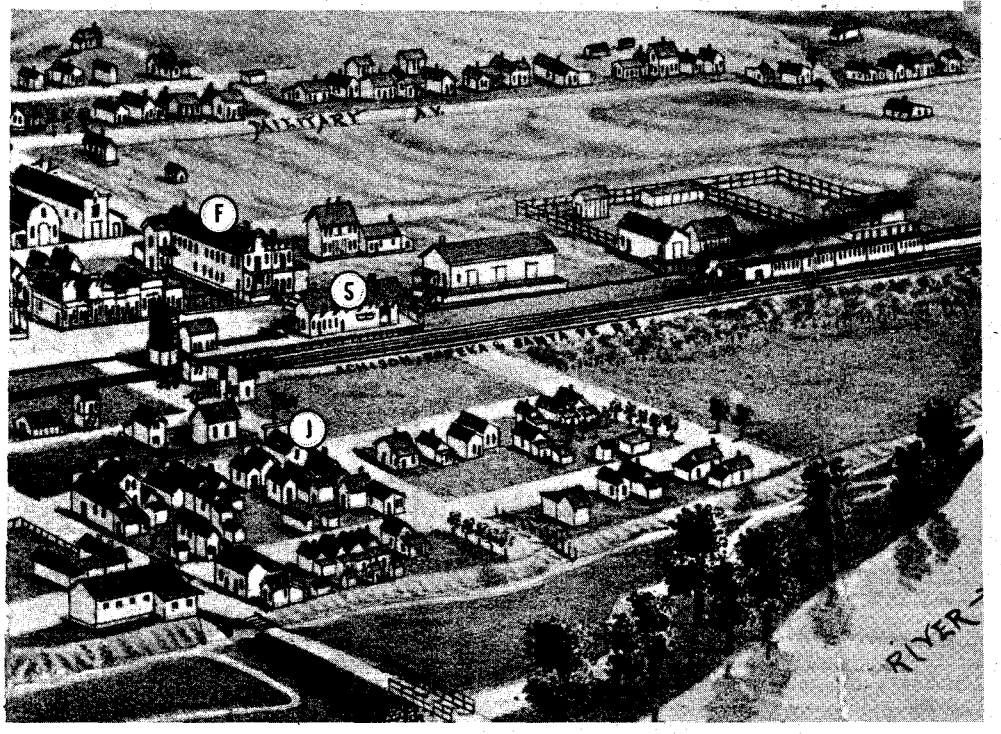
Bird's eye view of Dodge City in 1882. (1) Court House; (2) School House; (3) U. S. Signal Service Office; (4) Odd Fellows Hall; (5) A.T.&S.F. Depot; (6) Post Office; (7) Dodge City Grist Mill; (A) Presbyterian Church; (B) Roman Catholic Church; (C) Union Church; (F) Dodge House; (J) Great Western Hotel; (K) Wright House; (X) Methodist Episcopal Church.



son I Knew

ITY'S FAMOUS LAWMEN,

HE BRAVE AND THE NOT-SO-BRAVE.

these people long enough, so it is time for you to get out of here!"

But Bat was in an ugly mood. He said, "George, you are not armed. What can you do about it?"

Something in Dad's mind seemed to say, "Put him out, George," and he collared Bat. Before Masterson knew what had happened, he had been thrown through the swinging doors onto the plank sidewalk. There were five people playing draw poker at one of the card tables and they, with the other people in the saloon, backed away. Some made their way out the back door. They knew Masterson and his ways and knew he was looking for a gunfight. Dad calmly told Bat to stay out of the Hoover. Even Masterson would not shoot down an unarmed man, as it would be murder and that meant a hanging, sheriff or not. Bat knew he was cornered, so he called it off.

Quite a few people followed Bat into the Long Branch where he turned the episode off as a joke. The next night, Wyatt Earp and Bat were talking in the Long Branch. A close friend of Dad's came into the Hoover and said he had just overheard the conversation and that they were planning to start something. Dad was going to be paid a visit by Wyatt Earp.

Dad thanked his friend and said, "Yes, I have been expecting this and I am ready."

He always kept his gun under the bar counter—a .44-40 with the trigger guard filed off, leaving the trigger unprotected. He pulled the gun out and put it on the counter with the hammer cocked back ready to fire, the barrel of the gun pointing forward. When Earp entered the saloon he had in mind to take up where his pal, Bat, had left off but to his surprise, there was George Hinkle standing back of the bar with his hand near the gun that lay on the bar. Wyatt didn't say a word about the gun or make any sort of hostile move. He only told Dad he had come to visit.

At this Hinkle said, "Wyatt, I know why you came in here and I know what your guns are tied down for. Here is my gun on the bar, so it would be best for both of us for you to leave right now the way you came in." Wyatt saw the hand near the gun and knew he could not draw first, as Hinkle was ready. He said, "George, you win this time. If I had not been in the wrong, I would be the winner."

I can still hear my dad telling the end of that tale. "Son, to my surprise, and was I glad, Wyatt backed out of the swinging doors of the Hoover Saloon that night and not only I but everyone took a big, long, deep breath. Son, I tell you I was in a big strain, and you know seven was always my lucky number." It was September 7.

THE next day, Wyatt Earp went to Dog Kelley, then the mayor of Dodge City and told him he was tired of the town and some of its people. He was turning in his marshal's badge and resigning. On September 9, 1879, Wyatt Earp boarded a train for Tombstone by way of Kansas City. Now this particular point is argued as some people say he left Dodge City in a buckboard pulled by a team of horses.

Quite a few people who saw Masterson make his play were in the saloon when Earp came in. News spread very fast in those days and the election for sheriff was coming up in November. Some of the people that happened to be in the saloon on those two trying nights and a group of ranchers, along with some people in Ford County, nominated my dad, who was just a bartender, as candidate for sheriff of Ford County, Kansas.

Some of these persons were not too desirable citizens, and not friendly with Bat Masterson, but they put on a tremendous campaign in behalf of George Hinkle and Dad said he was not going to let them down. When the results came in the old bartender won by a vote of 404 and Bat Masterson, the defeated, came in with 268 votes. Dad was mighty proud of that margin; he would say, "You know, when Bat won, he was elected by only three votes, but I had 136 more votes than Bat. This makes me feel real good."

Bat gave Dad his sheriff's badge and a gun and said, "George, you might need this gun now that you are sheriff. This gun has been tried out and a true one it is." Then, laughing, he added, "And it has a trigger guard." He wished my dad good luck and soon after boarded a train for Tombstone to join his pals, Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday, who already had a foothold there.

George Hinkle was elected for the second term and was sheriff of Ford County from 1880-1884. He never killed a man during his four years as sheriff. He handled the would-be bad boys in his own way. He said he only had two cells in his jail then and he did not want the trouble of cleaning the cells and feeding prisoners. The records of George R. Hendricks, the executive director of Boot Hill Museum in Dodge City, show that Hinkle was a good sheriff and well liked by the citizens.

Of all the many interesting things that happened when Dad was sheriff, two occasions stand out. In August, 1881, Dad got a ninety-day relief, turning

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things over to his chief deputy, Bob Day. John Blocker, a trail boss, told Dad he could get a contract building fences in Texas and that he could get plenty of help there in Dodge City as the railroad had laid off lots of men. Dad got the contract to build cross-fences for the XIT Ranch.

The job consisted of constructing about 200 miles of cross-fence dividing the ranch into pastures. The sheriff's job did not pay much in those days, so Dad moved some of the railroad workers to Texas to help him on the job. He made more in ninety days on the fence job then he could have in two years as sheriff. Dad's leaving Dodge City this trip is the reason I was born in Texas instead of Kansas. Dad had Mother meet him in Bovina, Texas, headquarters for the Bovina division of the XIT. I was born in a sod house on October 15, 1881. Mother never returned to Dodge City, but Dad moved her to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and returned to Dodge City and his sheriff's job.

He was elected for a second term but in 1884 he headed for Garden City, Kansas, to help settle a group of land seekers on the homesteads that were being opened up near there. There he could also make more money than he did on the sheriff's job. I might add that from talks with Dad years later, "woman trouble" might have been responsible for his leaving. Well, as I have often said, like father, like son.

I wonder what Dad would think if he knew he had nothing on his son? I had to leave six lawful wives in my lifetime. It seems we are all human beings and like animals if we do as we desire, nature has its way. But then who of us has not stepped over the traces? Now you can understand where I got my ways, both good and bad.

Boys became men early back in my times. George Hinkle was quite a man. Although he never talked much, one of these days someone is going to investigate and come up with the facts on a number of the men who were the real lawmen—John Slaughter, Chris Madison, Bill Tilghman, Jeff Milton, Heck Thomas, George Hinkle and many others. They were called gunfighters and were known to be better and faster than Wyatt Earp or Bat Masterson. They, at least, gave the other men a fighting chance. Earp and Masterson both were known as gunmen, and both were known to have been on the shady side of the fence at times.

When Bill Tilghman was chief of police in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1912, he had long talks with Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp. Bill Tilghman was one of the truly great buffalo hunters and Indian scouts, and one of the best loved lawmen of the Old West. He was a man like my dad who used his fists most of the time—not his gun.

One of my mother's best friends was a girl named Emma Walters, who later married Bat Masterson. Mother met Dad in Topeka, Kansas where she was workin a depot. Dad had delivered some prisoners from Dodge City to the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Dad was a married man at the time but he fell for my mother, a beautiful woman, wild and sweet, despite the type of hurried life she led. Dad was always good to Mother, giving both of us his support, even if he was not able to be with us as much as we—and he—would have liked. He was a father to me, and a good one.

Mother's friend, Emma Walters, married Bat in 1891. I don't want to sound as if I am trying to take any of the glory or legend away from Masterson or Earp; however, these are hard cold facts, told to me by my father and other persons. I know for a fact that Wyatt owned redlight houses and took money from women. I myself knew Wyatt when he and Nellie Cashman ran gambling houses and we'll call them "hotels" in Alaska in 1899 and the 1900's.

My dad said he saved Wyatt's life one night in the Hoover Saloon. Wyatt had a Texas cowboy under arrest for something and while Wyatt's back was turned, one of the cowboy's buddies went for him with a long knife. Dad knocked the fellow down.

Bat Masterson had a little bit of trouble in the saloon of the Tabor Opera House in Denver and left Denver for New York City. He wanted as far away from Denver and the West as he could go. He sent for Emma Walters, his wife.

It was about this time (late November, 1896), that I got my pay from the big Diamond-A-Ranch. This was the same year I lucked up and won first place in a bucking horse contest, and second in steer roping. I won the horse catching out of a remuda of 150 head, each roper to rope out of the remuda ten horses. The roper catching the most horses without a miss was the winner. I roped ten head without a miss. A kid named Pat Nunn came in second, catching eight head, making me at sixteen the all-round winner. This was at the Greatest Reunion, near Silver City, New Mexico. The Diamond-A headquarters was near Deming, New Mexico, about 100 miles northeast of El Paso, Texas, on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

After drawing my pay, I went to see my mother, who had just moved from Fort Smith to Kansas City, Missouri, to open a boarding and rooming house. I caught a train for Kansas City, changing in El Paso, Texas. While in the depot waiting for the other train to make up, I noticed a man with a long mustache, like a gambler. He was looking over a big long green strip of paper about two feet long, using both hands to hold it. It was a ticket. I recognized him from pictures and from what my dad had told me. Like any other young man, I wanted to meet this man who had been made famous. I walked up to the ticket window and said, "Mr. Earp, I am Wrang Hinkle, George Hinkle's son."

He looked at me, saying, "Wyatt is the name to you, Wrang. So you are George Hinkle's son. I kinda like your looks, but that dad of yours is no good. Your mother Lula was a good woman, so you must take after her." At this he extended his hand. I was quite strong and had a good grip; I gave him a good shake.

At this he says, "Hey there, kid, not quite so hard with that vise, I have to use those fingers now and then. Yes, you can tell you're George's boy. He was always showing off his power."

I had quite a long talk with Wyatt Earp. He had just come down from his home in San Francisco on some business, and had to get back as he was going to referee the big championship fight between Sharkey and Fitzsimmons. He was good enough to say to me, "If you ever get up in San Francisco, look me up."

I next saw Wyatt Earp in 1910. At that time Buffalo Vernon and I had just returned from a very sad trip with the Fred Atkins Wild West Show to Australia. The show went broke, and Vernon and I had gotten a job on a boat in order to get back home. We worked as firemen heaping coal, four hours on, four hours off, down in the hole. We finally docked at San Francisco after a long thirty-three-day voyage. We hit the shore stone broke, as we were working out our passage and not getting paid anything other than the ride and eats.

I remembered that Wyatt Earp had told me in El Paso, thirteen or fourteen years before, to look him up. I walked into a saloon and asked if I could please use the telephone. Being told it was on the wall and to help myself, I gave the handle on the side of the box a few turns (like grinding coffee), and when Central answered I told her I was trying to locate a Mr. Wyatt Earp. Right away she told me that wouldn't be hard to do; he was staying at the Marcus home. She rang and in a few minutes I was talking to him. After telling him that Vernon and I were down on the boat docks and would like to see him, he asked where I was calling from. I told him the Shamrock Saloon. He then said that on the corner was a hackstand. I was to get one of the hacks and tell the driver to drive us out to the Marcus home, the driver would know where it was. I had to confess then that we were broke. Wyatt said to quit wasting time and come on out, he would pay the fare when we got there.

We engaged a hack, and the driver took us over the old cobblestone and brick streets of San Francisco. Our fare was twenty-five cents each. When we arrived, Wyatt gave the driver a silver dollar and told him to keep the change, as it was a long ride for a quarter.

We were asked into the big home. Supper was ready, and we washed up in a washroom with big pitchers of water and big bowls. We were then seated with the whole family around a big, round table. Food was served on the finest silver and china, with silver knives, forks and spoons. And linen napkins were in a big silver and gold napkin ring. What a meal we had that night! After supper we talked about our trip to Australia, and the meeting of Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns, and how we worked our way back on the boat. I told Wyatt that Buffalo Vernon wanted to get to Sacramento, which was not too far away, and that I wanted to go to Kansas City, Missouri, where my mother was. Wyatt gave us each a $20 gold piece, and when we were ready to leave, the coachman was waiting at the front gate to drive us back to town.

Wyatt lived in a beautiful house, with a big stable in the back of the house which looked as if it would stable ten head of horses.

When we were again on our own, Vernon said, "Milt, I have only a short way to go. I want to get my twenty changed and give you ten of it." I protested, but he would have it no other way. Vernon went his way, and that year won the first World's Championship steer bulldogging at Pendleton, Oregon.

The next time I ran into Wyatt was in Arkansas City, Kansas. He had been on a trip through Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas, buying oil leases. That was in 1923. Wyatt died on January 13, 1929.

I want to impress on each and every one of you that I have not spoken a word about Wyatt that cannot be proven true facts. I also want to point out that I mean no harm to Wyatt, or his memory. I liked and respected him, but I do believe that there are those who get a little tired of having a mortal man built

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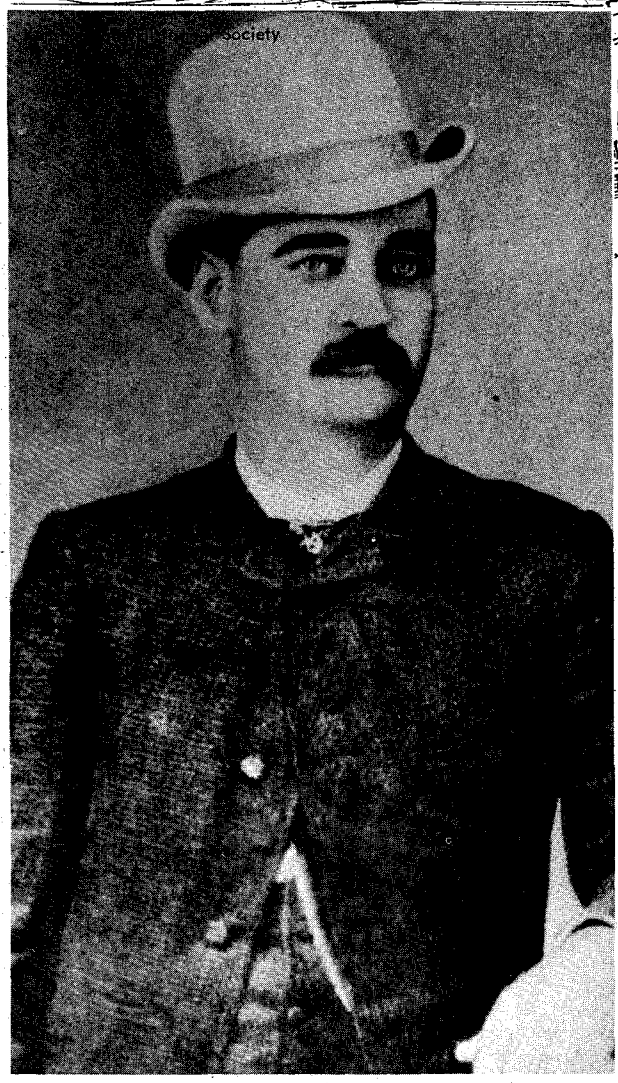

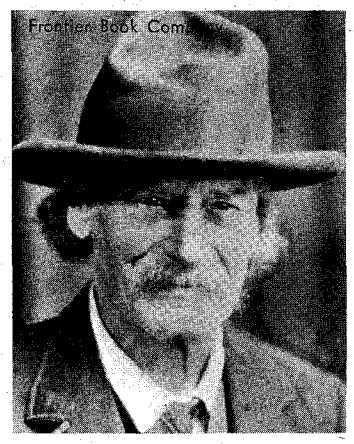

Above, Bat Masterson in Dodge City. Right, top, the interior of the Long Branch Saloon. Bottom, Deadwood Dick Clark and George Hinkle.

into something just short of a god. There are those who respect the truth, and it is to those I am contributing my story and facts.

MY experiences with Bat Masterson were quite different than those with Wyatt Earp. Strange as it may seem, with our many associations, and especially the fact that I was the son of the man who had beat Masterson in the Sheriff's race in Ford County, Kansas, I never met Bat in the West, but met him in Brooklyn, New York. At that time I was working for the 101 Ranch Wild West Show. We closed the season at Houston, Texas, on October 25, 1913. All the best stock and performers then loaded on a fast passenger train headed for New York City, from which port we were to sail on November 1, 1913, on the ship "SS" for Buenos Aires, Argentina. The remaining stock and 101 train were shipped to winter quarters at Bliss, Oklahoma, near Ponca City. Bliss is now called Marlin, Oklahoma.

Our coaches were met in New York by Edward Arlington who, with his father George Arlington, was half-owner of the 101 Ranch Show. Edward Arlington and Roy Chandlers were the head bosses of the Wild West Show on this trip to South America; D. V. Tanlinger was the arena director, and I was chief of the cowboys.

Arlington and the Miller Brothers were good friends of Bat Masterson, who at that time was living at 320 West Forty-Ninth Street in New York City. Bat was working for the *Morning Telegraph,* now called the *Sun-Telegram,* and had come to see our show off. Edward Arlington was standing by the loading platform when the people were going aboard the ship. He was talking to Bat when Chester Byers and I walked up to talk with Eddie. Chester and I were introduced to Bat as the star features of the show, as Chester was then the champion trick roper of the world.

I was really stunned. I said, "After all these years, I get to meet and shake the hand of the man my dad defeated as sheriff of Ford County, Kansas."

Bat's answer was a cool, "No doubt you are the son of George Hinkle. Which one of his women was your mother?"

Before I had time to get angry, he went on to say that if I was anything like my dad, I was a mighty man.

"You can see George in you, looking into the past."

Edward Arlington broke into the conversation at this time, telling Bat I was one of his best men. Of course, this made me feel mighty good. We did not have time for much of a visit or talk, as everyone was now on deck and the ship was ready to sail. Bat told me to look him up when I got back, that he would like to talk to me. As we walked up the

(Continued on page 53)

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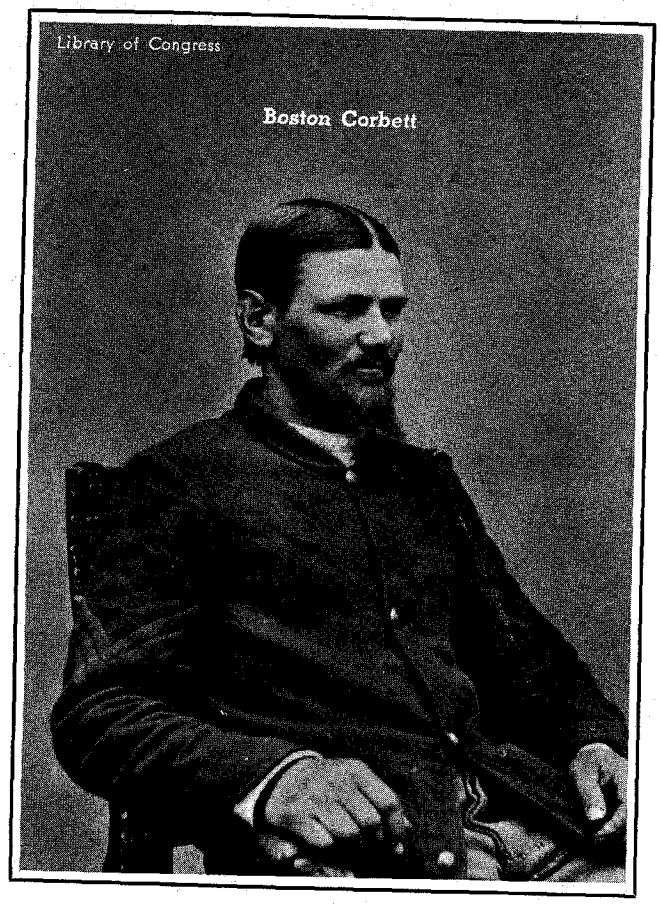
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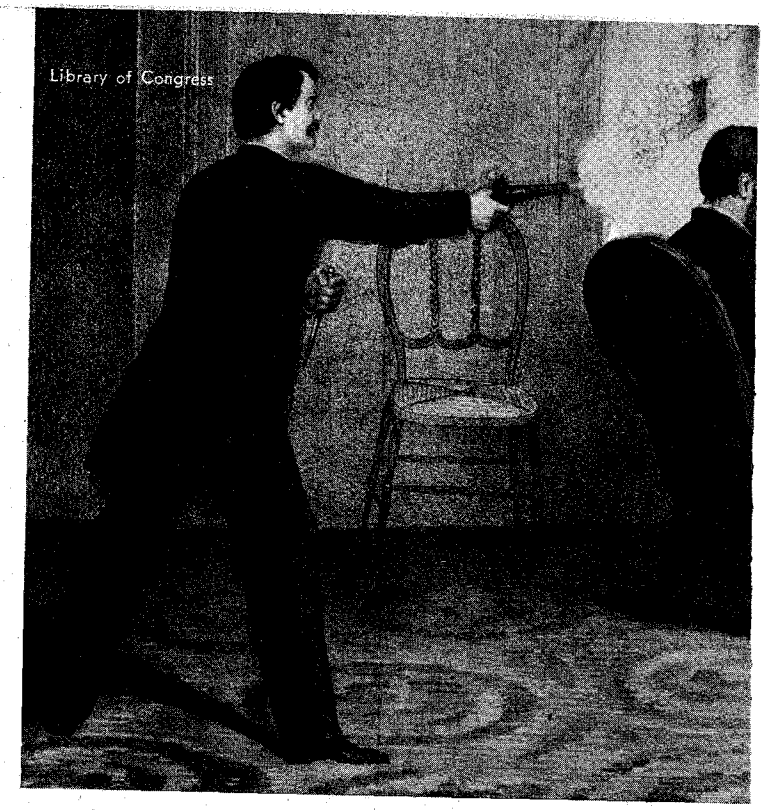
Boston Corbett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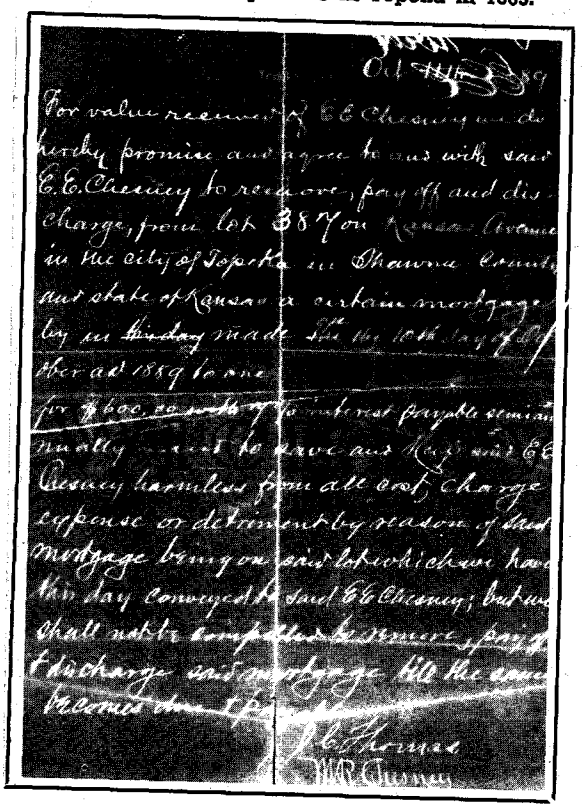
Assassination of President Lincoln, Ford

The Mad Crusader

By W. D. CHESNEY

As shown by the letter below, the Chesneys were in Topeka in 1889.


Oct 14th 1889

For value received of E E Chesney we do hereby promise and agree to and with said E. E. Chesney to remove, pay off and discharge, from lot 387 on Kansas Avenue in the city of Topeka in Shawnee County and state of Kansas a certain mortgage by in ~~this day~~ made the the 10th day of October ad 1889 to one for $600.00 with 7% interest payable semiannually [illegible] to save and keep said E E Chesney harmless from all cost, charge expense or detriment by reason of said mortgage being on said lot which we have this day conveyed to said E E Chesney; but we shall not be compelled to remove, pay off & discharge said mortgage till the same becomes due & payable

J. C. Thomas

W. D. Chesney

JUST one century ago this year, President Abe Lincoln was urging my father, Judge Ezra E. Chesney, to move to Kansas. After passing his bar examination at Ottowa, Illinois, in June, 1862, father did go to Topeka, Kansas, and, aided by Lincoln, was elected county-attorney. His commission was dated January 4, 1865. At Lincoln's request, father returned to Washington a few weeks after his service began and was present in Ford's Theatre when Lincoln was assassinated by a half-demented actor, John Wilkes Booth.

A few days later, Booth was trapped in a barn in Maryland and shot to death by John H. (Boston) Corbett. Father became acquainted with Corbett before he returned to Topeka. In the early eighties, Corbett filed on a tract of land in Cloud County, Kansas, forty-five miles from Abilene, near where the prosperous city of Concordia now stands.

In the mid-eighties, father was attorney for a large Eastern concern which lent money on Kansas land. In the course of his duties he had to go to towns like Concordia, hire a livery rig and drive over a large area to check on loans. And that is how I first met Boston Corbett. My mother had gone back to Illinois to meet the stork delivering my younger brother, so father took me along on the hegira. I was large for my age and had seen a lot of bad men and near-bad men who came to father's office.

Father did not know it, but I had swapped some Christmas books for a .41 Derringer and had the idea I was quite a man. We stopped one night at the hotel at Concordia and father spent the next morning looking over the land records and catching up on the frontier gossip.

It seemed that Corbett was in what we now call "a mess." He had been converted in Boston on his arrival from Britain and, in honor of that, had assumed the name Boston Corbett. He was not only religious, but a fanatic, perhaps a berserk religious zealot. He believed it was his duty to convert others to his belief even if it had to be done with guns or at the stake.

A considerable number of young Kansans used to congregate near his homestead to play baseball on Sunday. Boston regarded this as extremely sacrilegious and felt it was his duty to put a stop to it. In the middle of a hot game, Boston Corbett would appear on the scene, Colt persuader in hand, and in the name of Jehovah drive the players and spectators from the field.

Once the players swore out a warrant for Corbett's arrest and he was taken in charge by the officers. On the day of his trial, which was to be held in the office of a local justice of the peace, Boston appeared with a sort of doomsday countenance and, after watching the proceedings with a scowling expression,

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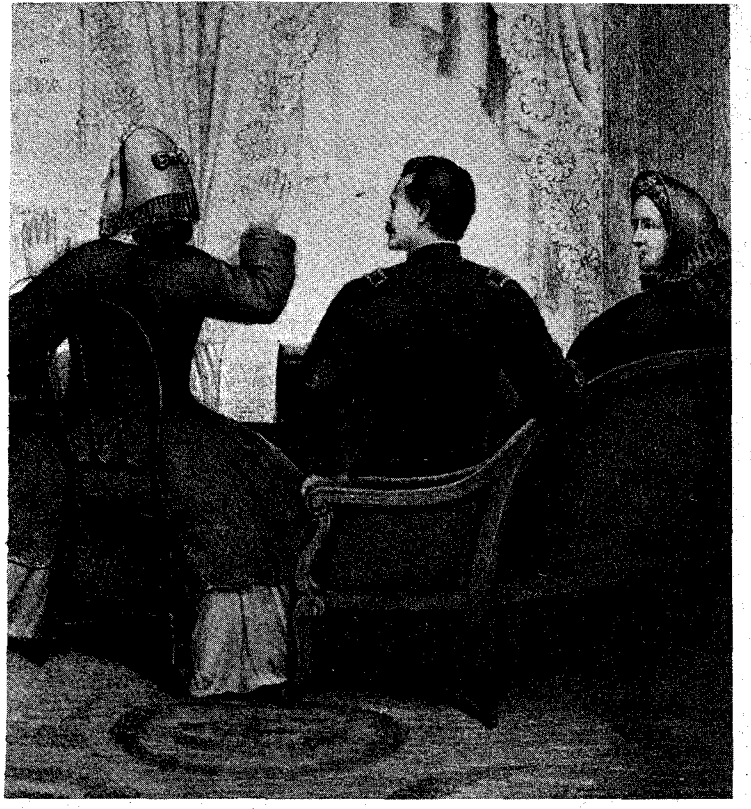
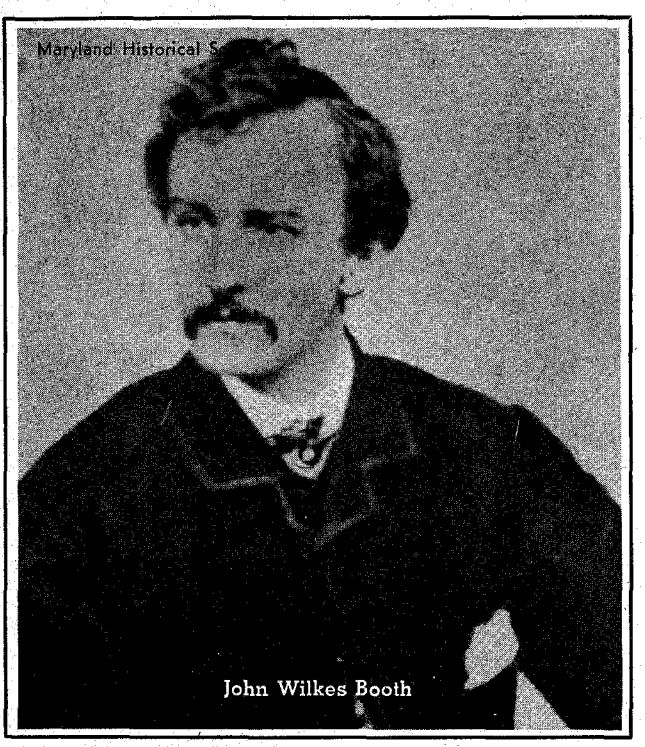


'heatre, Washington, D.C., April 14, 1865.



John Wilkes Booth

"What a God we have! He told me to avenge Lincoln!" These were the words of Boston Corbett, recorded in a booklet given to the author's father shortly before Corbett's mysterious disappearance in Kansas.

The author's mother and aunt (Westine Taylor). Both women were acquainted with Corbett.

drew the Colt Navy pistol he had carried in the Civil War and drove judge, jury, witnesses and loafers from the courtroom.

The J.P. was a very corpulent man and with the rush of the spectators, he blocked the stairway. Many jumped out of the windows. The forces of Satan having been dispersed, Corbett jumped on his pony and returned to his lonely soddy. So afraid of this man who had killed Lincoln's assassin were the officers, they would not take a chance at molesting him further. However, Cloud County officials began searching for a way of getting Corbett out of their hair. And in 1887 they found it.

IT was in that year, 1887, the state representative from Hutchinson arose and made a speech nominating the slayer of J. Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, to be the assistant doorkeeper of the Lower House. In those halcyon days, ex-soldiers of the Federal forces dominated Kansas politics and Corbett was unanimously elected. One man, however, who knew Corbett quite well, was later quoted as saying, "This legislature will be damn lucky if he doesn't get a crazy notion in his pate to kill off a number of us in the belief that the Lord has commanded him to do it."

Corbett was duly sworn in as doorkeeper for the west gallery of the House. This writer often saw him as he stood watching the proceedings with a gloomy, jaundiced eye. I can still remember his bizarre appearance, his coarse black hair, parted in the middle, hanging down on his shoulders. His unpressed clothing hung over his figure like a scarecrow's.

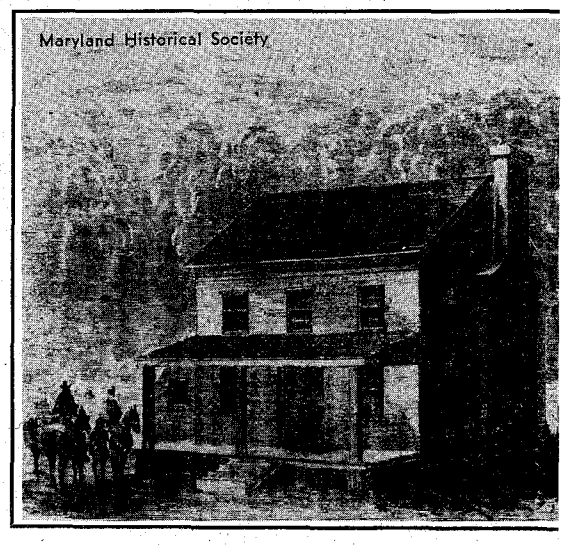
My father's office, at the time, was on the second floor of a building he owned at Tenth & Kansas Avenue, just a short distance from where Corbett served the state—in his way—and as he knew of father's relation with Lincoln, he often called and discussed his past life. From those conversations I am able to piece together many items not generally known.

Corbett joined the local Salvation Army and on many nights he paraded back and forth on Kansas Avenue. Of all the voices, Corbett's was most vociferous and strident as he sang and prayed, assailing the bastions of sin and calling for the ever-ready assistance of Almighty God in destroying sin and sinners.

During that decade there was more political corruption than had ever been seen in the past, present or is likely to be seen in the future. State officials and legislators were accepting all kinds of graft from corporations, principally the railroads, and the whole western half of the state was doubly damned by county seat wars. Corbett apparently got the idea that there were more crooks in the legislature than there were in the state

(Continued on page 66)

W. N. Walton's sketch of the Garrett House, where Booth died May 20, 1865.



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COLORADO BILL

Mr. Fred T. Darvill
San Francisco

No account of the old West would be quite complete without reference to its desperadoes. Lack of law in the far west gave some of these bad actors their cue. Others tried to follow the glory trail with a six shooter and considered it a high honor to have a killing record. "Wild Bill" Hickok shortened some of those records considerably. Hickok has been called the "good bad man" because every time his deadly marksmanship pitched a man into eternity the country was that much better off. Another professional "bad man" or troublesome gun flasher was out of the picture. Hickoks reputation as a superman with fire arms helped to make the pony express and early stage line safer across the plains. Road agents, horse thieves and all around "bad" men were his game.

A case illustrative of the men that killed for glory is the trouble hunter that came up from Texas boasting that he'd got Wild Bill. I guess every body has heard the story. Bill was U.S. Marshall at Ft Hayes at the time and a friend who got wind of the man from Texas tipped him off. However Hickok paid little attention to the news and took no precautions. Bill was always awake, he had no dead nerves. Some time later while strolling down the street he met the gun man who appeared suddenly around a corner with leveled revolver.

Bill looked past the fellow with his usual cool, casual manner and exclaimed "Don't hit him boys. He's only fooling!" Texas looked hurriedly behind him believing some of Hickoks friends were there ready to sling him and spread Bill again just in time to meet the death message from the derringer which this little diversion had given Bill time to draw. Wild Bill was often credited with being the fastest man on the draw that ever handled a gun. But there have been many quick ones. The real "point" as I have heard old timers say was "his ungodly nerve". He met his death strictly according to Bible rule "Live by the sword, perish by the sword". He was shot in the back of the head in a cowardly way by Jack McCall in Deadwood. I was in Ft Hayes a few years after Wild Bills sojourn in that neighborhood and account connecting his operations with "boot hill" near by where quite a number of men were "buried with their boots on" sent there by the expert gunmanship of Wild Bill, Geo Curry and others.

As a general thing a cowboy was a good fellow, not bloodthirsty nor mean but an occasional habitual killer was a cowboy gone wrong. A typical example of this class was "Colorado Bill" who during a mean gun from the Rocky mountain region to Texas in the seventies. The reckless type of cowboy with a few drinks aboard, liked to ride pell mell through the streets of a town doing target practice on the business signs or, if at night, shooting at the street lights. Such fellows occasionally rode into a hotel or bar room and amused themselves by trying how fast they could break bottles with a forty five. Some of them would throw a wad of their summers pay to the proprietor to square up for their entertainment, but Colorado Bill was said to be a little mean that way. He would not pay for his fun. In fact when one proprietor of a hotel took a pot shot at him with a rifle and creased his ribs Bill plugged the proprietor which generally speaking was bad form.

As a cowhand he was all there but it seems he knew the cattle game a little too well. He was credited with being in a shooting scrape in New Mexico over some "rustled" steers. Three claimers of the cattle caught him on the trail with the bunch and opened fire on him. Bill winged one of them at the first exchange but got a blinding cloud of alkali dust from the herd at the moment that put both eyes out of commission or nearly so. He pulled his horse off his front foot to protect himself which the horse did but dropped dead from the attackers shots.

Bill rolled down a steep bank into a small stream and whether water helps much or not on the spot at the moment to clear away the effects of alkali in ones eyes Bill came up behind the bank with a six gun in each hand and dropped one of the men out of his saddle, managed to catch the loose horse, mounted and beat it for the Texas line. He was reported to have shot a man in eastern Colorado in a dispute about a saddle. Later he was training with a band of "free riders" in the Indian territory who prided themselves on being the best dozen men in the west with the six shooter. Any one of them could ride at full speed past a target fifteen paces from it or around it at the same distance and put a ball into it every shot. But Bill seems to have tired of outlaw life for a steady game for he drifted back into cow work. An old pard of mine rode for the same outfit with Bill one summer in northern Texas. In the seventies there was still considerable sectional feeling on the Civil war question, at least among a certain type of citizens. A southerner called Van that rode with this same outfit was something of a teaser. Took pleasure in

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Stressing the superior fighting qualities of Southern men. In fact he didnt regard Northerners as having much guts where a gun was concerned. "Colorado" paid little attention to him as a rule — "Left his old hog leg six hanging in the cabin" my friend told me "in an old rawhide holster with the end burnt off where he'd been shooting from his hip not having time to draw his gun maybe. The look o' that holster told the whole story for me but Van didnt appear to notice it. One morning Bill started off on herd but came back and buckled on the gun. 'Better look and see if it's loaded' Chirps Van. Colorado eyed him plenty sharp but made no return. In the afternoon tho' he rides in, leaves his cowpony at the corrall and walks over to the cabin where some of us off herd were lying on our blankets in the shade. He has his eye on Van with that same sharp look in it only now it's more ugly. What did you mean this morning Van he asks 'telling me to see if my forty fine was loaded?' Oh! I didnt mean nothing says Van 'I just said it' 'You meant a northern man das it, shoot' says Bill and I'm going to kill you right now. Van had just been pulling on his chaps to ride over to a water tank some miles south and he always carried a forty four in a leather sheath that was sewed on the leg of the chaps. He collared the forty four allright but Bill tilted up the muzzle of his six that was lookin through the burnt end of that old rawhide holster, fired from his hip and smashed Vans arm. Then seeing Van was out of the fight he let it go at that saddled one of the best horses in the outfit and rode off the job." A favorite stamping ground for outlaws in those days was the Texas panhandle and the Indian territory. Colorado Bill drifted back to those regions naturally and was said to be operating with a crooked cattle outfit somewhere along the Panhandle. He was soon in trouble with a kindred spirit over a Cherokee girl wherein the brother took a pot shot at him with a long range rifle and ripped up his scalp. But finding that Bill was still able to handle a shooting iron he beat it for a safer locality. Here is where our "bad man" shows the killing urge, the human blood-hound. To let any body put it accross him in a gun fight was something he would never stand for and live. A few months later he trailed his enemy into an Arkansas town and shot him in the street. As the man was falling he put two more bullets through him in sweet revenge or maybe just to show how it ought to be done. But there was more law in Arkansas than he had been used to and that led to his down fall.

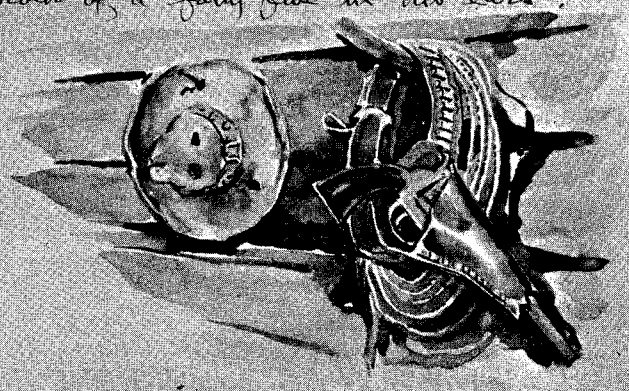
He got away on a good horse but carried a quart or two of Arkansaw whiskey with him and that led to his finish. The posses that followed him heard his horse in a cane brake, investigated and found Bill sleeping off the effects of moonshine. When he awoke he was manacled. The six shooter that had been his law for many years was out of reach.

"Judge!" he said in court "why not do this on the square? Give me my six shooter, stand up your six best shots agin me and shoot it out". Justice that took a man asleep, corralled his gun, Double teamed on him and never gave him a show down was all out of balance with Colorado Bill. He'd far rather pass out with the roar of a forty five in his ears.

When his final chapter was written with the noose placed over his head his only request was "Be sure and break my neck boys. Dont punish me"

Yours

J. H. Smith



See Explanation on Page 66

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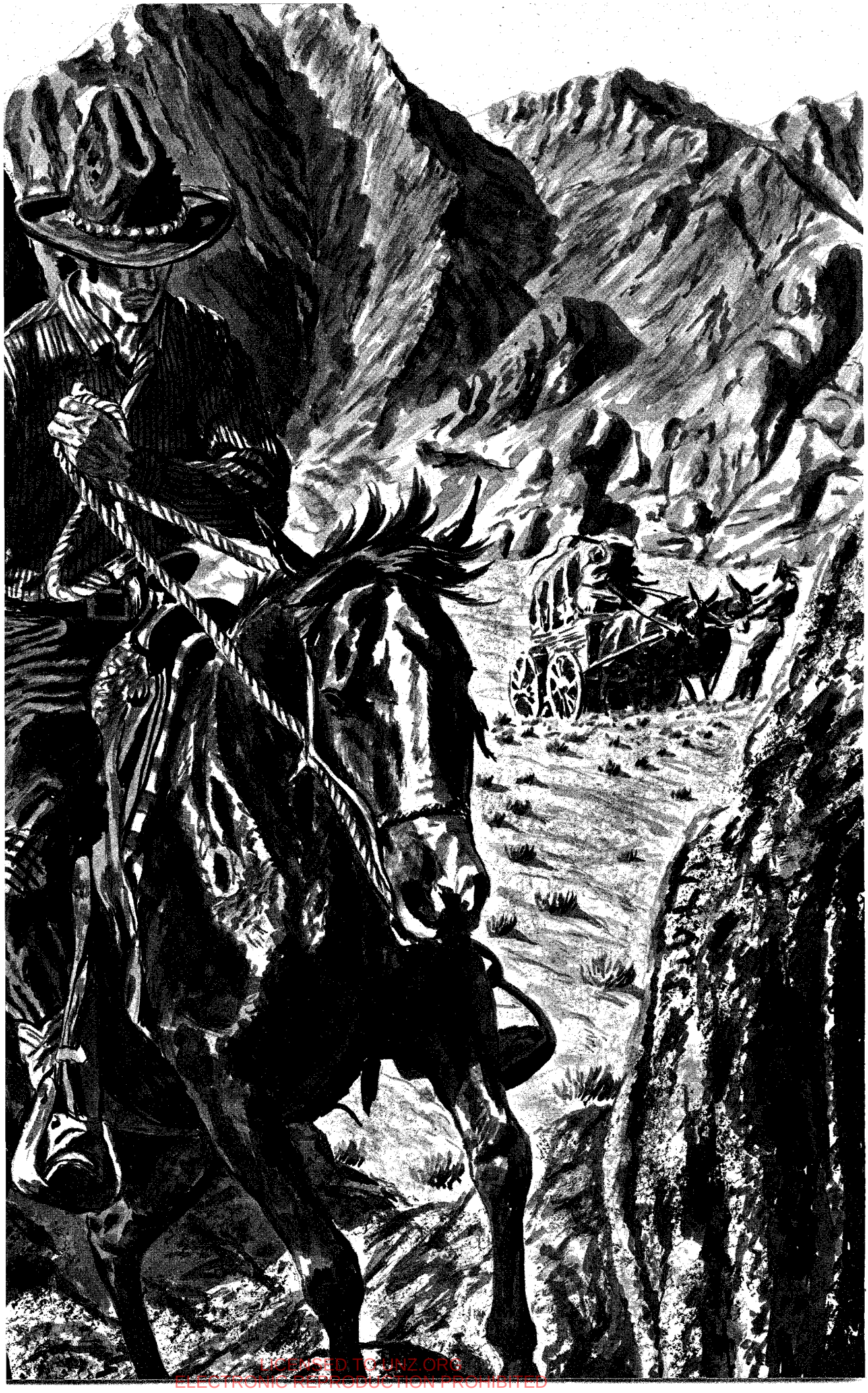

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The government bet them a section of land against starving out—and the government usually won. New Mexico resisted the plow, and those who succeeded did it with a gunman's courage, but . . .

Not Always with Guns

By LYO LEE as told to EVE BALL

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

IN 1923 every permanent source of water in western New Mexico had been filed upon by ranchers. My uncle had come from Texas with a herd of cattle some years before I went by rail to Magdalena and joined him. I took the Model T mail car through Datil to Quemado. My uncle was a bachelor, and in spite of my surprise arrival, he welcomed me and gave me a job. He was well established.

The government had made it possible for settlers to file on a section of land, and they were flocking into the country. Among them were a father and son named Grady, and the young wife and baby of the latter. They hoped to find locations enabling them to live close together, but were unable to do so.

The son filed on a section on Hog Eye Mesa, which lies between Salt Lake Valley and Inscription Rock. The mesa extends about forty miles north and south, and the surface is comparatively smooth. It is almost on the Continental Divide, and during the rare rainy seasons, has surface lakes.

The father, a widower, located his claim near Betdiow Mountain, about thirty miles away, east of the Arizona line. He left the wagon in which they had come, the cow and a yearling pinto pony, with the young family. They had brought everything they possessed in that wagon, and they used it for a home while the younger Grady was building his house. His wife, Billie, was a country girl who'd never been more than ten miles away from the farm in Oklahoma where she was born.

MY uncle's ranch was west of Quemado in Salt Lake Valley. As I was crossing Hog Eye Mesa I saw a house under construction and stopped. Grady—I never knew his first name—invited me to get down and stay for dinner. I did.

He had hauled logs for a one-room cabin, and neighbors had helped put up the walls. Then he had dug a hole in the adobe soil and dumped a barrel of water in it. With the mud he was chinking the cracks. No roof. There was a little patch of shriveled corn near, but no ears. It was usable for fodder, but not much good even for that. He'd planted beans, too, but they'd died.

He introduced me to Billie who was cooking over a fire. When she called us to the midday meal she poured a cupful of water in a pan and handed it to me for washing. When I started to throw it out Grady grabbed it and used it for himself. Then he poured it in a pan and gave it to the chickens.

"Got to haul water," he explained.

"Chimney Lake?"

"Yes."

It was the nearest source of permanent water, about eleven miles away. Years ago a Mexican family had built a house there; now nothing was left but the chimney. And there was no road—just a trail.

"At first I used the team of mares," he said, "but I can't haul but six barrels at a time, and when I got back the mares would drink one. So I tamed four burros and I use them now. They can go a week without water, so what they get at the lake does them till I go back. I use the mares to plow. Once I raise a crop . . ."

It was useless to tell him it might be years before that country got rain enough to raise grain. He wouldn't believe me because he didn't want to believe me. All those settlers thought the ranchers wanted to get them out of the country. They didn't realize that we warned them for their own protection. The government just bet them a section of land against starving out—and the government generally won. A man couldn't make it in that country without cattle and water. I didn't debate the matter with him; I knew he'd find it out too soon, anyway.

We ate beans, nothing else. No coffee, no meat, no bread, just beans. I looked Grady over. He was older than I—older in years, anyway, maybe twenty-two or three. Billie, too, was older than I. But they were babes in the woods; that was evident because they had no meat. I got on my horse and then asked, "Why don't you kill one of these yearlings? There's plenty around. . . ."

"But they're not ours; they belong to the ranchers."

I knew that, of course.

"Nobody'd care if you kill one for meat when you need it. Of course, if you went to selling them, that'd be different."

"How?" he asked.

If he didn't already know there was no use explaining. He might have known how to plow, but I felt sure he could neither rope nor butcher a beef. I did it for him, and hung the meat in a tree. He was so broke and so helpless I had to do something, and I hadn't brought any money. Besides, I knew he wouldn't have taken it.

I rode by several times that fall. I could see that he was going to be up against it for food that winter. He'd got a roof on the cabin and covered it with adobe and had cut a supply of wood but when I started off, they reminded me of little children abandoned to die. I went back.

"Got an idea," I told him. "Might make a little money trapping coyotes. Hides bring five dollars apiece." I knew he had no money for steel traps, and wouldn't know how to set one if he had it. So I suggested a partnership with me furnishing the traps and him running them. "Unless," I told him, "you want to go back home before it snows till you can't get out." He shook his head.

When the first light snow came, I rode up there, shot a wild mare, and dragged a quarter of it around in a big circle. We set the traps in the trail; using a scent bait that I made. That first week I stayed with them, and we caught ten coyotes. I showed him how to skin, stretch, and dry the hides.

We took them to Miller's Store, the closest. Miller and his wife had come out in 1916 and put in a little trading post on the main road to Salt Lake Valley; they had a postoffice, too. We shipped the pelts from Miller's to the Denver Fur Company. In spite of Grady's protests I insured them for $100. On the strength of the deal Miller let him have some chuck on credit. I was only seven miles from him, and during the winter we got a good many pelts. The first shipment was lost, and we collected in full for it.

The following spring was very dry, and I didn't see much of Grady until autumn. He'd put in a crop but didn't get back his seed. When I rode by I could see that he was worried. He told me that Billie was pregnant, and that she wanted to go back to her people in Altus till

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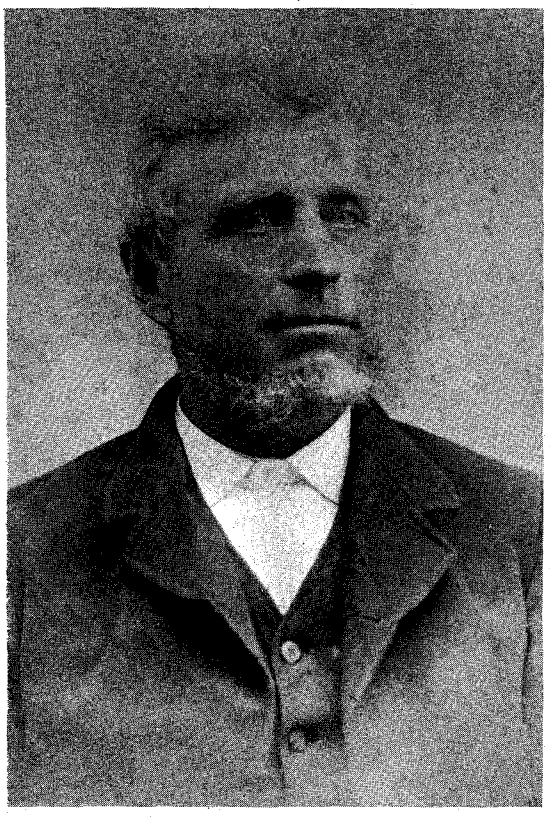
Beloved, kindly — but rich —

this old pioneer was . . .

Oregon Historical Society



Doomed Keg

Above, David Delaney. Below, the Delaney house near Salem, Oregon.

IN January, 1865, Daniel Delaney was murdered at his farm home near Salem, Oregon, and some $45,000 to $50,000 in $20 gold pieces he was thought to have kept on the premises could not be found.

There was nothing very mysterious about the slaying of Delaney, yet more words have been written about it over the years than about any other murder in Oregon. About it the Portland *Oregonian* of nearly a century ago had this to say:

"Not a tree will be felled, nor a furrow plowed near the Delany home for the next hundred years but searchers will be prodding the ground in search of golden treasure; newsmen will write of it and a novel may be published about it but no one will remember that this writer predicted that this will be done." The unidentified writer couldn't have made a more accurate prediction had he lived until now to make it.

Daniel Delaney was a kindly old man who had come to Oregon with two sons in 1843 and settled on land at Turner, Oregon, about ten miles from Salem, the state capital.

He had brought a considerable amount of money from Tennessee and had prospered in the new country. It was estimated that he had about $70,000 concealed about the premises. At that time there were no banks in the vicinity and people who had money simply hid it as they thought best.

Delaney was fond of entertaining and frequently kept guests overnight. One of these, George Beale, became mentally inflamed at the thought of so much hidden money and frequently brought up the subject in conversation.

One day while Delaney was out of the room, Beale, who had noticed a keg under the bed, had time to give it a rap with a hammer and heard a jingle. Delaney, who liked to do repairs about the house, kept nails of assorted sizes in the keg, but Beale was sure that the keg held money and told several people about it. From that time on he seemed never to have ceased to contrive schemes for getting hold of the old man's fortune.

BEALE kept a saloon and one of his customers was a man named Baker who frequently became drunk. Beale tried to persuade the man to help him rob Delaney and after some months succeeded.

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Oregon State Archives

By FRANK JUDD

by a of Nails

They chose a time when they heard that the old settler had just sold a herd of cattle and was certain to have a lot of money around. They arranged to meet at dusk by a watering trough near his house. Here they stopped and blacked their faces with charred fir bark to make themselves look like Negroes, as it was well known that Delaney made a point of showing hospitality to colored folk.

Beale crossed the yard, went up to the door of the house and knocked. Baker stayed at the gate with a shotgun. When Delaney came to the door, Beale asked to be directed to the home of Daniel Delaney, Jr. Beale claimed afterward that Daniel had a knife in his hand and that Baker became alarmed and fired both barrels of his shotgun at the old man knocking him down.

As the family dog tried to attack Beale, who shot but did not succeed in killing it, Delaney staggered to his feet and cried out, "I know you, Beale! For God's sake, don't kill me! I'll give you all the money I've got!"

Beale reportedly replied, "Old man, dead men tell no tales," and then shot him between the eyes.

A little Negro boy named Jack was staying with the old man. When he saw Delaney fall, he unchained the dog, ran into another room and barred the door. When Beale was sure that Delaney was dead, he tried to smash the door down with an axe, but dropped that to use a log as a battering ram. With this the pair succeeded.

But the boy eluded them and while the men were searching the room he ran out and hid in the woodpile. The wounded dog came to him and there the two stayed, huddling and shivering, until daylight.

The men turned their searching to the money. The keg held only nails, but somewhere Beale found what he said afterward was $1,900. He directed Baker to look upstairs but no money was found there. The two men then went back to Salem believing that their disguise had been sufficient.

Beale gave Baker $500 in currency, and buried the rest—$1,400 in twenty-dollar gold pieces and a single silver dollar with battered edges—in a cigar box by the side of a creek. Baker buried the $500 in another place.

At daylight the Negro boy ran to the home of David Delaney and told what he had seen. Either he had recognized Beale or he had heard the old man cry out for the younger Delaney notified the authorities. (The order for their arrest is still on file at the Marion County courthouse.) The men were jailed and, because of the hidden wealth, were almost immediately contacted by opportunistic lawyers.

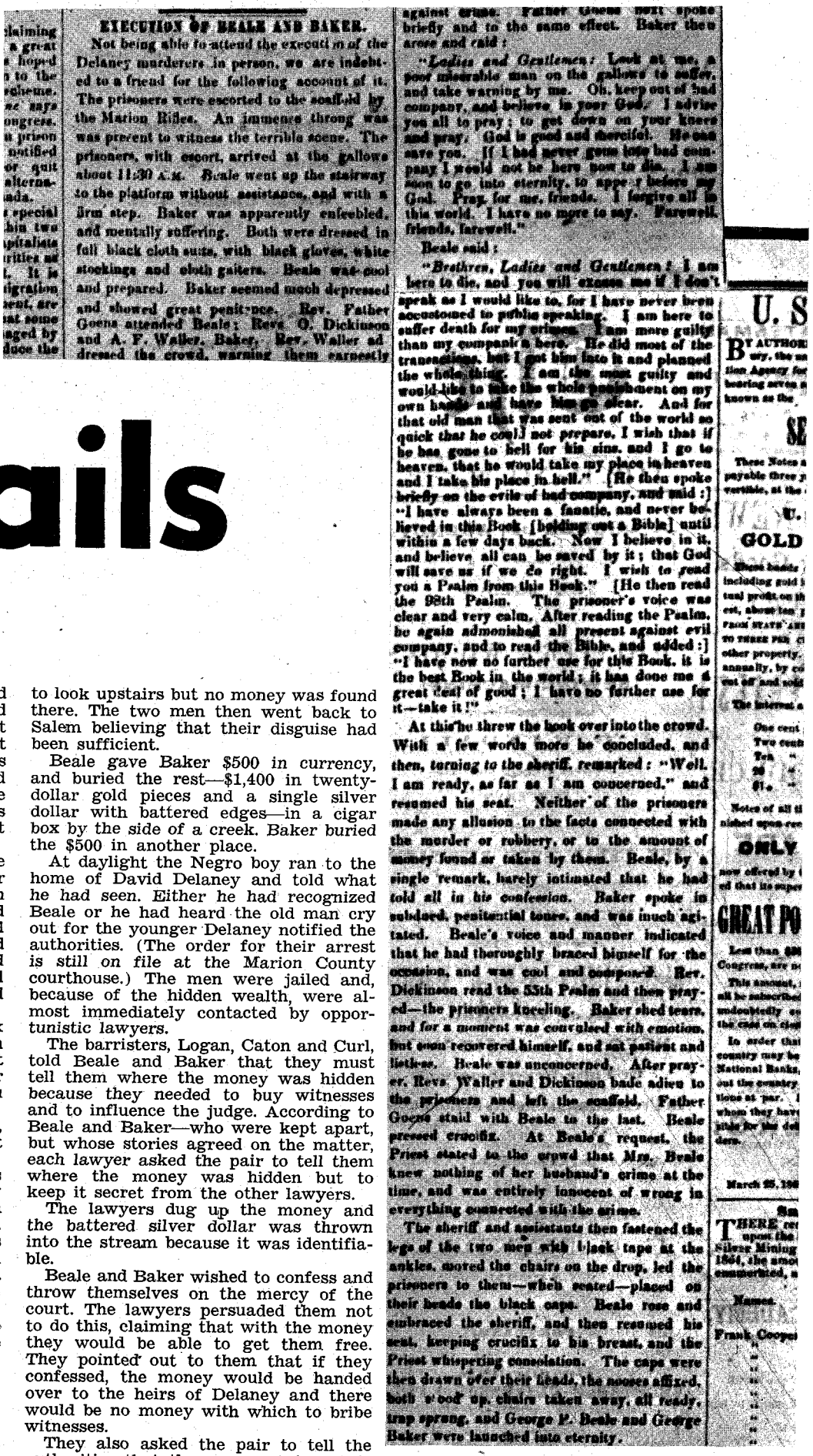
The barristers, Logan, Caton and Curl, told Beale and Baker that they must tell them where the money was hidden because they needed to buy witnesses and to influence the judge. According to Beale and Baker—who were kept apart, but whose stories agreed on the matter, each lawyer asked the pair to tell them where the money was hidden but to keep it secret from the other lawyers.

The lawyers dug up the money and the battered silver dollar was thrown into the stream because it was identifiable.

Beale and Baker wished to confess and throw themselves on the mercy of the court. The lawyers persuaded them not to do this, claiming that with the money they would be able to get them free. They pointed out to them that if they confessed, the money would be handed over to the heirs of Delaney and there would be no money with which to bribe witnesses.

They also asked the pair to tell the authorities that they were paying their

(Continued on page 63)



EXECUTION OF BEALE AND BAKER.

Not being able to attend the execution of the Delaney murderers in person, we are indebted to a friend for the following account of it. The prisoners were escorted to the scaffold by the Marion Rifles. An immense throng was was present to witness the terrible scene. The prisoners, with escort, arrived at the gallows about 11:30 A.M. Beale went up the stairway to the platform without assistance, and with a firm step. Baker was apparently enfeebled, and mentally suffering. Both were dressed in full black cloth suits, with black gloves, white stockings and cloth gaiters. Beale was cool and prepared. Baker seemed much depressed and showed great penitence. Rev. Father Goeng attended Beale; Revs. O. Dickinson and A. F. Waller, Baker. Rev. Waller addressed the crowd, warning them earnestly against crime. Father Goeng next spoke briefly and to the same effect. Baker then arose and said:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen:* Look at me, a poor miserable man on the gallows to suffer, and take warning by me. Oh, keep out of bad company, and believe in your God. I advise you all to pray; to get down on your knees and pray. God is good and merciful. He can save you. If I had never gone into bad company I would not be here now to die. I am soon to go into eternity, to appear before my God. Pray for me, friends. I forgive all in this world. I have no more to say. Farewell, friends, farewell."

Beale said:

"*Brethren, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I am here to die, and you will excuse me if I don't speak as I would like to, for I have never been accustomed to public speaking. I am here to suffer death for my crimes. I am more guilty than my companion here. He did most of the transactions, but I got him into it and planned the whole thing. I am the most guilty and would like to take the whole punishment on my own hands and have him go clear. And for that old man that was sent out of the world so quick that he could not prepare, I wish that if he has gone to hell for his sins, and I go to heaven, that he would take my place in heaven and I take his place in hell." [He then spoke briefly on the evils of bad company, and said:] "I have always been a fanatic, and never believed in this Book [holding out a Bible] until within a few days back. Now I believe in it, and believe all can be saved by it; that God will save us if we do right. I wish to read you a Psalm from this Book." [He then read the 98th Psalm. The prisoner's voice was clear and very calm. After reading the Psalm, he again admonished all present against evil company, and to read the Bible, and added:] "I have now no further use for this Book. It is the best Book in the world; it has done me a great deal of good; I have no further use for it—take it!"

At this he threw the book over into the crowd. With a few words more he concluded, and then, turning to the sheriff, remarked: "Well, I am ready, as far as I am concerned," and resumed his seat. Neither of the prisoners made any allusion to the facts connected with the murder or robbery, or to the amount of money found or taken by them. Beale, by a single remark, barely intimated that he had told all in his confession. Baker spoke in subdued, penitential tones, and was much agitated. Beale's voice and manner indicated that he had thoroughly braced himself for the occasion, and was cool and composed. Rev. Dickinson read the 55th Psalm and then prayed—the prisoners kneeling. Baker shed tears, and for a moment was convulsed with emotion, but soon recovered himself, and sat patient and listless. Beale was unconcerned. After prayer, Revs. Waller and Dickinson bade adieu to the prisoners and left the scaffold. Father Goeng staid with Beale to the last. Beale pressed crucifix. At Beale's request, the Priest stated to the crowd that Mrs. Beale knew nothing of her husband's crime at the time, and was entirely innocent of wrong in everything connected with the crime.

The sheriff and assistants then fastened the legs of the two men with black tape at the ankles, moved the chairs on the drop, led the prisoners to them—when seated—placed on their heads the black caps. Beale rose and embraced the sheriff, and then resumed his seat, keeping crucifix to his breast, and the Priest whispering consolation. The caps were then drawn over their heads, the nooses affixed, both stood up, chairs taken away, all ready, trap sprung, and George P. Beale and George Baker were launched into eternity.

The OREGON STATESMAN account of the hanging of Beale and Baker.

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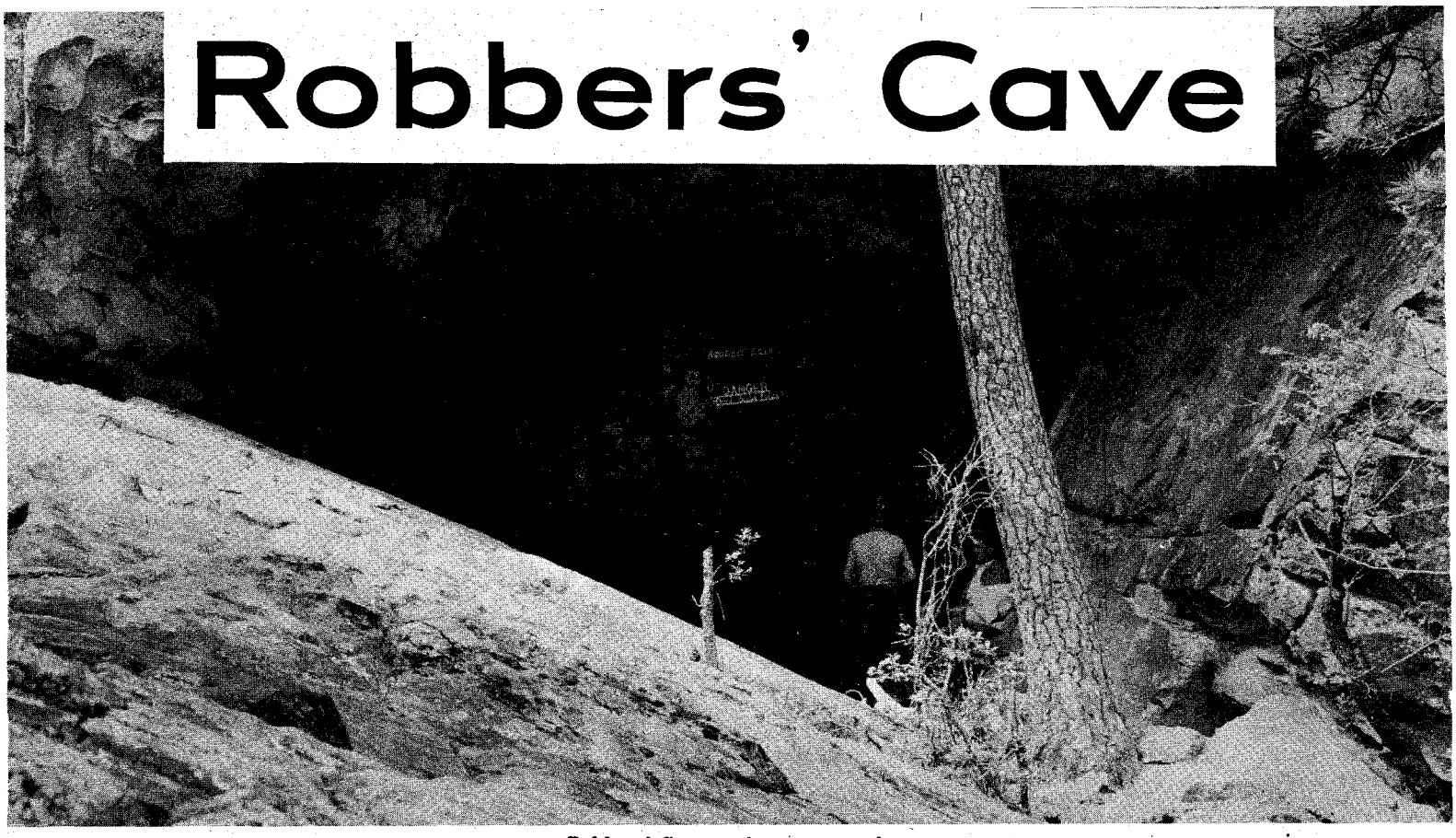
Robbers' Cave



Robbers' Cave as it appears today.

By DOROTHY E. HOLZBAUER

DEPUTY U.S. Marshal Heck Bruner felt his way carefully in the darkness, making mental notes of the things he touched, for striking matches would be like asking for a bullet in the back.

He was in Robbers' Cave, the first lawman ever to penetrate that iniquitous stronghold of the Youngers, the Daltons, the Rufus Buck Gang, Ned Christie and his band and even Belle Starr and her daughter. He had no way of knowing how many fugitives from justice were in the cave at the moment, but he had seen several horses in the stone corral downhill from the hangout and knew he was not alone. There were so many chambers and hidden passageways that a hundred outlaws could be safely tucked away without anyone's knowing they were there.

Bruner had done something at the very outset that marked him as an intelligent deputy. He had turned his horse into the corral with the outlaws' horses, hoping that no one would notice the extra animal. To have left it tethered outside would have been a dead giveaway.

Just how near he was to instant death Bruner, of course, had no way of knowing. His job was to explore the cave, to determine how many entrances and exits it had, and to find a way of getting into it without being detected. He thought he had been lucky to get his horse in the corral under cover of darkness without his presence in the area having been suspected.

For nearly nine years Robbers' Cave in Oklahoma had given the federal government plenty to worry about. It was located in the isolated mountains of present day Latimer County and was the one spot in a jurisdiction covering over 74,000 square miles that hadn't been effectively scoured of outlawry by the men who rode for Judge Isaac Charles Parker.

For some fifteen years, 1875-1890, Parker's men patrolled an area stretching over five states, containing plains, hills, valleys, mountains, deserts—just about every type of terrain man can put a name to. These lawmen patiently covered it every way they could—on foot, on horseback, in wagons, stages and railroad cars, with no more than an occasional mild gripe or complaining curse at the hardships they were constantly called upon to endure.

For nine of those years, in all the territory traversed by the deputies with so little complaining, that one spot less than a half-mile square could evoke, at the mere mention of its name, a storm of angry bitter cursing. Variously known as Robbers' Roost, Vipers' Nest, the Cave, or by the name which finally stuck, Robbers' Cave, it was understandably attractive to those who had reason to want to avoid contact with the law. As a naturally protected fortress, its accommodations were considered unmatched anywhere in the south-central West. Its floors were covered with sand that helped keep the outlaws' supplies and women dry and warm. It was at the summit of a steep-sided, almost inaccessible hill and on top of a nightmare welter of boulders, rocks and outcroppings.

There was one narrow, tortuous pathway leading up to the cave mouth and just over the entrance was a lookout point where a guard with rifle and powerful glasses could keep an eye out for unwelcome company.

Springs, some only seepage, others gushing the year around, provided a water supply. With a store of food and ammunition, a gang could sit snug and comfortable, laughing at besiegers and knowing that even if the deputies did manage to creep close to the top, there was a secret exit from the cave known only to those who used it. This was the factor that made the cave so impregnable.

For a long time, Parker's men had known there must be a hidden way out of the maze of rocks, but they were never able to get close enough to watch the renegades go in or out. The same frustrating tale was always repeated. The deputies would get close enough to exchange shots with the outlaws, but after a brief scrambling gun battle, the

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Lawmen groaned at the mere mention of its name. In a jurisdiction covering five states, it was the only remaining unraided refuge of thieves and murderers. Someone had to unravel the secret of its mysterious passages, and Heck Bruner decided he was the man to try.

deputies trying valiantly to drive the outlaws into a corner, would wind up in one themselves, caught in a murderous crossfire and pinned down while, one by one, the outlaws withdrew and vanished. And the fugitives usually piled insult on injury by blithely leading or driving the deputies' mounts away as they rode out of the stone corral.

The corral was downhill from the cave but close enough so the horses kept there could be fed and watered. Deputies stationed to guard horses at the corral were usually found unconscious, struck down from behind. It came to be a game with some of the more whimsical gang leaders to try to see how quickly they could outwit the lawmen and get away. The game did not appeal to the deputies.

THE cave was first used by French traders as a cache and base of operations when they began to explore the country and investigate the possibilities of trade with the Indians living there. When the land passed to the Spanish, it was considered too far off the beaten path and was neglected. When the Choctaws and Chickasaws were settled in the country soon after the Purchase, they considered the place inhabited by devils and avoided it as bad medicine.

Credit for discovering the secret route that was to confound the deputies years later goes to Black Jack, who carried on his own private war with the whites for years after his tribe was forcibly settled in the Nations Country. Much of the history of Black Jack is legend, but he did use the cave as a base of operations, the first outlaw, red or white, to do so. It is logical to assume that he found and explored the twin routes which were to prove such a bugaboo to Parker's men later.

At times, the insolence and daring of the renegades were hair-raising as well as frustrating. Belle Starr who hated the officers as ardently as any of the men, once stood on top of the rocks, in plain sight of oncoming deputies and cursed them as only she could as they made their way toward the cave. Not until one of the deputies paused and raised his gun to fire did she break off her tirade and drop out of sight. A few experiences like that made the cave the most hated spot in Parker's vast jurisdiction.

For a long time it was obvious that only an expedition in force, such as the one Heck Bruner led against Ned Christie, could clean up the sore spot. But several things, mostly political, stood in the way. One was Parker's reluctance to step on sensitive red toes. He hoped to gain Indian support and cooperation by fair and friendly dealings with them and, in his almost religious observation of rights granted them by treaty, sometimes leaned over backwards.

Under treaty agreements, Indian Nations land was under the exclusive control of the tribal councils and as such, was separate and distinct from the rest of Indian Territory. Individual chiefs had the power to set up law enforcement agencies and the authority to make regulations for the safety and security of their people. While white deputies were tolerated in the Nations Country, they had no legal authority except that granted them by the officials of that particular area.

The most that Parker could do, unless he wanted to risk the storm of protest sure to fall about the Indian Commissioner's ears, was to ask permission for a certain number of his deputies to enter the Choctaw Nations for the purpose

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Heck Bruner, the man who made the "invasion" of Robbers' Cave possible, is seated second from the left. The other deputies pictured, all of whom "rode for Parker" are, top row, left to right, Wes Bauman, Abe Allen, John Tolbert, Bill Smith, Tom Johnson. Seated: Dave Rusk, Bruner, Paden Colbert, Chas. Copeland, Captain G. S. White.

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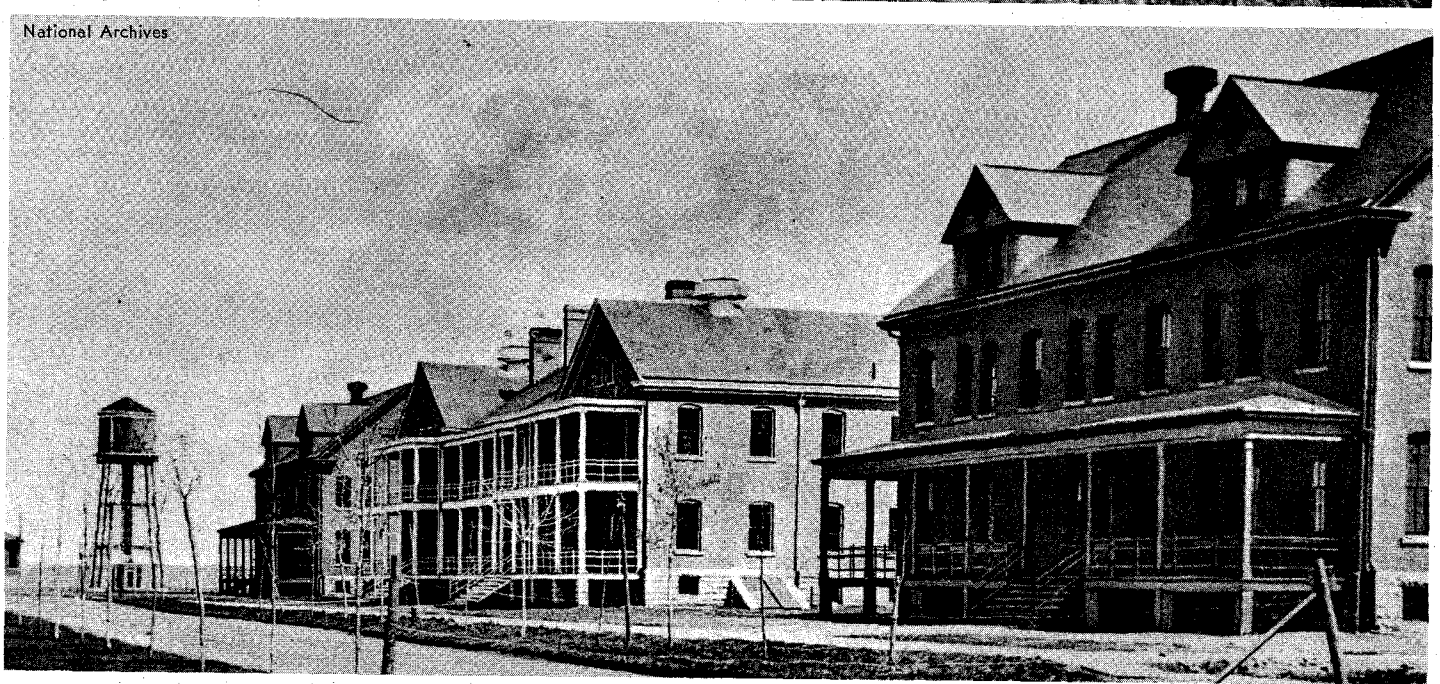
Denver Public Library Western Collection Photo by David F. Barry

Top, Fort Abraham Lincoln. Center, General and Mrs. Custer and a group of officers from Fort Lincoln and their wives on a camping party at Little Heart River, near the Fort. The photo was taken in 1875. Bottom, barracks at Fort Lincoln.

National Archives



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A Home for Custer's Seventh

By PALMA FRISTAD

Fort Abraham Lincoln, near Bismarck, North Dakota, was the pride of Custer's military life. He coveted it, commanded it, and from it he marched to his death.

TO General George Armstrong Custer, the military post of Fort Abraham Lincoln provided great personal satisfaction in 1873: at last the Seventh Cavalry, the apple of his eye, had a "home" of its own.

The Seventh first occupied the post that year after returning from the Yellowstone Expedition on which it served as escort for Northern Pacific engineers who surveyed the rail route from Bismarck to the Yellowstone River in Montana.

The post, located west across the Missouri River and four miles downstream from the year-old settlement of Bismarck, was a source of great pride to both General Custer and his wife, "Libby."

Six companies of the Seventh were garrisoned there while the remaining four companies were stationed at Fort Rice, twenty miles south along the Missouri.

Custer had been with the Seventh since 1866 when he was appointed lieutenant-colonel at Fort Riley, Kansas.

For the next ten years, until June 25, 1876, when he and five companies of the Seventh were annihiliated at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana, the fortunes of the cavalry regiment and the young army officer ran parallel.

The Seventh played a big part in Libby Custer's life, for, with no other family in the world, the former Elizabeth Bacon of Monroe, Michigan, accompanied her husband everywhere, if at all possible, and said later that wherever the general was, "there too was my world."

ALMOST a town of its own, Fort Lincoln was laid out in a square, with the parade grounds between the soldiers' barracks on the east or river side, and a row of seven homes for officers opposite.

At the south end of the square were the quartermaster buildings and the adjutant's office, while at the north end were the long granary, prison guard house, the sutler's store with billiard room in connection, a barber shop and a photographer's cottonwood cabin.

Outside the garrison proper and nearer to the river were stables for the 600 horses, and still farther to the east were quarters for the laundresses known as "Suds Row." Some distance from there were the log huts of the Indian scouts and their families.

General and Mrs. Custer's first home at the fort was destroyed by fire during the first winter. Among Libby's cherished possessions destroyed was a wig for costume balls made from the golden curls which Custer had cut off after the Civil War.

A new home built the following spring had a thirty-two-foot long living room with a bay window, and a piazza the length of the house.

The living room had a huge chandelier, and a grand piano rented in St. Paul which lent an air of elegance to the frontier quarters.

Just off the main entrance were Custer's office and library where the general's mounted trophies ornamented the walls and a collection of firearms was on display.

Nearby were the private quarters of the general and Mrs. Custer. Additional bedrooms and the billiard room were on the second floor.

While it was the only home at the fort that was plastered, it was with difficulty that small wood-burning stoves in each of the rooms, and the fireplaces, kept the house comfortable in the coldest weather.

ENLISTED men found time hanging heavy on their hands in the dreary winter months.

There were no parades, drills or expeditions, and but two hours were required each day to curry and care for their horses.

The billiard room and card games helped matters, but "Whiskey Point" across the river was "off limits" for the soldiers. This fact, however, didn't deter many from crossing the ice to spend an evening there.

Sleighing provided diversion for the officers and their ladies during sunny days. Bobs fashioned of whatever materials were available were filled with straw, and the ladies, swathed in buffalo robes and with warm bricks at their feet, viewed the glistening white countryside as often as twice a day.

A hall in which to stage entertainments was built by the soldiers from lumber prepared at the post's sawmill. Old tents were used as lining to keep out the wintry blasts and huge tallow candles served as stage footlights.

Large fireplaces at either end provided heat as the more talented personnel at the fort presented plays, comedy acts of clog dancing and character singing.

Some near-professionals, it was intimated, were among those who had joined military contingents for frontier duty to avoid unpleasant situations in which they had found themselves at home.

A military ball or costume affair was given in turn by each company during the winter.

Stores in Bismarck as well as the sutler's quarters were combed for materials for costumes, and for delicacies for the midnight supper.

Cake was eaten sparingly, being made from fresh eggs as long as the autumn's supply lasted and after that from crystallized eggs for the remainder of the winter.

Attending the balls were wives of officers, a few women from Bismarck, the white servants and the laundresses.

Hunting was a source of pleasure to officers at Lincoln and a group of forty hounds, both stag and fox, were kept at the fort. Venison and other meat thus secured relieved the tedium of beef on the menu.

CUSTER'S favorite mounts for the hunt or for riding at the head of his column were Vic and Dandy, while his favorite Indian scout was Bloody Knife.

Mail was received at the fort only once every two weeks after the trains stopped running between Bismarck and Fargo when winter set in. Sergeants, driving four mules attached to a covered sleigh, made the trip for the mail, following the telegraph line as a guide over the frozen white landscape.

Receptions and social evenings were enjoyed regularly in the Custer home

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THUNDER OVER PARADISE

By Harry P. Stubblefield

THE great divide between the Snake and Salmon Rivers in west central Idaho is a veritable paradise. It rises to over 9,000 feet at the Seven Devils and drops precipitously on both sides. It is heavily timbered and teems with wildlife.

It was here that George Meyers built himself a rude log cabin and settled down at the turn of the century. A bachelor and thirty-five years of age, he accumulated five horses and planted a few acres in alfalfa. He fished, hunted, prospected and worked a few days on neighboring ranches when beans and flour were needed.

Township lines at that time generally had not been fixed. Meyers' land on the Snake River side of the mountains, and just north of the Seven Devils, was unsurveyed. He lived on it from "squatter's rights." This was not true of the township immediately north of him. Its miles became deeded property in 1902 and were owned by a big cattle rancher named C. J. Hall.

Hall cowboys were accustomed to drive cattle from the winter range along the Snake River to the higher summer range above it.

The most accessible route to the lush grass above was through the land Meyers took up. On several occasions, Meyers had warned Hall cowboys, as well as neighboring sheepmen, to stay off his property. He emphasized his desire to remain unmolested with casual shots from his .30-30 Winchester. These shots, while always wide of their mark, were nevertheless effective in keeping off would-be trespassers.

Then, on a May morning in 1904, two Hall cowboys, George Brownlee and Marvin Clark, decided to run cattle through the Meyers holdings rather than make the long drive through extra miles of dangerous country to avoid it. At Meyers' land they found a fence and a locked gate had been built across the trail. They broke down the gate and started across the property.

THEY drove the cattle all the way across the Meyers acreage and entered Hall land again. As they were crossing a rocky hillside, George Brownlee was shot from his horse as he hazed the cattle on. The bullet, coming from the trampled alfalfa field where Meyers had been working, entered Brownlee's back, piercing his heart and killing him instantly.

Several more bullets whistled around Clark. One severed the cinch on his saddle and unseated him from his horse. Another wounded him in his left elbow as he ran about among the rocks trying to catch another horse. He eventually made it back to the home ranch bareback. The cattle were left to make their own way up the trail to their summer range.

Meyers saddled one of his own horses and rode to the Bean ranch on the Snake River at what is now Pittsburg Landing. He had decided to give himself up to the authorities there and let the cattle-sheep-farmer feud of the area be settled once and for all. He was going to be the test case—the guinea pig. He was arrested at the Bean ranch by the sheriff, George See, and taken to Grangeville, the county seat. He was held there in jail until the time for his trial.

In those days, trials were held by the local township judge. When Meyers' trial

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Wild old Days!

was called, Deputy Sheriff Roy Gordon was assigned to take the prisoner to Whitebird, twenty miles distant, for the hearing.

The deputy sheriff mounted his unarmed prisoner on a spare horse and accompanied Meyers out of town. Late in the afternoon, two-and-a-half miles from Whitebird, where the George Bentz ranch stands today, the two men encountered a mob of about a dozen Hall cowboys and Brownlee sympathizers. Deputy Gordon, instead of releasing the lead rope of his prisoner's horse and giving Meyers a chance to run, tried to remonstrate with the mob. He failed.

The mob hustled Meyers to a nearby cottonwood tree, looping a noose around his neck and the other end of the rope to a branch. Then they booted the horse out from under him. Meyers kicked convulsively and was still. The deputy was admonished to leave the body alone and, not desiring additional bloodshed, did so. The body hung from the cottonwood tree until the following morning.

Repercussions from the hanging resounded in the region for some time but no additional action was taken. Law enforcement officials decided to leave well enough alone, and the dirt farmers, who were far outnumbered by stockmen, licked their wounds and remained quiet.

All members of the lynch mob are now dead but the area is still predominantly cattle and sheep country. Only the legend of the thunder of those spring days in 1904, when the natural paradise of the Snake-Salmon River country was converted to the hell of man's impulsive emotions, remains.

THE MUSTANG THAT LOST A "FORTUNE"

By J. Frank Dobie

WHILE the Civil War was still being fought in the United States, a vaquero roped a two-year-old dappled grey stallion out of a band of mustangs on a wide mesa about fifty miles south of Eagle Pass, Texas, on the Rio Grande. This was in the Mexican state of Coahuila. The hairs coming out of the end of the horse's tail were sparse, and when he raised it, it resembled a scorpion's; so he was named Alacran—Scorpion.

The stallion was strong and fierce. His owner secured him by tying one end of a hair rope around a front foot and the other end to the limb of a tree. When he brought fodder or grass to him, the horse lunged at his owner with bared teeth. He abused the horse and was glad to sell him for a few pesos to Don Miguel Guajardo, who had a boy named Alberto. About seventy years later Don Alberto Guajardo, then living in Piedras Negras, opposite Eagle Pass, gave me the full story of Alacran.

Don Miguel tied him up short, by the neck, to a hay rack. If upon taking hay or corn to him, the horse tried to bite or kick, Don Miguel would scold him and withdraw until finally the starved animal would accept the food as a favor. Soon the new owner was caressing, currying, and leading the stallion to water to bathe him. The horse became fat, sleek, very active and haughty. Don Miguel put a saddle on him and left it on all day without tightening the cinch. Next, he tied a bundle of hay on either side of the saddle and left it there until the stallion was accustomed to the burden. Then he mounted the horse, rode him gentle, and began teaching him to rein. Thereafter, no one else tried to ride him; he became Don Miguel's favorite and most relied-upon mount.

In those times the boom prices for cotton caused it to be freighted from Monterrey northward to Eagle Pass, thence to San Antonio and on to a Gulf port to be shipped to England. When Alacran was four or five years old, his owner rode him to conduct a train of cotton wagons. On the route they met a cow-buyer headed for the Rio Grande—in the range where Alacran had been captured as a mustang. The cow-buyer came to admire Alacran so much that he offered 200 pesos (a very high price at the time) for him and was refused. During the night a rainstorm came up and Alacran broke the stake rope near his neck, and left. When daylight came, Don Miguel climbed on top of the highest load of cotton to look. In the distance he made out a moving white object that he took to be Alacran. He shelled corn into a *morral* (fiber nosebag), wrapped himself up in his blue cape, and started off afoot.

"You had better ride one of the mules, Don Miguel," advised a driver. "Your horse is far off and the grass is very wet."

"If I ride, Alacran will mistrust me," Don Miguel replied. "This is his country. He remembers how riders raced him and caught him here. An intelligent horse does not forget."

Don Miguel walked on through the thick, wet grass and in time neared the grazing escapee. At the sight of the man, Alacran snorted and turned as if to flee. Don Miguel stopped, rattled the corn in the *morral,* and called the horse's name loudly in accustomed tones. The mustang snorted, took two steps forward, snorted again, then walked to put his nose in the *morral,* not without a final puff.

As Don Miguel led him into camp, the cow-buyer said, "Yesterday I offered you 200 pesos for that horse. Today I offer 300."

"I accept your offer," Don Miguel replied, "but first I must tell you some of the horse's defects."

"Anything you have to tell would be superfluous," the cow-buyer quickly interposed. "I, too, am a man of the camps. Let us count the money. The horse is mine."

The silver pesos were counted out of the owner's saddle-bags. Despite the buyer's seeming aversion to information, Don Miguel warned him always to uncoil the rope attached to Alacran's neck or halter and to hold it in his hand before dismounting.

THE buyer rode north, leaving the horse he had been riding to be delivered at the Rio Grande. It was known that he carried 500 silver pesos (a small fortune in those days), wrapped in paper in his saddle-bags.

In the rain-soaked ground the wagons made slow progress. While the train was nooning the next day, the cow-buyer dragged into camp afoot. He had been out all night and was famished. After he was revived with coffee and food, he made explanation.

"Yesterday about dark," he said, "I rode up to the camp of a goat-herder who gladly gave me permission to spend the night. Like a fool, I started to dismount without taking down the rope as you advised. Just as my right foot was out of the stirrup, a dog rushed up barking. Alacran reared back, throwing me to the ground, and ran off—with the saddle and the 500 pesos. The last I saw of him he was coming down the road in this direction. Don Miguel, will you help me find him?"

"I will help you hunt for him," replied Don Miguel. "How far from here did Alacran break away?"

"About three leagues."

The two men saddled horses and rode north. They found where Alacran had turned out of the road not a great distance south of the goat-herder's camp. After the general course of the runaway was evident, Don Miguel rode in wide circles, scanning in all directions. About sundown he spied Alacran at the foot of a range of low hills. The two rode in a roundabout way so as to approach without being seen. When they were fairly near, Don Miguel dismounted, wrapped himself in his blue cape, told the other man to remain out of sight, and started walking. He could see mud on the saddle, from the horse's having rolled on it. Alacran was switching his tail nervously on account of the stinging sweat and pinching girth. He was in the act of lying down to roll again when Don Miguel called his name aloud. He pitched his head up, whinnied with pleasure, and ran to his old friend, rubbing his neck against him.

Don Miguel loosed the cinch, took the rope down from the saddle horn, and led him to where the cow-buyer was waiting. "I have left the saddle for you to remove," he said.

The cow-buyer appeared to be more concerned over his silver than over his horse. Examining the saddle-bags, he found only eighty or ninety pesos left. "Somebody has robbed me," he cried.

"Impossible," said Don Miguel. "No human being on earth but myself could have approached this horse near enough to touch the saddle without either roping or shooting him. It is my belief that Alacran while wallowing broke the wrappings about the pesos and spilled them on the ground. *(Continued on page 64)*

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Limited Editions

Western Hard-Cases, or, Gunfighters Named Smith, by Ed Bartholomew. 1961. 192pp, dj, cloth. There was only one well-known gunfighter named Smith, but the author, after studying the lives of 6000 of these individuals of the early West, from the unpublished archives tells the story of sixty-five Smiths! But, as these wild Smiths trample through history, there are involved also such characters as Wyatt Earp, Hoodoo Brown, Off-Wheeler, Six-Shooter Bill, Turkey-Creek, Wild Bill, and a host of others! Fact, not fiction! $3.50

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Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson, by Wm. Walton. A reprint of the rare 1884 edition, 232 pp, with rare photographs. Shot-gun Ben Thompson was a Texas gambler & gunfighter, who plied his trade in the Lone Star State, in Kansas and over the West. Here is life in the Confederacy in Texas, in Mexico, with Maximilian, etc. Cloth. Published 5 years ago in a limited edition. $4.00

Cullen Baker, Premier Texas Gunfighter, by Ed Bartholomew. 1955, 139pp, with rare photos. Here is the only full-length account of this early Texas guerrilla who rode for the Confederacy in Arkansas and Texas, and was an outlaw afterwards. Cloth. $3.00

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

FRONTIER TIMES to the patients of some county hospital or some aged person who cannot afford it. Dividends are paid daily in the shape of a whole lot of satisfaction.

And so find a check for $8.00—one subscription for me and one for the patients of Mendocino County Hospital, Ukiah, California.—F. N. Lyons, Mendocino, California.

Editor's Note: We feel that this is a wonderful gesture, one that should not slide away with a mere pat on the back. We'd sure be willing to do our part. We'd be happy to send magazines to the hospitals, convalescent homes, etc., designated by persons like reader Lyons, AT COST. We could designate it as a special rate for honorary membership to an "Old West Pioneers Club" or something like that. It would be a wonderful way to make friends, and provide those persons who are forced by circumstances to spend long hours away from their occupations with some fine reading material. What do y'all think?

Murder Maverick Strikes Again

Dear Editor:

In a book I read a few years back, *Old Fort Davis,* by Barry Scobee, mention was made of the murder maverick ("Ghost of the Murder Maverick," Sept.-Oct. 1961 TRUE WEST). I thought you might be interested in what happened to Powe's son (as stated in that book).

In 1881 David Merrill and his son, Jesse W., of Illinois, came to Texas, liked the country, and returned in 1883 to stay. On his first visit, a total stranger, Jesse was selected by a posse to go and help search for a missing man, and today that story is local history.

The missing person was a young fellow named Horace Oliver Powe. He was the nephew and adopted son of Henry Harrison Powe, the one-armed Confederate veteran who was later killed over "the steer branded MURDER." Young Powe was a hard worker through the week, with cattle up in the high Limpia country, but on weekends he liked to put on his dress-up clothing and come down to town and the post. He was popular, and on a certain night was invited to attend a baile at the post. He dated a gal, as would be said today, but he failed to show up at the dance.

Two or three weeks later, with Powe never having appeared, and at somebody's urging, the group of searchers that included Jesse Merrill rode up-canyon. They found young Powe, covered with February snow, sitting against a big boulder, with eleven bullets through his body.

The work of Indians? But Grierson had eliminated them, it was supposed. Besides, Powe's knife, rifle and scalp were there, and Indians wouldn't have left them. The rifle had an empty cartridge in the chamber. Nearby woodcutters were suspected, but nothing could be pinned on them; they had no motive, and why would they have used up eleven expensive cartridges? Powe's horse and saddle were missing and never were found. Powe had a neighbor who was missing, with *his* horse and saddle, and he was never seen nor heard of again. Had he killed Powe? There was no animosity between them. The mystery was never cleared up.

The canyon where Powe was found has long been called Dead Man's Canyon. It heads on the mountainside just below McDonald Observatory. The Scenic Loop road crosses it in a sharp elbow turn just below where it heads. It twists downward and west and south and joins Limpia Canyon abovt the lower "U-Up-and-Down" ranch house a mile or two.—Jim Latman, Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas.

Charley Demick's Story

Dear Mr. Stout:

Charley Demick is one of the few real old-timers left. He was born in Smartville, a little town on the Yuba River, in California,. In 1874, when Charley was born, it was cattle-grazing country. Charley started to ride soon after he learned to walk, and at five he was jumping horses over every fence he laid eyes on. When he wasn't riding he was attending school, but since there weren't many schools about and because boys had to go to work early, he spent a lot more time in the saddle than he did on the hard wooden seat of the old schoolhouse. By the time he was fourteen he had given up books for good and was

"Not too much off the top!"

punching cows on the ranches from Marysville north to Chester. When he was eighteen and man-sized, Charley tied a bedroll to his saddle horn and headed for the big cattle ranches farther north.

For five years he worked and rode over the big spreads of eastern Oregon and western Nevada. In 1897 he got a better-paying job—herd boss for Miller and Lux, two of the West's biggest cattlemen. For the next half-century he worked for cattle companies, retiring from a permanent job sixteen years ago but continuing to ride and cattle around. In 1957 he had his first serious range accident— he fell off his horse and broke his arm.

"I must be gettin' old," he said disgustedly. "I never fell off no horse in my life."

Charley refutes the modern portrayal of the cowboy.

"I've circled stampedin' cattle," he says, "but I've never been crazy enough to cut right across their path. And I've never seen lightnin' start a stampede, neither. The cattle just bunch tighter together. Desert foxes will start a stampede though, if they get in among the cattle. Another thing: you couldn't

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light matches or holler to each other, that would scare the animals.

"The West ain't what it used to be," Charley reminisces now. "The romance and warmth are gone. The Black Rock country of northwestern Nevada was great cattle country when I was there —lots of grass, and full of deer and antelope and sagehens and rabbits. Coyotes, too."

Sometimes Charley compares the young men he knew with modern young men.

"Seems to me the cowpokes I knew were all pretty good guys. They liked their whiskey all right, but they didn't bother anybody and they sure didn't like anybody bothering them. I seen a lot of good fights, but no gunplay, much. But last winter, when a travelin' salesman come in here, he complained about the snow flurries he had to drive through. I just had to say my piece:

" 'Hell, I've been caught in real snowstorms—not in your new cars with radios and heaters, but on horseback. And with no whiskey!' "—Marc Peterson, 2511 Piedmont, Apartment 301, Berkeley 4, California.

Lost Mines

Dear Editor:

I've read some of your stories of mines and the one I liked best was the one on the Lost Crazy Woman. But I've got a few that are equal to it.

My wife is three-fourths Papago (Sand) Indian and one-fourth Irish. I got this tale from some of her relatives, who I gather are the last of the Sand Indians.

Two Mexicans found gold in the Cabeza Prietos in the southwest part of Arizona, gold so rich that the rocks gleamed like the sun. They returned with equipment and a partner, a German soapmaker, and mined VERY rich gold that was said by some to go $25,000 a ton. How true this is I can't say.

Then one day a small group of Sands attacked and killed the Mexicans and covered the opening to the mineshaft. The German got away. What became of him I don't know, but the mine is supposed to be a short distance from a large well.

My father-in-law is Phil Childs, son of Tom Childs, who was one of the first prospectors in this part of the country and who sold one of Arizona's largest mines, in Ajo, to Phelps Dodge. Phil will confirm a story I heard from an old prospector I met near Congress Junction, a story about the lost ollas of gold.

According to this old-timer, before white prospectors came to Ajo, the Papagos panned gold in the gulchs in what are now the Ajo Mountains. The Indians traded the gold in Mexico; as a result some Mexicans came in and drove the Papagos off, digging and putting the gold they found in ollas. One day a rival tribe of the Papagos wiped out most of the Mexicans, but one managed to hide and after the Indians left he buried a large olla full of gold and fled back to Mexico, where he tried to recruit a group to help him return. But all were afraid for their lives and none would accompany him. In time he died, never able to recover his riches.

Not knowing this, my father-in-law and I claimed several large silicon mines near Ajo. One day we stumped across an olla and didn't think anything of it, as we knew several places a man could find broken ollas, some in good shape. After talking to this old prospector, my

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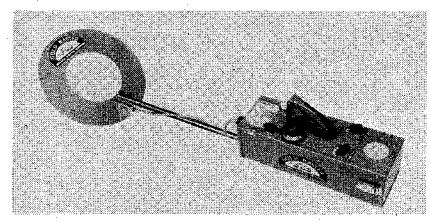

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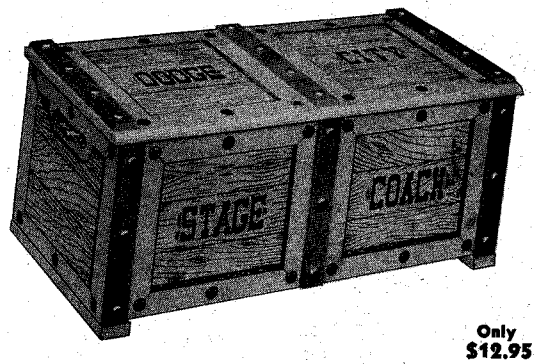

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father-in-law took a look at my topographical map and pinpointed the very place we have our claims. He said he has looked, but hasn't found anything more than a small poke of nuggets of average size. But to me finding a poke and a broken olla is enough to send me out looking. Anyone wanting to look on our claims is welcome to if they want to split half of anything they find with us.—Wayne King, Box 211, Ajo, Arizona.

About Fences

Robert Stout,

My paw used to use this method for making postholes. As it was done with a horse and plow in the old days, it was a tough enough job. With all this new fancy hydraulic equipment, it should be a cinch for today's farmer and rancher. Paw died sometime ago, so I don't feel I'm violating his trust on his patent.

The ordinary method of plowing a long furrow and chopping it into convenient postholes wasn't quite to his liking. Using Paw's way, a fellow didn't have to lug postholes all over hell's half-acre to a spot to plant it. Paw would plow a skip-furrow along his fence-row, then if he wanted an extra deep corner hole he didn't have to strain his back tugging and hauling them. The postholes would need only be tipped on end and tapped into the ground with a mallet. Paw took fencing contracts and really got to be a top-hand at this task.

Whenever a rocky stretch of ground was encountered, he'd just plow a spiral furrow, then with a special capstan winch he'd devised for the job, he'd screw these into the rock some, set the post into the hole, and then pull back at the end of the leftover spiral hole. It would snap around the post like a clockspring and the force would usually screw the post and hole a little deeper and tighter into the ground.

Paw said when he first developed the spiral posthole, he had got the wrong end of the hole into the ground. When the spiral was snapped, the post and hole and four miles of five-strand barbed wire fence took off like a gut-shot buzzard. The wire ripped and cut great gashes through a stand of pine trees. Folks later claimed it was a freak wind that made the swath through the trees, but they wouldn't have known Idaho red beans from Arbuckle's coffee.

Paw never did find where that fool fence lit, though he chased the thing for fifteen miles on his best saddle horse. He always had the notion that should some of these-here Buck Rogers-type folks find about four miles of five-strand barbed wire fence on the moon or on Mars, they oughtn't to get all fired up, because it weren't Moon men or Mars men that put it up. Anyway, they can tell if it's his fence since he figured it would most likely all be in the ground upside down, with most of the postholes on the tops of the posts. That is, unless the holes got drove into the ground by the shock of the landing.

Paw heard not long before he passed on that the moon's gravity is nowhere near that of the earth, so he reckoned that if the fence were on the moon these Buck Rogers fellows should keep an eye peeled for it, as it might be suspended above the moon and might scratch their machines if they tangled with it. The fence was figured to be five feet high; the earth's gravity is supposed to be six times that of the moon. Six times five is thirty feet, which is the elevation to watch for the fence.

"Did I hear someone say, 'Stick 'em up'?"

There'll also be his best staple hammer hanging on the third post from the near end if the fence is upright or on the third post from the far end if the thing lit upside down.—H. Mark, Mitchell, Oregon.

St. Vrain and Carson

Dear Sirs:

That was a bizarre story in the August issue of TRUE WEST under the title "The Falling Star Gold Mystery." The author will have to move the date of his story back a year or two. Ceran St. Vrain, one of the characters in the tale, was dead in 1871, having passed away October 28, 1870.

Also the picture of Kit Carson in the April issue (discussed in the August letters column) was a photograph of *a* Carson, but not Kit. The man pictured was William Kit Carson, who died in Roswell, New Mexico, in 1957 at the age of ninety-nine. He was the son of William Carson and always asserted that he was born at Fort Union, New Mexico, in 1858 and that his father was a brother of Kit's.—F. Alpers, Cimarron, New Mexico.

Chris Rogers

Dear Mr. Small:

I read with a great deal of interest the story of "The Marshal of the Red Hills" by Ernest Jones. The story recalled to my memory many of the things told me by men who knew Chris, including the fight that put him out.

Two stories illustrate how he operated, and the respect given him in certain circles.

One was his method of keeping order at the weekly dancehall. The Negroes paid Chris a dollar to keep down trouble. Each Saturday night he would drop by the hall, look things over, and hang his hat on the coatrack. Then he would leave. His hat kept perfect order throughout the night and was returned to him the next morning.

In making arrests for disturbing the

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peace, Chris, on several occasions, handed the key to the jailhouse to someone he knew in the crowd, then counted off the number he wanted locked up and instructed them to go to jail. It was said that never did anyone try to evade the arrest. Later—sometimes even the next day—Chris would return to the jail and attend to the prisoners who had imprisoned themselves.

During the first twenty years of this century, one could always be entertained by any number of old-timers who knew Chris and/or witnessed some of the troubles he settled. Life was cheap, and although a number of men "bit the dust" after his death, the memory of Chris lingered. To some he was obnoxious—they wanted him impeached (although they didn't know anyone who would "take his gun"); but others thought he had to do the things he did because of the situation.—O. R. Duff, Martin Building, Palestine, Texas.

Four-barreled Rifle

Dear Friend,

Did you ever hear of a four-barreled rifle? I have one that was made in Arizona Territory at Hardy's Landing in 1863 by my wife's grandfather, whose name was William Forrest. He was a blacksmith and sharpened the miners' picks at a dollar apiece. The town is now named Hardyville and is on the Colorado River.

The firing pin on the rifle is on a revolving pan and is in pretty fair condition. I have never heard of another gun like this and wonder if any readers have? It took a pretty good man to use this gun, as it weighs seventeen and one-half pounds.—S. M. Hite, 1101 Parkview Avenue, Redding, California.

The Storm on Wild Horse Creek

Dear Mr. Stout:

Ed Wright told me this experience of his.

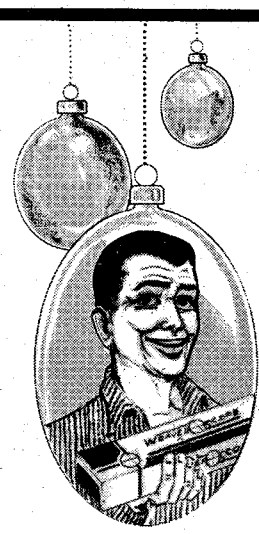
"I was riding home after attending a dance in Arvada, Wyoming. The Powder River was running high from a recent cloudburst so I headed for the railroad bridge a few miles below town. I'd gotten as far as Wild Horse Creek when I noticed large black storm clouds up in the mountains. The trail kept crossing and recrossing the creek and I hurried along as fast as I could so as to be clear before the storm hit.

"But I couldn't make it. The heavens opened up and I sought shelter under a large cottonwood. The storm just kept getting worse.

"It was late and I was cold and wanted to get home. Finally, I took off my clothes and boots, rolled them in my slicker so they wouldn't get wet, and tied it on the back of my saddle. I got aboard my horse and tried to make him go into the water but he didn't like the looks of it and wouldn't go in. I kept booting him in the belly and finally he made a leap and jumped in. We both went clear out of sight. Most horses can swim but this one wasn't doing too well and kept going under.

"I slid off into the water and grabbed him by the tail and he managed to do a little better. That water was certainly cold! There seemed to be about two inches of hail on top of it. We drifted downstream a couple hundred yards and made a landing.

"My pony shook himself and I started to untie my slicker from behind the saddle. He turned his head and looked at



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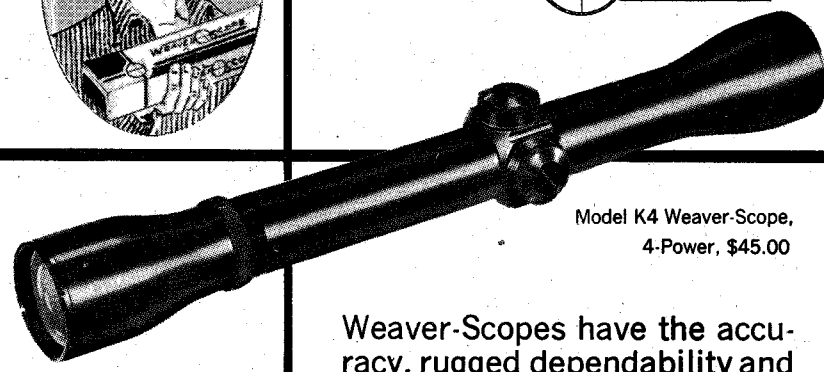

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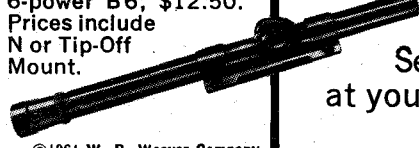

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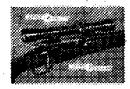

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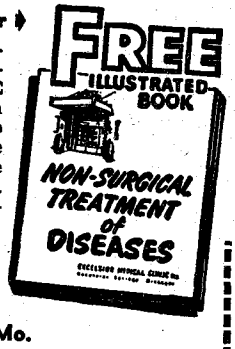

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me and I guess he had never seen a naked cowboy before because he let out a snort and away he went without looking back. I started picking my way through the cactus with my bare feet.

"There was a section house a short distance from the creek where old Pat, the section foreman, lived. Pat had two good-looking daughters and a big, fat wife who kept an eagle-eye on the girls. All of us cowboys used to ride out of our way just to tip our hats to them.

"When I reached Pat's place I saw my pony up against the pasture fence. I got pretty close to him, held out my hand and started talking nice to him but he kept easing along a little ahead of me. Finally I got him cornered back of the section house privy. I just about had him when Pat's old lady came out and slammed the door, scaring him. He let out a snort and darned near ran over me. I got behind the outhouse and the old lady hollered, 'Who the devil are you and what do you want?'

"I said, 'Don't come out here. I don't have my clothes on.'

"She asked me if I were nuts or something, running around naked. I explained the situation to her and got her to lend me a pair of Pat's overalls. I then got on one of the girl's ponies and caught that cayuse of mine. I figured that horse owed me something but I didn't know just how to get even with him. I was careful not to let him catch me with my pants off again, believe me!"—Bob Hiltunen, Salton Sea Base, Westmoreland, California.

No Horse!

Dear Sir:—

An old Montana cowboy told me this one.

A cowboy riding across an Indian Reservation met an Indian family moving to a new campsite. The old chief, wrapped in his blanket, rode haughtily at the head of the procession, followed by a number of ponies loaded with household goods and small children, herded along by a couple of boys on ponies and the usual assortment of dogs. The old squaw, trudging stolidly along, brought up the rear.

"Hey, you old so-and-so," the cowboy called to the old buck as he passed. "Why don't you let your squaw ride?"

The big brave stared at him a moment, as though wondering how anyone could be so dumb.

"Squaw ride?" he asked. "How can squaw ride? She no got horse!"—Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Brazel Legend

Dear Sir:

The name of a man in the story "The Assassination of Pat Garrett" in the April, 1961 TRUE WEST caught my eye. I think it was either Frank or John Brazel.

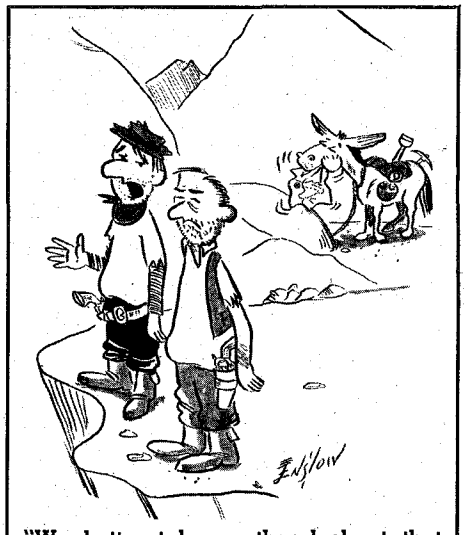
It reminded me of a story my grandfather told me.

Sometime around 1889-1891 Nate McDonald left the southeast and went to Texas to work on a railroad. After he worked there for a while he bought a ranch and quit the railroad. He left the ranch house one morning and never returned. They found his horse and saddle with the rope still on it, but the body of Nate McDonald was never found.

When word reached Nate's original home near Quitman, Mississippi, Brazel, who was Nate's uncle, left Mississippi and rode the Cotton Belt Railroad down into Texas, where he was supposed to have killed the man he thought killed Nate.

My grandfather told me that when Brazel got home he told my grandfather that he had walked all the way from Texas except for ten miles that he rode in an ox-cart. He put snuff in his shoes to throw the dogs off his trail, slept in a cottonwood tree and swam some rivers that were over half-a-mile wide. When he got home his clothes were completely worn out and he had brush cuts all over him. He never did go back to Texas. Could this be the same Brazel reported as having died in Hervey's article?—Mike McDonald, Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas.

Editor's Note: We have received several comments on Wayne Brazel, including one from G. I. Scott, of Phoenix, Arizona, who works with Brazel's son. It is his belief also that Brazel did not die of a heart attack as reported, but migrated to Arizona and then, after getting into some kind of trouble, moved to Nebraska, assumed another name, re-married, and lived there until 1950. Scott cites Buster Brown, a former Arizona lawman, as his authority.



"We better take another look at that map before we get lost."

They Played Their Parts Well!

Dear Sir:

I find your magazines very interesting and entertaining. Most of the articles are quite authentic. But now and then I read something or see a picture that makes me sick. My pet peeve is the scandalous way some armchair historians attack our early day lawmen, such as Bill Hickok and Wyatt Earp. Sure these men were mean—they had to be in their day and age. They were gamblers, yes. Gambling was an honorable profession in those times. But *they were not cowards.*

I find, by long and careful study and by weighing much evidence in the light of who wrote it and why, that these men were big. They were products of the frontier, spawned in a turbulent period of Reconstruction, bloodshed and hatreds. I find that when the cue was called, they charged onto the stage of action, playing their parts well. No braver men ever roared across the pages of history.

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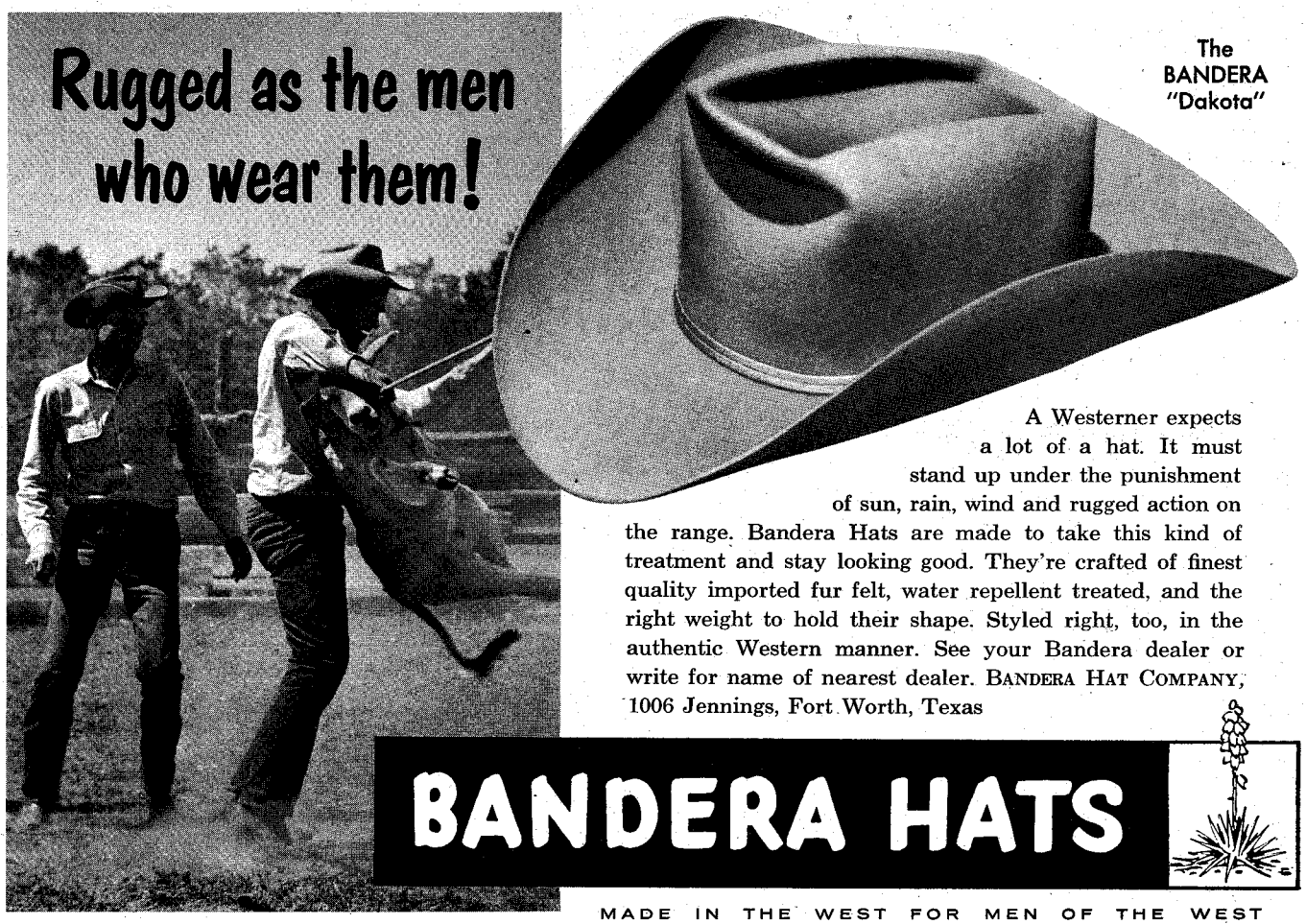


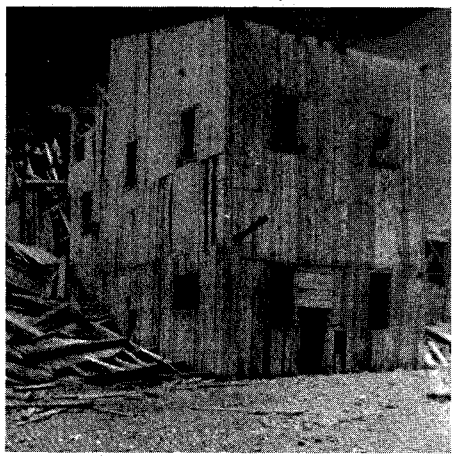
A few days ago I read a psychologist's explanation of the criticisms of the actions of these lawmen. Usually, these criticisms are written by persons who subconsciously admire something in a man like Wyatt Earp, but realizing they can never possess the bravery and courage and live in that colorful era, they seek to defend the weakling in themselves by playing down the notable deeds of others.

It took a few men endowed with the courage of the Earps, Hickoks, and Tilghmans to make the West the great land it is today.—Elsie Wills, 2338 Lingner Drive, Tyler, Texas.

The Old Crackerjack Mine

Howdy!

This old mill, a part of the "Crackerjack Mine" on the shore of Cracker Lake on the east side of the Continental Divide in what is now Glacier National Park, Montana, used to process low grade copper ore between 1890 and 1900. This mill was very typical of those which once could be found in the copper-mining regions of Montana. It is probably no longer standing, as this photo was taken in 1935.—Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Washington.



Muzzling the Dog Soldiers

(Continued from page 13)

the presence of a captive among the Cheyennes.

That night Major North was instructed to outfit fifty of his Pawnees for a three day trip in advance of the regular troops.

AFTER following the trail for fifteen miles the next day, North discovered the Indians knew they were being followed and had split into three parties to confuse the troops and hide their destination. This was on Sunday, July 11, ten days after the command had departed from Fort McPherson.

General Carr divided his force into three pursuit columns. The two Norths with thirty-five Pawnees followed the center trail to the north. General Carr with part of the cavalry and half-a-dozen scouts took the left trail toward the northwest, and Colonel Royall with the remaining cavalry and William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) as scout, followed the righthand trail to the northeast.

The North brothers' party, smaller and less encumbered than the other two divisions, pulled rapidly ahead. Shortly after midday they were overtaken by one of General Carr's scouts with the news that the village had been discovered. The Norths immediately cut across the hills to rejoin General Carr, who was awaiting them behind a ridge of sand hills.

The horses were rested for a half-hour while the Pawnees stripped themselves and their horses for action and the cavalrymen checked their equipment. When everything was ready, the general gave the order to proceed and the command got under way.

The men climbed over the first ridge, but still could not see the village, concealed in a valley; however, the horse herds, scattered among the hills surrounding the valley, were visible.

A long draw led to the valley and soon the command was going at top speed. The Pawnees without saddles or other heavy equipment, raced ahead of the cavalry. Captain Luther North led the Pawnees by a short distance and Major North, on the fastest horse in the entire command, rode some 200 yards in the van.

When Major North approached the village, five or six Cheyennes rode out to meet him. He jumped off his horse to fire at them, but the approaching reinforcements drove off the warriors before damage was done on either side.

A fifteen-year-old Cheyenne lad was herding horses in the path of the charge. He could have easily escaped, but chose to drive his herd just ahead of the charging column into the camp, where he turned to help delay the oncoming attackers. There he died, a warrior before his time.

(Continued on next page)

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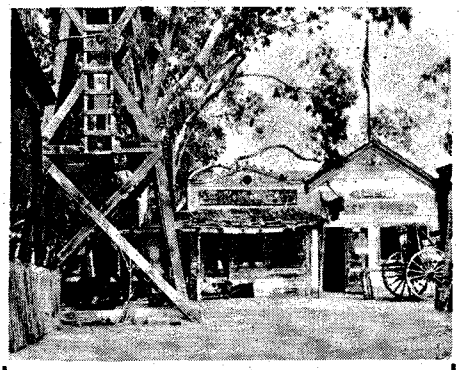

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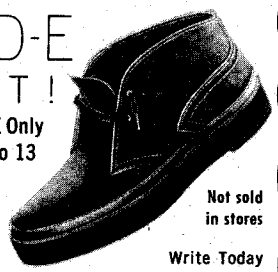

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The villagers believed the commotion, yelling and noise was that of a victorious war party returning to camp. Before they realized the truth, it was too late and they were completely demoralized, scattering before the onslaught like dead leaves in a whirlwind. They ran up the valley, over the hills, and into gulches or ravines. The slightest shelter was eagerly sought.

The Pawnees and soldiers broke up into squads and searched out the scattered refugees of the once proud and haughty Dog Soldiers.

When the North brothers, Captain Cushing and Sergeant Wallace, came to the largest lodge in the village, they noticed a small keg of water near the entrance. They dismounted for a drink, then Captain Cushing handed the keg to Major North, still on his horse. As he did so, a white woman crawled out from the lodge and clasped Captain Cushing around the legs. She was of Swedish descent and could speak no English. It was later discovered that she had been captured in one of the Dog Soldier raids in Kansas. Tall Bull had made her his wife and on the approach of the soldiers had attempted to kill her, but only succeeded in wounding her in the chest.

Frank North handed the water keg to Luther North for his turn. As he lifted the keg to his mouth, an Indian hidden in the grass approximately fifty yards away took a pot shot at him. Fortunately, the bullet hit his heavy brass buckle and he suffered only a large black and blue mark.

Captain North started for a saddled horse to replace his own fagged mount. In the tall grass he stumbled over the body of a dead white woman. She was identified as Mrs. Alderdice, who had also been captured the previous year in one of the Dog Soldier raids along the Solomon. Three of her children had been murdered and her three-months-old baby captured with her. She had been one of the reasons for the large contingent of Solomon and Saline settlers among the scouts of Forsyth. Her husband was a member of the scouts at Beecher's Island. Tall Bull had been more successful with Mrs. Alderdice than Mrs. Weichel, the Swedish woman. She had been killed with a tomahawk.

Some of the Pawnee scouts were firing at a ravine where a group of Cheyennes were offering the stiffest resistance of the battle. Tall Bull had been seen riding into this ravine with his wife and child on the horse before him. Seeing them to a place of safety, he returned and killed his horse at the narrow entrance. He did not intend leaving the ravine alive. In effect, he was driving his stick.

The gulch had very steep sides, higher than a man's head. The Cheyennes had cut niches in the sides. When ready to fire, they would climb the steps, fire and return to the bottom.

Frank and Luther North rode towards the ravine and an Indian rose up from the ravine and snapped a shot at Major North. Major North dismounted and handed his reins to his brother, telling him to ride off, acting as a decoy. Dropping to one knee, Frank North drew a bead on the place where the Indian's head had appeared. The ruse worked and the Indian looked over at the sound of the horses and Frank North shot him through the head.

Shortly thereafter, a woman appeared over the brink of the gulch and asked mercy for herself and child. They were told to take their places with the other captives. She informed them that thirteen warriors had been killed but that seven more were still alive in the ravine. She later was discovered to be the Indian wife of Tall Bull.

Three days later at Sedgewick, the interpreter, Leo Palliday, asked her if Tall Bull had been killed. She identified him as the Indian shot by Frank North, when he and his brother worked the decoy ruse. In this one ravine twenty warriors had been killed.

Elsewhere in the fight, a Pawnee named Traveling Bear had chased four Cheyennes into a canyon. He came back with four scalps and four revolvers. He was commended in General Carr's report and Congress put up a bronze medal for him.

AFTER the pursuit of the fleeing Cheyennes, the command turned back to the confiscation of goods and the destruction of the village. Part of the booty was 500 horses together with 144 stolen mules. Also $1,500 of stolen money was found in the camp, of which $900 was turned over to Mrs. Weichel. The Pawnees had found over $600 and had turned it all over to her; the remainder came from the cavalrymen. In addition, 9,300 pounds of dried meat, 84 lodges, 56 rifles, 22 revolvers, 40 bows and arrows and 50 pounds of powder were either captured or destroyed.

"Trooper O'Malley requesting permission to enter the fort, sir."

Fifty-two Indians were killed. How many were women or children is not known, although it is certain that some were; 117 were captured.

Only one trooper was wounded and not a single soldier or Pawnee was killed. It is interesting to note that during their long and distinguished service to the government under Major North, the Pawnees didn't suffer even one fatality, a record unparalleled in combat history.

The death of Tall Bull and the humiliation of his followers, the once fearsome Dog Soldiers, almost signalled the end of that warrior society. Without a shred of prestige remaining, the survivors scattered all over the West and were never again the organized threat to the frontier that they had been at their peak under Roman Nose and Tall Bull. Without the Dog Soldiers to lead the way, all other Indians were soon pushed northward over the Platte River.

Settlers began returning to their homes, productive occupations were resumed and travel between settlements began again. But it was a long time before the frontier could hear the name of Dog Soldier without a shudder.

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The Indians Named Him Bad Hand

(Continued from page 18)

McClellan's Creek, the Fourth made contact with a war party of Comanches under the chief Mo-wi, which they struck and sent reeling backward. The Comanches withdrew, fighting stubborn delaying actions, none of them decisive.

Mackenzie then began a series of marches and movements designed to harass the Indians into position for a coup de grâce and at the same time break up the *comanchero,* a form of Plains piracy that had existed for over a century. In time he was successful in both measures.

Mackenzie first received confirmation that the hostiles were ensconced near Tule Canyon from one José Tafoya, a notorious trader with the Comanches, who was captured and interrogated. José refused to talk until Mackenzie ordered him hanged from a propped-up wagon tongue. Then he weakened.

The Fourth made a rapid advance to Tule Canyon and camped. That night the troops were attacked. It was a minor harassment, a horse-stealing action, and did not involve the main force. At daybreak Mackenzie ordered Sergeant John Charlton and two Tonkawa scouts to trail the attackers and fix their exact position.

Mackenzie was informed that a large body of Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes were camped in Palo Duro Canyon. That night the Fourth burned leather. They covered the twenty-five miles and were in attacking position by sunup.

Far below them lay the Indian village, the tepees stretching for miles along the floor of the canyon. A narrow, winding trail was found that led precariously down the sheer rock precipice. Mackenzie ordered troops to advance, a select detail in the lead. The descent took almost an hour, and the troops were almost down when Red Warbonnet, a Kiowa, detected the soldiers and gave the alarm. The Indians had time to throw forward a group of warriors in a holding action but they were finally mowed down and Mackenzie ordered the trumpeters to blow *Charge.*

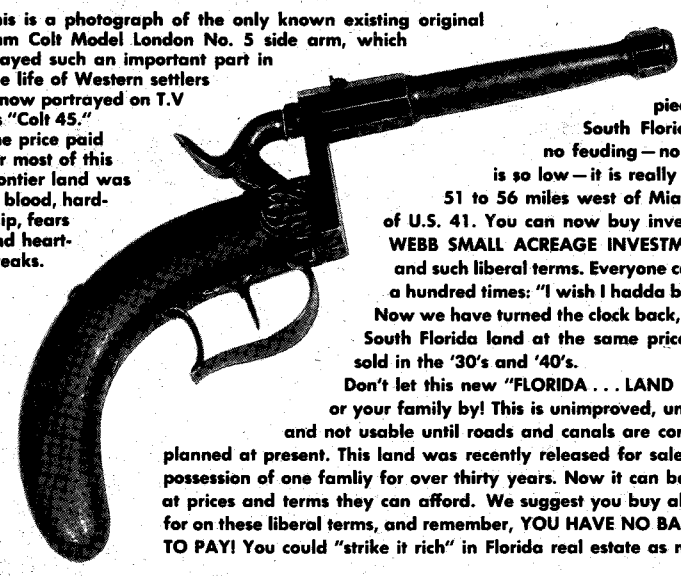
Sharp, vicious fighting followed. Stubborn rearguard pockets had to be liquidated one by one as the Indians drew back, sparring for time to allow the women and children to flee through a narrow defile at the extreme end of the canyon. In desperation the Indians sent groups of warriors to the cliffs to enfilade the ranks. These snipers were extremely hard to kill, but were pressed steadily back.

Just when Mackenzie was almost upon them, a stampede of the Indian's horses cut contact. While the horses were being cornered, a great number of the Indians reached the outlet and fled over the prairie. Mackenzie went after them, capturing 112 squaws, children, and old bucks and burning 100 tepees which destroyed an immense cache of supplies. Twelve hundred Indian ponies were taken to Tule Canyon and shot. For many years afterward their bleaching bones were an unpleasant reminder to the Indians of the wrath of Bad Hand.

GENERALS Sherman and Sheridan discerned that in the Fourth Cavalry with its hard-driving Colonel they had a striking force they could rely on. Mackenzie became a trouble-shooter throughout the Plains area.

At Fort Clark, near the Mexican border, the Ninth Cavalry was having a rough and unsuccessful time halting the depredations of scalp-hunting

HOW THE WEST WAS SETTLED



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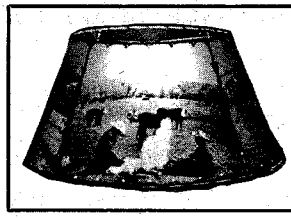

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Indians who raided the Texas settlements. After their forays they withdrew to the comparative safety below the border. The army was determined to break it up and General Phil Sheridan met with Colonel Mackenzie at Fort Clark to discuss the situation. Sheridan told Mackenzie that he must put an end to the raiding once and for all.

"You want me to cross the border?"

"Yes, that's where they must be hit. I want them destroyed."

"Under whose authority?" Mackenzie asked. "It would be an act of war."

"Mine," said Sheridan, "and President Grant will back us up."

Lacking written orders, due to political expediency, Mackenzie could have evaded the mission, but that was not his way. The smell of Indian blood was in his nostrils.

As time for the departure of the expedition approached, Mackenzie grew obsessed with the approaching campaign. Suffering almost continual pain from an arrow wound in his thigh, he ate but little and slept hardly at all. He drilled the regiment without stint; he inspected the equipment of each trooper in the regiment; he held long discussions far into the night with his officers, scouts and guides discussing tactics, terrain, and battle orders. He had a mentality of a very high order and he left nothing to chance.

On May 16, 1873, the trumpets blared and the Fighting Fourth moved out on its historic raid. Mackenzie reached a point thirty-two miles from the border, halted momentarily for a final check of equipment (he ordered that ammunition be lashed to the saddles so none would be lost) and at 3:30 a.m. on the 17th, began a forced march southward.

The men were unaware that Mackenzie had no written orders. In the light of the suffering they endured it was perhaps just as well for Mackenzie might well have had a mutiny on his hands.

A little after 8:00 the following morning they galloped across the Rio Grande and struck out for Reymolina and an Indian village which lay near it. After the back-breaking ride of fifty-eight miles without food or rest, they reached their striking point just as day was breaking.

The Fourth struck with a swiftness and fury that can hardly be described. The village was devastated, its inhabitants either killed or captured. By early afternoon the return march had begun.

That return march was a nightmare to all who endured it. How the pack train and prisoners managed to keep pace is hard to explain. The men were at the point of exhaustion—for three days and two nights they had had no rest. Some of the troopers lashed themselves to their saddles lest they doze and fall from their mounts. Many doubted they would see the States again. They pleaded for rest but Mackenzie, on the point of collapse himself, sternly refused. "Forward," he roared, and the punishing march went on.

They crossed the Rio Grande—and faltered again. Mackenzie went among the men and ordered them into their saddles. They pressed onward for eleven more miles, to safety, and a blessed bivouac. They had ridden 160 miles in 32 hours. It was a march that made Ranald Mackenzie famous. That man would go ANYWHERE to kill Indians!

FROM the standpoint of the military, Indian affairs in the Dakota country late in 1876 left much to be desired. Custer had been decimated; the operations of Crook, Terry, Gibbon and Miles against the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne had not been successful. Neither had actions on the Tongue, Lower Powder, Goose Creek, and Slim Buttes. The Army wanted a victory; they wanted Crazy Horse punished and were weary of dilatory commanders. Mackenzie was assigned the duty.

History knows it as the Dull Knife Raid. From first to last, it was perhaps the best planned and executed action ever made against the hostiles, though the operations were undertaken in the depth of winter, under frigid conditions and at a great distance from the source of supplies. Here again Mackenzie's thorough preparation paid dividends. Captain Bourke, who was there, went so far as to say that it was the best equipped force ever sent to fight the Indians. They even had arctic boots and furs.

Preparations for the campaign were begun in October, 1876. Supplies were brought up from Cheyenne via Fort Laramie to Fort Fetterman, one of the operational bases. It was a 160-mile haul over roads often blocked by ice and snow. From Fort Fetterman 168 wagons and 400 pack mules advanced the equipment to a point on Crazy Woman Fork of the Powder, about a day's ride from where Cantonment Reno once was.

At this location, his last depot, Mackenzie ordered the wagons parked. It was November 22 and he had almost 2,000 fighting men within striking distance of the enemy. He assigned around 1,100 (including 500 Indian scouts) to the first division. According to the plan, these troops would carry rations for ten days and 100 rounds of ammunition for each man on pack mules. The second division, composed of artillery, infantry, and one troop of cavalry, would follow in reserve within courier range, for any contingency.

"Find the enemy and hit him," were Mackenzie's orders, "and keep your flankers wide."

The Indian scouts, grouped in detachments by tribe, led the troops out. The scouting contingent was probably the ablest of its kind even seen in the Northwest. Among them were Major Frank North's Pawnees and 100 Shoshone under Tom Cosgrove, Washakie's son. There were Bannocks, Cheyennes, Arapahoes—even a few Sioux. Some of the more notable were Leading Chief, Pawnee; Three Bears, Sioux; Sharp Nose, Araphaho; and Red Shirt, Cheyenne.

On the evening of the 24th, Arapaho scouts located the Indian village in an ice-encrusted canyon of the Crazy Woman Fork. It was not the village of Crazy Horse but that of Dull Knife and his Cheyennes. With him were such diehards as Little Wolf, Roman Nose, Gray Head, and Old Bear. It made little difference to Mackenzie. He ordered the column to be in position to attack at daybreak.

Artist Charles Clayton's portrait of Little Wolf.

Men moved forward through the gorges encrusted with ice and in temperatures in the minus thirties. As they approached the camp, drumming and singing could be heard. The Cheyennes were celebrating a foray against the Shoshone and Mackenzie's Shoshone scouts became enraged and were quieted only with difficulty.

The balance of the night passed slowly. Just as dawn was breaking, Mackenzie sounded the charge, and over a thousand fighting men fell upon the village with the fury of a cyclone. Although taken by surprise, the Cheyennes fought doggedly and retreated slowly, allowing the majority of the women and children to flee.

By truly heroic action the Cheyennes managed to hold off the full onslaught throughout the night and to keep up an intensive fire on the troops as they set about destroying 173 lodges and all of the Indian's supplies and ammunition. The Cheyennes lost about forty warriors, not counting the numbers in the tribe who froze to death. Mackenzie had two killed and twenty-five wounded. But that bloody night's work broke the back of Cheyenne resistance and laid the groundwork for the surrender of Crazy Horse the following spring.

MACKENZIE received a commendation from Sherman and was ordered to return to Fort Fetterman. His campaign brought 4,500 hostiles into the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies soon afterward and eliminated the need for any action the following spring. Mackenzie had again bailed the army out.

From one spot to another he was sent wherever he was needed. So fierce was his reputation that his very presence was sufficient to discourage warlike tribes. In the late summer of 1881, the Utes were ordered to their new reservation on Green River. The Utes refused and elected to fight. Ranald Mackenzie, with nine troops of cavalry and as many infantry, was sent to Colorado to accommodate them. As the array of force drew up in battalion front making ready for contact, the Utes had a change of heart and decided that perhaps Green River would be suitable after all!

In 1883 Mackenzie was given the permanent rank of Brigadier General. He was assigned as the Army's chief of the Department of Texas, with his headquarters at San Antonio. About this time he married his old sweetheart, Florida Tunstall.

But his health was bad, his mind tortured, and finally his taut nerves reached their breaking point. His mind completely gave way and he became irrational, even violent. It was decided that he should be sent to an asylum for his own protection.

For five years a government hospital in Staten Island, New York, was honored by the presence of one of the most courageous soldiers who ever issued an order or fired a gun, a superb strategist, a careful planner, and one of the very few who really mastered the technique of fighting the Indians of the High Plains.

Mackenzie died January 19, 1889. The

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army's shooting star had burned itself out.

Rip Van Winkle of the Calicos

(Continued from page 19)

athel trees, planted by Judge Dix Van Dyke and his father. This tree has light-colored wood which is stony hard, as heavy and brittle as a phonograph record. It is chiefly used as a barrier against wind and produces wandlike branches covered with very fine, graceful leaves.

People living in deserty southern and central Arizona, southern New Mexico and the Colorado and Mojave Deserts of California are limited as to their choice of trees to shield their homes from damage and the discomfort from heavy winds. The first requisite is that the tree be able to grow in dry sand and gravel. Then, its foliage must be thick enough to serve as a windbreak. The athel meets these requirements.

In his later years, Judge Dix Van Dyke said this about it,

"If we'd known about athel trees, this place would have been a lot different sooner. We lived here twenty years before we knew about them. We planted the first ones in this country—had a hard time convincing other ranchers they ought to put them in for a windbreak."

JUDGE Van Dyke toward the close of his life inaugurated an annual October picnic at his ranch for old-timers of the horse and buggy and tallow candle era. Each year, fewer would show up as the ranks of those who saw desert history in the making would be thinned. Besides the pioneers of the Daggett area, guests would include aged persons from Los Angeles, Tehachapi, Sherman Oaks, San Dimas, Pomona, Alhambra and other California points.

They would reminisce when Daggett's advantage as a railroad spot brought dividends in transporting needed supplies to the spectacular mining camp of Calico in the Calico Mountains. Their conversations would be punctuated with such names as John McBride, Larry Silvia and Charley Mecham, the three prospectors who discovered the silver deposits in the Calicos.

The festive occasion would usually end up with Judge Van Dyke's recounting one or two of his experiences in maintaining law and order on the desert frontier. The story would have all the more zest and flavor when the incident involved someone in attendance at the gathering.

One of Judge Van Dyke's last public services occurred in 1947 in behalf of the marking of the Old Spanish trail from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Los Angeles. With a partner, he traveled across the Mojave Desert, tracing the Spanish trail and two detours the Mormons used. Some portions of the trail were impassable even by jeep.

Although he traveled 6,000 miles in a jeep in 1947, the old man just didn't like "new fangled cars on the desert."

In saying this, Judge Van Dyke was but reflecting the feelings of the other residents of Daggett. They, as he, don't take to many of the "new fangled" innovations of contemporaries. Living there is much like being a pioneer in the 1880's or 1890's.

Tourists as they speed by Daggett on U. S. 66 are apt to dismiss it as "another ghost town." To this its several dozen families protest. They admit that it might look like an abandoned mining settlement, but it still has plenty of life.

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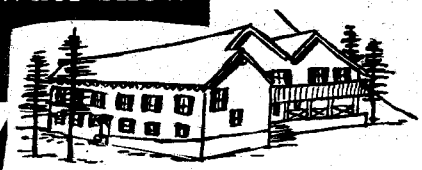

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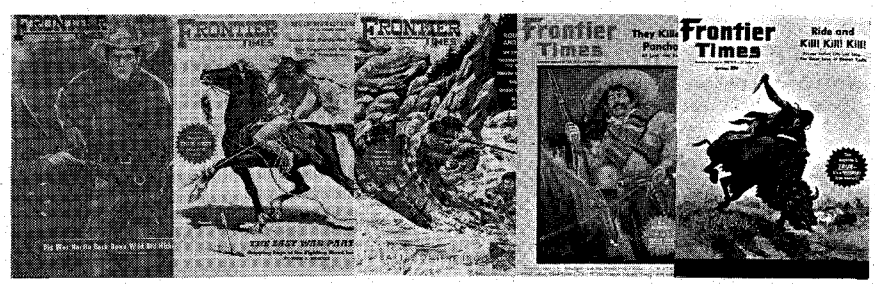

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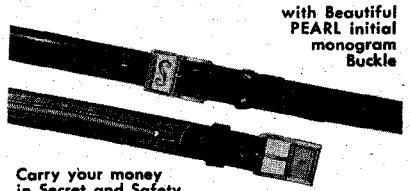

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Brigham Young and the Saints Went Marching

(Continued from page 22)

if need be, but must not quarter nearer than forty miles to any city. If you bring your troops here to disturb this people, you have a bigger job on your hands than you or President Buchanan ever dreamed of. Before the troops reach here this city will be in ashes, every blade of grass will be burned and we will fight you to our last breath. And as God lives, we will hunt you by night and by day till our army or yours is wasted away. No mob, armed or otherwise, can live in the homes we have built in these mountains. That is the program, gentlemen, whether you like it or not. If you want war, you can have it! But if you wish peace, peace it is. We shall be glad of it!"

In spite of Young's ultimatum, Johnston started moving his troops toward Salt Lake three days after this meeting.

WITH the dread of being absorbed by the quartering of troops within their city, the Mormons put a close to their communal lives, packed their belongings into hundreds of wagons and began another exodus. Twenty thousand of them from Salt Lake City, plus thousands more from the northern communities, began their trek to the south.

The heat spread heavily upon the struggling, silent travelers. From Eagle Gate to the point of the Mountain, the entire length of the twenty-mile stretch was a mass of moving wagons, driven by men, women and small boys. Every domestic animal, even milch cows, carried harness to pull a load. Some thought they were bound for Sonora in Mexico, but most of them cared little where they went if only they could find asylum from their pursuers.

On June 26, 1858, the advance column of Johnston's army began its march through the streets of the city. All day the cadence of foot soldiers, the jingle of cavalry swords and the rattle of heavy field pieces were the only sounds heard through the deserted streets. No signs of life remained inside the houses. The furniture was piled in great heaps, stuffed with quantities of shavings and straw, ready to be burned at a moment's notice.

Watching calmly from scattered positions throughout the city were silent rear-guard men who held flint and steel ready to apply the spark to the shavings if the troops showed signs of stopping or attempting desecration. Upon every lawn, garden and building lay great piles of straw, all ready for the torch of destruction.

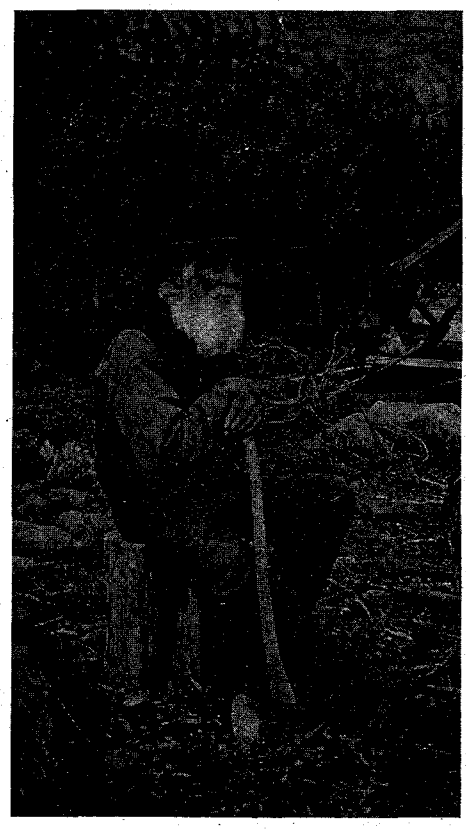
All during the daylight hours the awed and curious soldiers passed through the desolate city streets, but there were no stops, no breaking of ranks.

Earlier that day Johnston had reined to a stop before the Council House and had spoken to Governor Cumming, Major McCulloch and Commissioner Powell. "Run away, have they? Well, that's cool. Here we've come out over the most forsaken country in all the United States, have just passed the most beastly winter ever seen by soldiers since Moscow, and yet when we are here ready to get in our work, behold the sacrifice has picked up his heels and fled ingloriously, not even having the grace to leave us a scrubby ram caught in the thicket."

Although his manner was vain, even Johnston felt the presence of staunch opposition which pervaded the entire city. Cumming and the Peace Commissioners had told him of Brigham's decision. In view of this, Johnston kept his troops on the move, heading for a spot forty miles to the south where the army would make permanent camp and sojourn for a season.

Here, then, the troops quartered with the approval of the U. S. Government, but with the disapproval of the surrounding bands of warlike and uneasy Ute and Pauvan Indians who had, only shortly before, effected a workable peace with the Mormons and all whites under the guidance of Brigham Young.

Most of the Saints halted in or near Provo on the banks of the Timpanogos River. It was a crowded, improvised camp which bedded nearly 30,000 persons. The people of Provo were taxed beyond measure to give shelter and comfort to the fleeing thousands who had suddenly called upon their hospitality. Those who found shelter of any sort were fortunate. The work pressed hard upon them, constructing homes from tents, bowers, shanties and even wooden boxes.



A Mormon elder, 1859.

Even the removal of the troops to a distance did not relieve the discord. The soldiers, with usual abandon and adventure, sought out the Mormon girls and women. The troopers had visions of a modern seraglio and were confident that they could find all the women they wanted. After all, they thought, the Mormon sultans had more than enough women to satisfy their own needs.

Consequently, this lustful adventure in conquest led to several incidents of physical violence in spite of Young's admonition to his people not to shed blood.

Nevertheless, this prolonged encroachment upon the Mormon's privacy by the army—and the flirtations reciprocated by a few of the Mormon women—drew acrimonious reprisals from both sides.

Fortunately, only a few weeks later, Governor Cumming rode into the Mormon camp at Provo and assured the

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Mormons that Johnston, now encamped in Cedar Valley, would do all in his power to bring about peace and harmony in the unhappy and distracted Territory.

The Indians were warring again since the arrival of the army, making all travel unsafe for whites. In all probability this, in some measure, had an effect upon the new offer of cooperation, for it was known that under Mormon control the Indians had ceased to be the white man's enemy. Cumming went on to say that the southern move, made by the whole population of Utah, had created a sensational furor in the eastern United States and Europe. He laid before Young copies of the *New York Times* and the *London Times* which contained bitter comments and a blistering account of this great blunder. Then, speaking for the government as well as for himself, Governor Cumming appealed to Brigham Young to accept the pledges of security and to take up the return march for Salt Lake City.

"There is no longer any danger, Mr. Young," Cumming spoke heartily. "Johnston and the army will keep good faith with the Mormons. Everyone concerned with this pact will keep faith and hold sacred the pardon and amnesty of the President of the United States. By God, sir, yes!"

"We know all about it, Governor," Brigham Young answered. "Our memories are long but not unforgiving. We feel assured of your own integrity in this matter, and for that we grant you our fullest confidence and friendship."

"Then, sir, tomorrow being the birthday of our glorious country, the Fourth of July, I shall publish a proclamation to the Mormons for them to return to their homes."

"Do as you please, Governor Cumming," Young said with a slow smile. "Tomorrow I shall get upon the tongue of my wagon and tell the people that I am going home, and that they can do as they please."

AND so it was. The next morning, in the coolness of daybreak, Brigham Young stood upon his wagon and looked out into the host of faces of his followers, collectively the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and announced his decision.

Once more the Mormons began retracing their path to Salt Lake City and to the farms and fields of the northern valley. The much publicized southern move was over and was now passing into the annals of frontier history.

President James Buchanan, although his constitutional views were generally sound, and whose valiant efforts for peace in other circumstances still warrant great admiration, was coerced into a foolish blunder. It was only through the combined power of the press and the eventual re-appraisal of public opinion that Brigham Young and his followers were delivered from continued persecutions.

Brigham Young, the guiding light in building the prospering, cooperative theocracy known as Mormonism, is still popularly best known for championing polygamy (he seems to have been married in all to 27 wives). Nevertheless he was a stern moralist as well as a brilliant and just leader. It was only through his revered generalship that an open break with the U. S. Government did not occur.

If the incidents of Echo Canyon, the great southern move and the passage of federal troops through the Territory of Utah had not been tempered with calculated soundness and fairness of mind of great men on both sides of the issue, the development of the West might have taken a turn which would have blighted our history and national prestige as well as delayed the rapid expansion of our frontier.

The Earp and Masterson I Knew

(Continued from page 27)

gangplank he asked how my mother was. I told him that she was fine and living in Kansas City, Missouri. "Fine," said Bat. "My wife Emma will be happy to know that, as she and your mother were good friends."

Bat left the ship, and we sailed for Buenos Aires.

The next year I took Bat at his word and visited him. Emma cooked a wonderful meal, and afterwards we had quite a talk. For some reason he did not care to talk of my dad. He told me that Bill Tilghman was the greatest of them all.

I did not see Bat again until the winter of 1919. I had gone to New York City to see and talk with Frank Wirth, who was trying to line up a few fairs for my Wild West Rodeo for the season of 1920. I stayed in New York that trip for about ninety days, residing in the old Cadillac Hotel. Bat came to see me often, and we made the rounds together. He always had a pocket full of "Annie Oakleys"—passes for all the plays and movies on Broadway. These things came to him in his job as sports writer for the paper.

We would go across the street from my hotel, where Diamond Jim Brady had his cafe and bar near Forty-Second on Broadway. I never drank, so Bat would drink enough for both of us. However, I would take on the big thick steaks and all that went with them. Diamond Jim himself would always pick out the very best for me and would sit at our table and talk.

It was not until Bat had downed about three or four Collins, or other mixed drinks, that he was willing and ready to talk. Neither he nor Wyatt would ever talk much about George Hinkle, as they did not like my dad, and for this reason I could never learn much from them. This is also true among the old-timers now living in Dodge City, Kansas. They did not and will not talk about George Hinkle very much, but when the legends of Earp and Masterson are used up, the true facts are sure to be told.

One night, after Bat had had a number of drinks, I said, "Bat, have you a picture of Dad? I would like one if you have one to spare."

He said, "Hell yes, I could spare it if I had one, but why in the hell would I want a picture of him? Hinkle would let no one take his picture, and if you don't have one, you will have trouble getting one." And he was right.

Through patient tracing, and much, much talking, I have found that Dad was in some kind of trouble when he landed in Dodge City. Knowing Dad's weakness, I always was under the impression it was woman-trouble of some kind—probably too many wives. Bat backed this up by saying that when a man didn't drink, he always has woman trouble. Guess Bat was right. But there are those who are not so kind, and I wonder just what the trouble was.

There are those who know but will not tell, and there are those who guess and spread the stories of their imagination. Facts and fables—truth and fiction—the line is very thin, for even the best of us like to add a bit to a good story. So,

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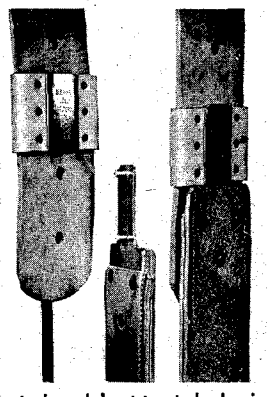

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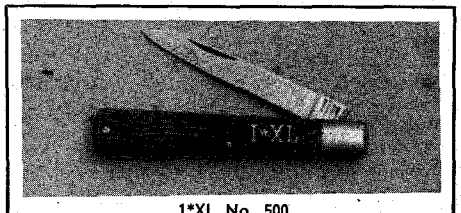

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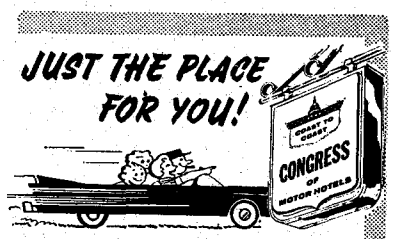

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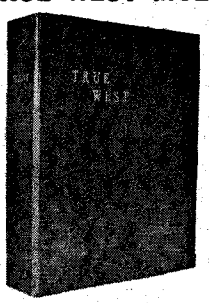

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not knowing fact from fiction about my dad and his life before he entered Dodge City, I will not fabricate, but will have to depend upon one of the research writers to tell me the tale.

During all my visits to Bat's apartment, and the good meals I had I did not forget what my papa had said about the two men, or what they said about papa. No love, or even liking, ever existed between them. I could feel a great respect for my dad in Bat's voice, but also a great resentment.

HOW I wish I could've been there while my father was sheriff of Ford County those four years. He couldn't have

Milt Hinkle. Those wanting to contact him can write to him at Box 228, Kissimmee, Florida.

been all bad, because I know for a proven fact that in those years he never killed a man on his job. And I also know that he was a good sheriff—law and order was kept, but he respected a man's life, and would go to any length, however much trouble to him, to keep a man alive. I have heard so many stories of how he outwitted the bad ones, how he made monkeys out of bully boys who came in to "own" the town.

If he was out to prove he was a big man, it seems to me that in those days he would've used his gun to prove it. I have learned from the old-timers that he did his job, as did Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp. He has, to the credit of his name, the fact that he did not take advantage of the townspeople with his position. But he, the same as the others, left Dodge City. I can't help but wonder why. I wonder why my father used the name of George Hinkle, and sometimes William Hinkle, and then again Billie Hinkle. Why?

Emma Masterson liked to talk about my mother—what friends they were, what fun they had. One night, while making the rounds with Bat, I asked him if he ever longed to go back West—to smell the fresh air and see all his old friends. I could never understand his answer: "Hell no!" he said, "I never want to see the West or any of them again, and I don't intend to. To hell with everybody in the West." Now was that anything to expect from a man the West had made famous?

Bat clung to his words—he never went West again. His body remains in New York. I shall never forget Bat Masterson—or Wyatt Earp as they were, as I knew them.

To date Mr. Lyons and Mr. Long who are digging into the legend of Masterson and Earp haven't come up with any information I haven't got written down in my diary. When Mr. Lyons came out with his statement, I wondered if Dodge City would come up with the long buried facts—will it tell us why Earp and Masterson left Dodge City? Will the truth be unraveled from fiction?

A Home for Custer's Seventh

(Continued from page 39)

during the winter.

The regiment's blacksmith, who also played in the regimental band, kept the piano in tune, and the forty comprising the officers' social set at the fort enjoyed singing fests and carols as well as dancing in a ballroom which was later added to the south side of the Custer home.

Often as not, while Libby Custer served as hostess, her husband was studying or writing articles for magazines.

Custer's "family" at the fort, in addition to his wife, consisted of two brothers: Lieutenant Tom Custer and Boston Custer, a civilian who came from Monroe, Michigan, to benefit from outdoor life.

There was also Custer's sister, Margaret, the wife of Lieutenant Calhoun, and the latter's sister and her husband, as well as a companion Libby had brought from the States.

Custer sought to improve the fort by planting grass seed on the parade grounds, and by transplanting young cottonwoods from the river to ornament "Officers' Row."

Gardens, too, were planted—the company ones near the river and Custer's adjacent to their house, and enclosed with a high board fence to keep out the hounds.

Grasshoppers hadn't been reckoned with, however, and before the summer passed hordes of the pests swarmed over the countryside devouring everything before them, including the gardens.

There were no wells or cisterns at the fort, and water was hauled daily from the river, a difficult chore when the temperature dropped below zero and the ice reached a depth of three to five feet thick. Two barrels in the kitchen of the Custer home were filled daily, except on the coldest days when the supply was rationed carefully.

SAFETY precautions were observed at Lincoln at all times, and the women

Denver Public Library Western Collection
Photo by David F. Barry

F. W. Benteen

weren't permitted far afield without escorts.

A trip up the range of hills in back of Officers' Row to pick crocuses in the spring was a daring venture indeed.

In the heat of a summer evening the same hills were sought out to find a cooling breeze—but again escorts were necessary.

During the Seventh's absence from Fort Lincoln the fort was garrisoned by

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Officers' quarters and barracks at Ft. Lincoln. The parade ground is in the foreground.

infantry from nearby Fort McKeen, and a Gatling gun was placed on the hills back of the fort.

Nuisance raids against the fort were a rarity but were guarded against at all times. On one occasion a herd of several hundred mules was stampeded by a band of Sioux. "Boots and Saddles" was sounded immediately and cavalrymen rode in swift pursuit. The mules were soon returned by a few of the soldiers while the remainder raced after the redmen for ten miles before losing them in the river underbrush.

The Indian scouts at the fort were Arikaras or Rees, enemies of the warlike Sioux and employes of the United States government.

Perhaps the most famous Indian scout was "Curly" of the Crow tribe, who reputedly escaped the fate of Custer and his men in Montana by disguising himself as a Sioux and painting his face. Other authorities discredit his claim and say he apparently left Custer's troops before the ill-fated battle.

Isaiah Dorman, a Negro scout who was also an interpreter, and Charley Reynolds were both slain with Custer.

Billy Jackson, half-breed scout, and Fred F. Gerard, interpreter for Custer who was later the first settler on the townsite of Mandan, both escaped with Major Reno's troops in that group's battle with the Indians at the opposite end of the Indian village from where Custer fought.

ISOLATED murders and atrocities committed from time to time were blamed on the redmen.

Such was the death of Robert Henry, the first white man to settle west of the Missouri near Fort Lincoln as early as 1872.

Employed with his teams at Fort McKeen, Henry was slain in his shack along the Heart River where he hunted and trapped and raised vegetables in the summer which he sold at the fort.

Consequences of a more serious nature arose from the killing of two white men who were with Custer's troops during the Yellowstone Expedition. The men were Dr. Honzinger, civilian veterinary surgeon, and Baliran, the post sutler, who were killed by Indians when they disregarded warnings against straggling.

After Custer's return to Fort Lincoln a scout brought the information that the Sioux warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, had boasted of killing the men.

Custer sent his brother, Tom, with a

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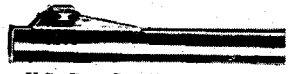

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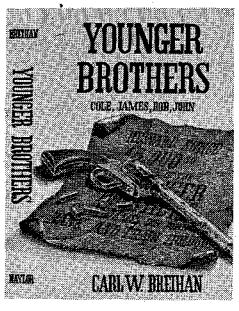

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Officers' homes at Fort Lincoln.

hundred troops to Fort Yates to arrest the warrior and bring him to the guardhouse at Lincoln.

He remained four months until escaping with a civilian from Bismarck who was imprisoned for grain thefts at the fort.

Some time later Scout Charley Reynolds reported to Custer that Rain-in-the-Face had fled to Montana to join the hostiles and that he had vowed vengeance on Custer with the promise to "cut out the heart of Tom Custer."

Custer and Libby spent part of the winter of 1875-76 in New York City. On their return west in February they came from St. Paul on a special train laden with coal, stock for the Black Hills miners, army recruits and supplies. The train stalled in a snowdrift east of Bismarck where it remained until spring while the occupants were taken to Bismarck by sleigh.

On May 17, 1876, the Seventh Cavalry left Fort Lincoln, enroute to the disaster that has since become almost synonymous with their name. When they circled the parade grounds for the last time the band played *Garryowen,* Custer's favorite, and *The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

Libby Custer rode with her husband the first day out, and returned the following day accompanied by the post sutler who had gone along to settle accounts with the troops as they received their pay on the first night out of camp.

It was not until ten days after the battle that Libby Custer and the wives of the twenty-five other officers at Fort Lincoln were informed that the last chapter of their days at the Fort had ended with the deaths of their husbands.

To Margaret Custer Calhoun it was the greatest tragedy, for she lost not only her husband, but three brothers—General Custer, Tom and Boston.

North Dakota Territorial Centennial Edition, 1961.

Not Always with Guns

(Continued from page 33)

after the baby came. He had decided to go to Grants, where the Santa Fe was building some track, and work until he made enough to pay for the trip.

"What'll you do with the mares and the cow?"

"Take them over to Dad. Then when we come back we'll have them." I knew then that his father hadn't starved out yet.

I kept thinking about his undertaking that trip with Billie and the little boy with nothing to drive but burros. Of course, they could go longer without water, but that trip on a horse is difficult, and with a wagon . . . well, I went over. Grady had built a coop for the chickens and planned to haul it under the wagon.

"It's not more'n sixty miles to Grants," said the optimist. "Ought to make it in a week or ten days."

"How do you plan to go?"

"Don't know yet."

The passage between the lava bed and Cebolleta Mesa is called La Angostura, and was the best route, provided we could get the wagon across the Divide.

"I'll ride ahead," I told Grady, when they were finally ready to leave. He saddled the pinto, tied it behind the wagon, and they followed. Billie and the little boy were both crying, and I didn't know when Grady might start in. I planned to scout for a place where the wagon could cross. Even then I debated about going back to the ranch and getting some money, but feared that a snow might make it impossible to move the wagon and decided against it.

I was riding a yellow stud I'd roped out of a wild bunch. He was fast. I'd made the trip horseback many times but had never thought of taking a wagon over that hump. I ran into a canyon and followed it north till I decided there was no way out. Then I scouted to the south, but still no crossing. So I turned back toward Grady's place and met the wagon. After all that back-tracking we camped that first night within sight of their house. Their burros were worn out. We had to make a dry camp.

Next day I followed a fresh trail of some wild horses to the lake. We took the burros to water, and one got so much he died. That meant breaking the paint to harness. He was saddle broke but had never been hitched up. I put him in with a jenny and she quit. Grady got so mad he got out his knife and cut her throat. I'd never seen him spunk up before, and I just stood and looked at him.

"Can't you break that yellow stud?"

He was afraid of the wagon—wouldn't go near it. Billie sat in it still crying, and the baby was crying, too. I put a blind bridle on the horse and hooked him and the pony to the wagon, with the burro team in the lead. We got started and went two days without water. The chickens laid some eggs, enough for Billie and the little boy.

We had to go the long way 'round, into El Morro Valley. There we found a

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farmer, about eighty. He had corn and beans but nothing else. We rested the teams and traded him chickens for some of his food. We made hominy and ground meal on a *metate*. That cornbread was really good. So were the beans. If I had to eat any one food every meal I think I'd rather have those *frijoles* than anything else.

I think we were there almost a week, then we headed almost straight east for Paxton Springs. There wasn't a road at that time, just a trail. The first day in El Morro Valley I found a place with enough vegetation to make me believe it wasn't far down to water. We took pointed sticks and dug till we got a little for ourselves, then we undertook to water the horses. The yellow one was still pretty wild. We had to pull his bridle off for him to drink. He made a sharp right turn and broke the coupling pole.

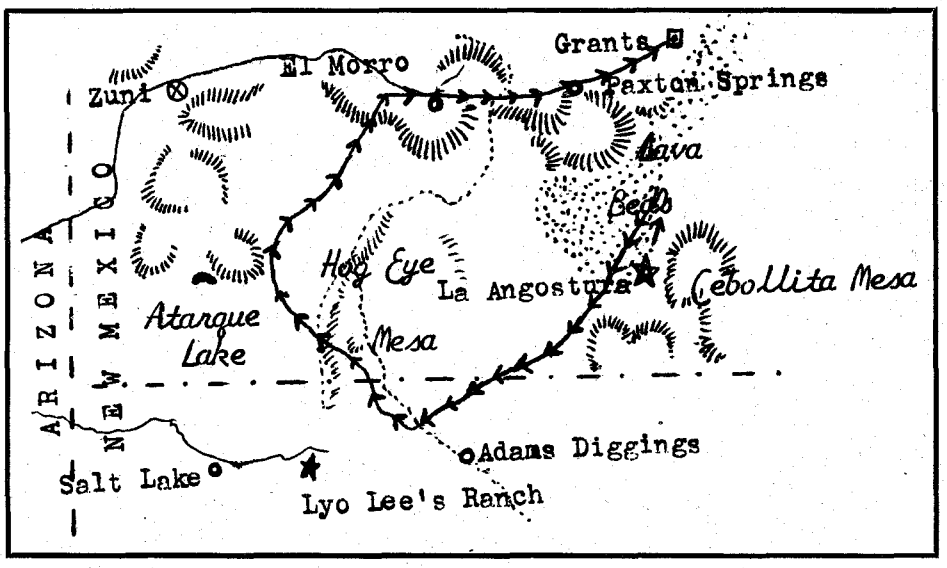
Grady went with me to the mountains to cut a sapling for a new coupling pole. We carried it back on our shoulders. With the rod from the end gate we burned holes in it and fastened it. It took two days to make the repairs.

know how tasteless and uninviting food can be. As soon as we were out of the woman's sight I gave him mine, too.

On the skyline about three miles away I saw our horses, easily recognizable by the colors. They were moving parallel to us, with two men up. We ran and waved our arms till they saw us. They waited. They were Mexican sheepherders looking for water. When they found it, our horses had beat them to it. So they decided to ride bareback to camp. They made no objection to our claiming and taking our property, and we left them afoot.

Billie had cried herself sick. She'd had no water for two days and we still didn't have any for her. That night we tied the horses so they couldn't get loose, and the next morning started for the Mexican's place. We stayed there about a week. Grady learned a few Spanish words, and we played the guitar and sang—even Billie perked up a little. Those Mexicans shared everything they had with us.

We made Grants without further trouble and got jobs with the construction crew. When the foreman looked us over



Map of the area described in the article. The journey made by Lee and the Grady family is indicated by arrows.

BILLIE just knew we were going to starve to death. She cried and the boy cried. I told her no Indian had ever starved in that country, that it was Victorio's old hangout, but that didn't console her. If anything, it made things worse.

We did fairly well till we got past Paxton Springs. The first night out we made a dry camp and staked the horses out with a catch rope so they could graze. Next morning, no horses; they'd gotten loose and run off. We had to trail them on foot, of course, but it was easy to follow them because the rope was dragging, and left a clear trail.

About noon I saw a windmill in the distance. When we reached it the owner was away, but I knew he was a Mexican before I saw his wife. I knew by the house and saddle. His wife was there but she hadn't seen any horses. Grady didn't know any Spanish and he kept urging me to ask for food. She didn't have any—that was why her husband had gone to the store. Grady kept insisting and she finally brought out a half-dozen tortillas, which we divided. Grady began on his as though they'd been cake. If you've never tried a cold, dry tortilla you don't

he said immediately he could use me, but looked askance at Grady. He really wasn't as helpless as he looked, and I told the boss it was both or none. It was pretty rough going till we got paid. And Grady made a hand—even the foreman acknowledged that.

I hocked my saddle and got some groceries. When that money ran out, we really were in a fix. We took the little boy to the store with us to get credit for more food, but nothing doing. The baby began crying for an apple, and Grady couldn't stand that. I didn't have a cent. He dug around in his pockets and came up with four pennies. The apples were six cents apiece.

He looked at the boy and he looked at the apples. Then he said to the grocer, "My little boy is hungry; I don't have but four pennies. Could I buy him an apple for that?"

He could and he did. And on top of that the man let us have some chuck on credit.

When we got paid, we put Billie and the boy on the train. When it pulled out she was crying. So was Grady.

Then I hit for Salt Lake Valley.

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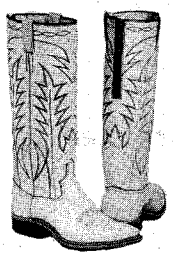

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King of All Winters

(Continued from page 10)

mass which resembled a blanket over the entire area from east to west. We all knew only too well what it meant. Another blizzard was building up. When I stepped outside for a better look I noticed that the day was as still as death. It was the "lull before the storm" in that already frozen country.

Hastening preparations, we were all bundled into the box of the sled and were ready to go by three p.m. The Garrisons hated to see us start, but we had stock shut up in our corrals and they would face starvation if we were gone too long. Besides, everything in our house would freeze overnight. We could have left the women to come later, but we never knew how long these storms would last and they insisted on going with us.

Soon after we left, the north wind began to blow and then the snow began falling in clouds. By the time we were half way home, we couldn't see twenty feet in front of us, and on top of that it was getting dark. As we plodded on, the others became completely lost and soon decided that I was, too.

I felt sure, however, that I knew where I was. A man out in these storms every day acquires a sense of direction and this I was relying on now. Everyone else wanted to turn back but I was sure that we were closer to home than we were to the Garrison's and somehow I knew that we were going in the right direction. Long after dark we were still going and it seemed to me that we should be getting pretty close to home. A terrible fear came over me. Had I missed the place? Everyone was getting mighty cold and I knew that we must find shelter soon or perish.

Suddenly the team stopped and with watering eyes I thought I could see a dark object in front of them. Hanging up the lines I got stiffly out of the sled and walked ahead to investigate. It was our barn and we were home! With a shout of pure joy I informed the others. It is hard to explain the feeling of elation as we trudged from the shed to the protection of the house. We all realized that we had missed death by a very small margin on this Christmas Day.

The terrible blizzard lasted for several days. It was impossible to do anything but feed and cut wood for fuel. To ride in that storm would have been suicide. The thermometer plunged to the bottom and stayed there.

Steve Gainan had been wintering his calves at one of the neighbor's, a man named Ben Wright. Just before New Year's Ben ran out of hay and Steve was forced to move his calves. It was about sixteen miles to trail and I offered to help him with the drive.

New Year's Day, 1907, broke clear and cold with the thermometer standing on sixty below zero. As we started our drive the air was so cold that the frost almost seemed to snap in the air. We took a few older cattle to break trail for the calves. I was dressed in a fur cap, fur coat and fur chaps with German socks and overshoes on my feet. It was still foolhardy to ride more than a half mile without walking to get warm. We walked most of the day; we had to be careful how we breathed or our lungs would become frosted. The snow was deep and we could only make twelve miles by sundown.

We left the cattle and, where the snow permitted, began to trot our horses. We had only gone a short distance when I looked at Steve and instantly pulled my horse to a walk. His nose and part of his face was dead white and frozen. After I warned him, he looked at me and informed me that mine was the same. We stopped and rubbed our faces until the circulation returned. From then on we were forced to walk our horses for the slight breeze created by the faster pace would freeze us at once. If there had been any wind at all that day, we would not have been able to exist.

THE bitter cold lasted all through January. Whenever it warmed up the least bit, the wind rose and severe blizzard conditions prevailed. The country looked like the Arctic Circle. It felt like

The headwaters of the Missouri River at Three Forks.

Bill Browning, Montana Chamber of Commerce

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it, too. When the snow drifted into the sheltered coulees and creek bottoms it became so deep it covered the trees. Cattle seeking shelter in these places would keep the snow packed hard around a tree until, as the snow kept drifting in, they would eventually be on top of the tree. Then they would move on if possible; if not they would die there.

I was forced to stay at Steve's so we could work together to save our cattle. We had to ride every day, no matter what the weather was. Every morning the cattle would leave the shelter and go out on the ridges to graze until the wind came up. Their trails became hard frozen and slippery and they all became footsore. Many of them would lie down at night and curl their heads around on their side, trying to keep what warmth they had in their poor frozen bodies. In the morning we would find them floundering around trying to get up, their necks so stiff from the cold they were unable to straighten them out. We would dismount and, catching hold of their heads, straighten their necks and after a few moments they would get up.

One day at Steve's, while eating dinner, we looked out the window and saw about a hundred antelope pawing for grass on the hillside a short distance away. We both seized our coats, caps and rifles and sneaked out the back door. We crawled through the snow to a point where we could get good shots and then let ourselves be seen. When they spotted us they all began to run, converging on the mouth of the coulee in a bunch. We opened fire and when the herd was gone, we had five dead ones. We dressed them out, hung them in the trees back of the house and had fine antelope steaks for many days.

By the first of February we were nearly out of feed for our cattle. We had previously bought some hay from a man by the name of Nelson who lived on Dry Coulee, about fifteen miles south of the White Mud River. We knew that it was impossible to move the hay so we prepared to move the cattle to it. We cut out about 300 head that we thought could stand the trip and Fred Garrison came over to help us make the move.

The morning we began the trip south, we were greatly surprised to find the temperature had risen considerably. It was like suddenly being released from a great burden and we were in fine spirits. The long dreamed of chinook was about to happen! It was the warmest day we had had for nearly four months.

Steve was in the lead with a team and sled to break trail through the deep snow; Fred and I strung the herd out behind. We were forced to travel slowly as the cattle were all pretty weak. We were only a short distance south of the White Mud when, turning in the saddle, I saw with surprise the dreaded grey blanket spread over the northern sky. The wind had gone down and I think that is what made me look.

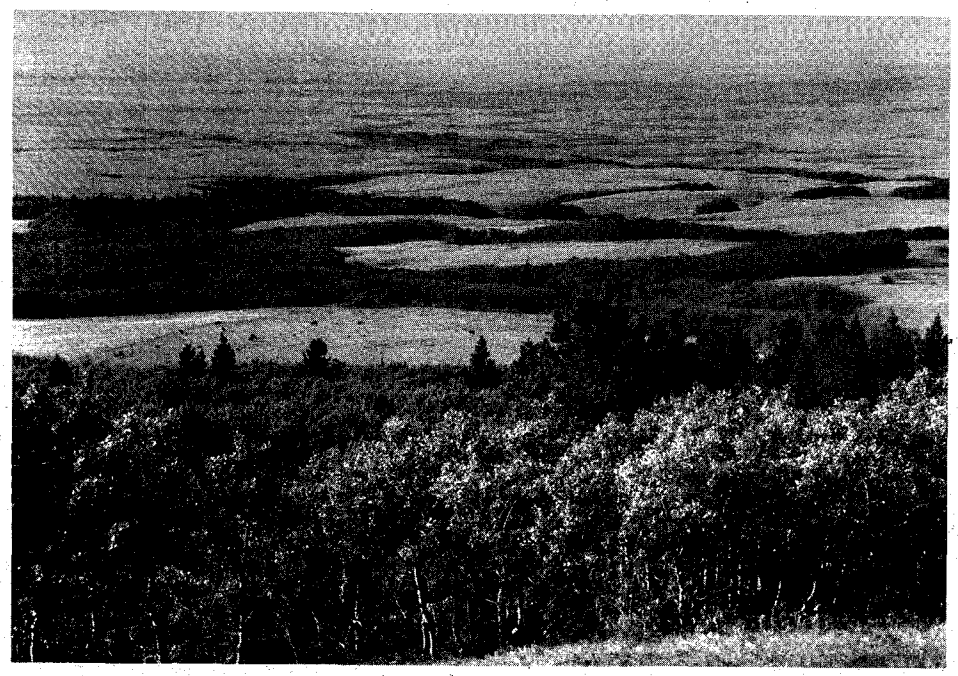
There was no time for any preparations for almost at once the blizzard was upon us. It struck with a pent-up fury which seemed to be trying to override the few hours of decent weather we had enjoyed. The wind howled in gusts and snow from the heavens came riding it down the prairie. The temperature fell at once and visibility was cut to less than fifty feet and oftentimes to nothing.

This looked like the worst storm of the winter and we were in a fine position—caught flat-footed, so to speak, half-way between the White Mud River and our hay with 300 head of sore-footed and weak cattle.

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon we got together to discuss our chances—it was a grim meeting. We all knew that, at best, we had a fifty-fifty chance for survival. We decided to drift with the wind which, we prayed, had not changed directions. If we came out above Nelson's in the bottom of Dry Coulee, we would hit his sleigh road and be able to follow it in. If we were to bear too far west and come out below Nelson's we would be lost as we probably would not even notice the coulee as it was not that deep. There was not another landmark to go by between us and the Milk River in Montana and no living thing could survive that long in such a storm.

Forest and grazing land near Cypress Hills, Saskatchewan.

Saskatchewan Government Photo



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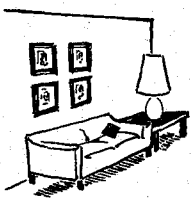

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We decided to stay with the cattle another half hour and if nothing showed up to guide us, we would leave them to their fate and make a desperate effort to save ourselves. As we ended our talk we looked at each other with a deep feeling unspoken; each one us of knew that our chances were mighty slim at the best. Not one of us had any idea where we were.

The Good Lord must have been riding with us again that day for finally we hit the hard sleigh road! We knew that the cattle would follow with no help from us, so we went on ahead to get out of the biting cold. Safe in Mr. Nelson's house around a roaring fire, we all agreed that we were as near death that day as any of us cared to be.

The following morning there was a good stiff breeze blowing from the northwest and it was thirty-five below zero, but the sky was clear. Our cattle were all in off the trail, but they resembled walking icicles. There were from three to four inches of ice frozen on them and they actually squeaked when they walked, but they were on hay now and safe at last.

Fred and I were worried about things at home and we knew that they would be even more worried about us, so we decided to head back. It was about twenty miles across country with practically no shelter and we had not gone far before we were beating our hands and walking to keep from freezing. By the time we reached Garrison's we were very near exhaustion.

We found things in pretty bad shape at Garrison's. The calves had gone out to try to graze a little in the warm of that first day. We found thirty-five head in a fence corner, piled up and frozen to death. This was just one bunch; there were others scattered over a wide area. Garrison lost half of his calves in that one storm.

The following day I rode for home and, if anything, it was colder that day than the day before. I would walk until I gave out or until my lungs began to burn and then I would ride until I started to freeze again. This entire trip was the worst I ever made in a full lifetime on the range.

All through March the terrible winter hammered at us, without one single let-up. One blizzard after another hit, and in all my life I have never seen any winter that would come close to being its equal.

On April 1, Esther and I took a grain-fed team and made the twenty-mile trip to Maple Creek. The trip was not an easy one, especially for Esther. Plowing through the huge drifts, it seemed to take forever to get anywhere. From Maple Creek, we took the train to Great Falls, Montana, where our oldest boy, Wayne, was born April 13, 1907.

We arrived back in Maple Creek on May 8. Winter had just started to break up and the water was starting to run. As we drove along the ridges we could see that the creeks were still full of snow. The drifts were completely over the brush and trees and it made the country look oddly level.

Thus ended the hardest winter that has ever been known in the livestock business in the prairie country of which I write. There has never been another, to my knowledge, that could even compare with this one and I remember eighty of them. I hope I never have to see another like it. Ninety-five percent of the northern cattlemen were broke by spring. Yes, this was the king of them all. The late spring was what finally dropped the axe on these cattlemen.

Many of the large cattle outfits had plenty of hay but after winter once hit, they could not get the hay to the cattle or the cattle to the hay. There were dead cattle everywhere. One old-timer tells of so many cattle drifting into Milk River and dying there that their bodies dammed the river in the spring. It was a terrible sight. Lifelong dreams were wiped out in a matter of months.

The big outfits were hurt the worst.

The Smith and Mussett Cattle Co. shipped in 3,200 head of Manitoba dogies in the fall of 1906 and put them on their ranch north of the Saskatchewan River, directly north of Maple Creek. In the spring they had about 250 left. Other large outfits such as the Seventy Six, Circle Diamond, T Down, the V and many others were nearly out of business but managed to build back up again. Never-

Saskatchewan Government Photo

The lake at Cypress Hills Provincial Park.

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This magazine is like a fiddle—it definitely gets more valuable with age. If we only had a good supply of those first issues!

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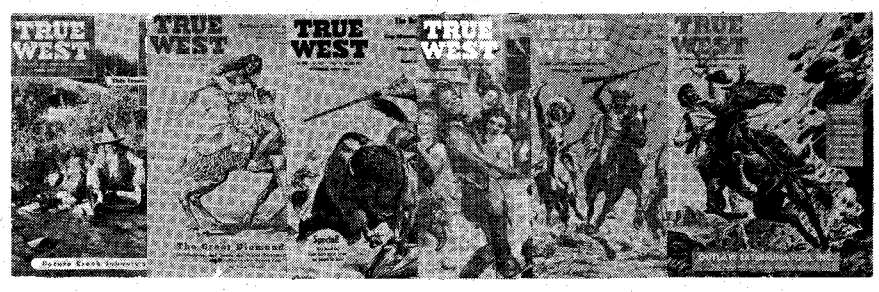
It appears as though you readers have finally caught on that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are the same magazine, just issued under different titles to keep them on the newsstands longer. Suddenly everybody made a wild rush to buy FT #13—so many were sold we have only a few left, and have had to raise the price on it to $1 in order to have enough to supply those of you who weren't able to get it and want to have it to complete your bound collections.



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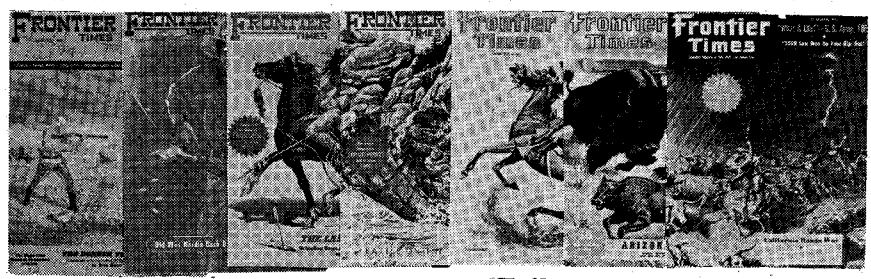

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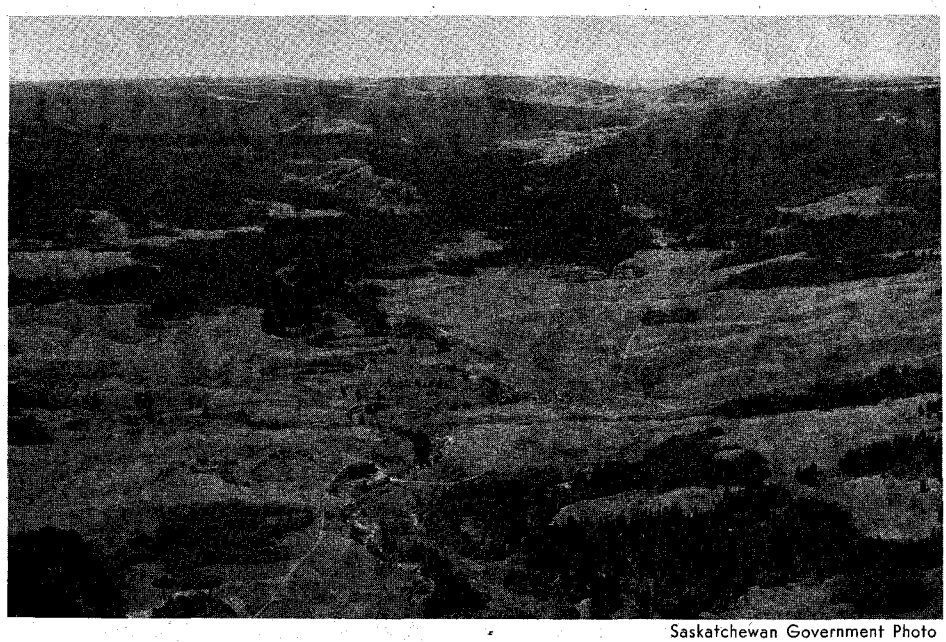

Saskatchewan Government Photo

Battle Creek Valley in Saskatchewan's Cypress Hills area.

theless, this was the beginning of the end for the large cattle kingdoms and many, many small cattlemen were completely wiped out. I came through the winter better than most as I was running mostly dry stuff.

The huge Turkey Track outfit turned loose 15,000 head of cattle, mostly mixed steers, that fall. They were ranging on the Neville Divide between Swift Current, Saskatchewan, and the White Mud River. In the spring there were not enough cattle left to run a wagon. I remember well the next summer, talking to the manager of the Turkey Track, Tony Day, in a hotel lobby in Medicine Hat, Alberta. Turning to some farmers who were present, Tony, with a hint of moisture in his eyes said resignedly, "You fellows of your profession have chased me from the lands of Old Mexico north across the Canadian border, and now you can have it all."

These words of utter defeat from a great man have lingered in my memory a long time. They were typical of many great cattlemen that spring, who could see the end of their huge cattle empires.

Chained to a Stump!

(Continued from page 11)

jagged street of Murray to find a place to imprison Mike till sunup. He had no success.

Finally Guthrie did the only thing he could think of. He got a fifteen-foot logging chain and some heavy staples and hammered this to a stump at the edge of town. Then he handcuffed the chain to Mike's wrist.

Mike wasn't a man to scare easily but he didn't like the looks of this. "You goin' to leave me out here all night? Those wolves'll come and lynch me!"

Guthrie snorted, "They wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole—so rest easy. You ain't even fit to be hung!" He went back to camp and brought out blankets, grub and water. "That'll take care of you till morning. I'll be back at daybreak. Judge Buck'll hear you first thing."

At dawn the sheriff roused and went on out to the edge of the timber. But Mike had disappeared! He urged his horse over to a new hole scarred in the earth. Mike, the stump and the chain were gone!

A confederate? That was hardly likely. And if there'd been a lynching, Guthrie would have heard of it soon enough. Those things never stayed quiet.

Back in town everything was quiet. The saloon and store were still closed. But smoke was coming out of the stack over the big cookhouse where most of the miners ate. Soon it would be filled with teeming men, gulping breakfast before starting the day's work. Guthrie rode on past, thinking hard.

He was embarrassed. He was short a prisoner, and wasn't certain how he was going to explain it.

As the town woke up, the shouting and milling along the street as the trek started for the diggings, announced another day in camp.

Guthrie went back to his office. Breakfast could wait. He had to figure how to face the citizenry with the news of his failure and no explanation seemed adequate.

Mealy, the blacksmith, came running up. He was a runty, beefy man with black hair on his thick biceps. His grubby beard jutted out while he croaked, "There's a stump in my shop! A stump, by damn!"

Guthrie ran with him back to the blacksmith's shop. There by the anvil was the scraggy-rooted stump and its length of log chain. He stood, legs spread, and surveyed the evidence of Mike's escape.

"It's what I chained Mike to," Guthrie said. "But how did it get here?"

Mealy's little eyes stared up. "He carried it, maybe?"

Guthrie stared back. A beast of a man with a superhuman strength, Mike had ripped the stump free and carried it to the blacksmith's anvil. "That stump must have been loosened in those last rains we had," the sheriff said. " I can't figure it otherwise!"

Mealy tested the chain speculatively. "Good riddance!"

Guthrie looked back down the street. Men were filing up the canyon, climbing the walls to their diggings, concerned with their private affairs. He remembered that he had a couple of prisoners to take care of. He went back down to the cookhouse to get breakfast for them.

Two days later a miner came riding up the trail into camp. He hurried up to the sheriff. "You lose a pair of handcuffs?"

"Well—" He eyed the miner sternly. When Mike had walked away he still had handcuffs around his wrists as far as anyone knew. They hadn't been found in the blacksmith shop with the stump and chain. "What did you find?"

The miner spat into the dirt at his feet. "There's a corpse attached to them. Biggest man I ever saw! Only he ain't much of a man now."

"Take me to him," Sheriff Guthrie said.

An hour out of camp they came upon the bloody hulk that once had been Mike McComber.

Guthrie winced. He got down and looked the scene over carefully. The handcuffs were still around the thick wrists and a short length of chain dangled. The body, torn and gouged, told of a horrible struggle.

The miner leaned over his pommel. "You think it was a bear?"

"Grizzly, probably."

"Looks like he lived awhile after it happened."

"Maybe half a day—the way he was crawling."

"He your prisoner?" the miner asked, not looking at the corpse.

"He freed himself. He was scared of being lynched."

"Looks like he got something worse," the miner observed.

Guthrie took the spade he'd brought along and went off the trail to start digging. Mike had been a match for a stump but not for a giant grizzly. A severe justice had been meted out.

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THIS IS NOT JUST A SOUTHWEST MAGAZINE! Interest in the Old West knows no geographical boundaries, yet two-thirds of the manuscripts we receive are about people and happenings in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona—especially Texas. Isn't anybody interested in writing about other sections of the country? We very seldom receive anything from Washington, Oregon or Alaska, and could use more material on Canada, California and the Plains states. Not just shoot-'em-ups and Indian articles, either—we need articles about cowboys, their horses, ranch and range life, humor, ghost towns, mountain men, lost mines and portraits of the lesser known individuals whose lives went into the shaping of the West. How about it?

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Doomed by a Keg of Nails

(Continued from page 35)

lawyers out of private funds which they had laid by.

Beale did not trust the lawyers and in order to insure their best efforts, intimated that there was another $30,000 hidden, part of which the lawyers could have if they succeeded in getting them free.

THE men were brought to court on March 21, 1865. The trial lasted for several days. Interest was so intense, and so many people wished to attend, that the proceedings were moved to the theater, but even it would not hold the crowd. Many were forced to stay outside and be content with whatever news could be relayed to them.

The testimony of the Negro boy was excluded on the grounds that he could not comprehend the nature of an oath. However, his story as he had told it to David Delaney was substantiated by other means, even to the bullet hole in the dead man's forehead. The smashed door,

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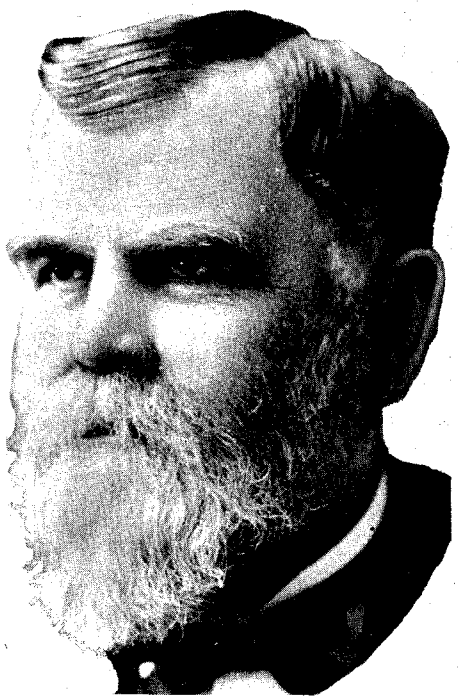

Governor Addison Crandall Gibbs

the axe and the log used to batter it down, the evidence of upset furniture and emptied trunk bore out the boy's story.

The fact that each man had called the other George had confused the boy for a time, but he soon figured out that both of their first names were the same. He caused some amusement before the trial because when someone asked him if it were his first time in Salem, he replied, "No sir, it's the last time."

The sheriff had not relied on the boy's testimony alone and had traced the movements of the men shortly after they had been arrested. This he had been able to do with the assistance of an expert tracker, aided by the fact that the shoe of Baker's horse left a peculiar mark. A hatband was found at the watering trough where the men had blacked their faces with charred fir bark, and Beale's hat showed a clean place where a hatband had been.

Witnesses were found to testify that they had seen the two men with their faces still showing evidence that they had been blackened.

Whether or not the lawyers were influenced by the prospect of further reward, they seem to have done their best for the two men. Logan, whose eloquence was praised by the *Oregonian,* spoke for four hours attempting to prove the men of good character and the evidence inconclusive.

A former mistress of Beale's seems to have disposed of his character in a devastating way, testifying among other things that Beale had bragged that he was going to get Delaney's money.

Judge Boise in his instructions to the jury spoke highly of the value of circumstantial evidence and stated that he had never known of anyone being wrongly convicted by it. Read today, it seems to imply that he thought the pair guilty. However that may have been, the jury voted for conviction and the men were sentenced to hang on May 17.

Before they were hanged they confessed to the killing and substantiated most of the evidence given at the trial. The confession included the story about their lawyers' having found the money. They made affidavits to this effect and these became the grounds for a suit by William Delaney against Logan, Caton and Curl for $1,901 which he claimed belonged to the Delaney estate.

The lawyers claimed that the affidavits were worthless and had been made in the hope of obtaining mercy. Court records show that the case was finally dismissed.

MAY 17 seems to have been a holiday in Salem. It is not certain that the schools were dismissed but it is known that many school children attended the hanging and brought their lunches.

The prisoners, who had expressed themselves as repentant and willing to die, did so with very bad grace. Beale managed to spit on William Delaney as he was led to the scaffold.

After the men were pronounced dead, the problem arose as to what to do with the bodies. No cemetery warden would accept them. Finally a man named Daniel Waldo, who said that since he made no pretense of being a Christian, he would give the men a decent burial.

He loaded the corpses into a lumber wagon and drove them to his farm among the hills which now bear his name and buried them on a little knoll. He built a fence of palings around the grave, palings that have long since rotted away.

That part of the story ended, but as the *Oregonian* predicted, the mystery of what became of the rest of the Delaney gold remains to this day.

At the trial, David Delaney testified that $24,000 had been found in the granary and some in another place. If the original estimate were correct or nearly so, there should have been about $45,000 left.

It was generally believed that the remainder was inclosed in a yew casket box which Delaney had a cabinet maker build for him. Yew wood is highly resistant to rot and people believed that the box had been buried since it could not be found about the place. From that time until now even most of the descendants of people then living have died or moved away, but the search for the gold continues intermittently.

People have dug on the farm, under the house, in the chimney and various other places. They have used dowsing

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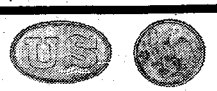

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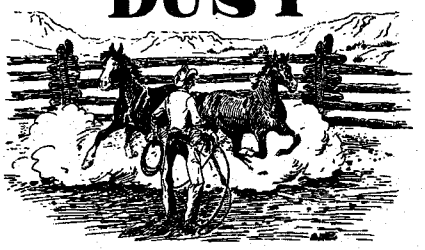

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sticks, divining rods, electronic instruments and the advice of people who claim clairvoyance, but if anyone found any gold he was able to conceal the fact.

Arthur Edwards, who owned the farm before his son who is presently on the place took over, tells of a man who came to him asking permission to dig and offering Edwards one-half of what he might find. He said that he had seen in a dream the place where the gold was buried. Edwards gave his permission and the man went away to get a shovel. He never came back.

The house has been kept in good repair and is still lived in. However, under the top layer of flooring on the back porch is the stain of Delaney's blood which the next tenants could not erase. Every effort to do so only seemed to make the stain more ineradicable. In the end they simply put another floor over it.

The house stands, the two men who were hanged are forgotten by all save historians, but the legend of the yew wood box buried somewhere on the farm lives on. The casual stroller keeps his eye open for anything that seems unusual and frequently prods the ground with his stick.

Saddling Up the Truth

(Continued from page 3)

from Radio/Television, The University of Texas, Austin, Texas. The only charge to Texas stations is round-trip postage on the tapes.

Folks outside Texas who want to hear *THE AMERICAN COWBOY,* should ask their stations to write for information to National Association of Educational Broadcasters, 119 Gregory Hall, Urbana, Illinois.

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Get on the ball, folks! Call your local radio station and put the heat on! This is the first chance we have had to *prove* that a factual Western Americana program would be popular—so let's make the most of it!

WE are being asked from all over how the Bigger and Better TRUE WEST is going over. Some people write in saying don't bother to tell them—*they know!* Well sir, some people may frame this part of my editorial. They said old Joe just couldn't write an editorial that didn't cry a little! Well, we started a magazine on the truth and that's what I have been telling all along. Actually, I think it is the only thing that pulled us through. The art of admitting you are little and need help, *if your cause is worthy and the people want it,* seems to have been lost in American appeal to the public today. Everything you hear is big, splendiferous, the very best—just nothing can touch their products. You hear so much of it I think it is sort of like a lone cow bellowing in a herd of 3,000 on the trail—it just sort of mixes in with the other bellows and you don't pay must attention to it!

We started out in a dog-eat-dog, cut-throat type of business like a tender lamb walking into a wolf's den! We didn't have enough money to buy cheese and crackers for an overnight cat-fishing trip! We got so far in debt we either had to wear holes in our drawers or go back to flour-sacking!

So, I just told the people what a mess we had gotten ourselves in and how rough it was trying to make ends meet and if there was a plague-goned thing to the rubbish we were putting out, to stand by us and help while there was a chance to help—and if that was crying, it was sure coming from deep within the heart! We made a lot of mistakes and we really had to get down and dig at those facts since we were unable to pay high-priced research people to see that *every little word* turned out right. We started in to cut down a sprout and found that it had turned into a giant redwood overnight! All along, our topmost interest (other than eating a time or two a day!) has been in doing exactly what we started out to do—publish an *authentic* magazine on the Old West, and my friends, that has been quite a job.

However, things are sure looking up. We've got some of the best research people in the country helping us out now and the finances are better and the bird that flew over my upturned face yesterday actually chirped cheerfully instead of—well, things are just looking up all around!

THE response to our September-October issue is tremendous! Now we've got the job of staying up with it on quality and appearance! Also, we've got to make FRONTIER TIMES bi-monthly sometime next year, make it bigger and bring up all the improvements in it that we have made in TRUE WEST. We are keeping it at 25c per copy until we do this. That doesn't mean that it isn't just as good at 25c as TRUE WEST is at 35c so don't you guys go letting down on newsstand purchases! If FRONTIER TIMES keeps building like it is now, we *can* afford to take the steps I mentioned above and then we'll have two magazines I don't think you'll have to be ashamed of anywhere and they will *effect* monthly publication—one one month, the other the next. We can then offer them at one subscription price so you won't have to subscribe for both magazines separately—it will be just like the same magazine, coming out monthly, but having different titles.

I'm getting too long-winded again. Oh yes, people have been writing in about not throwing TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES away but passing them on to veterans' hospitals, your regular hospital, old people's homes and even leaving them in your doctor's office, barber shop or at some place where they'll be picked up and read instead of just plain dying in the wastepaper basket. This is directed at you who do not keep your magazines. Those who have kept them for some time find that they have a pretty valuable item. One gent wrote in and said that we were stretching the truth relative to how valuable FRONTIER TIMES would be in the future (when our supply of the first few issues plays out—which is happening rapidly) and I merely direct him to the "Books and Magazines" department of the TRUE WEST classified advertising to see what he would have to pay for back copies of TRUE WEST from number 1 to even as late as number 20. FRONTIER TIMES will be the same when our supply starts playing out.

For you who are buying this magazine to read features other than my brilliant and inspiring editorials, I'll sign off (I've always been a wordy old Skunk-Stomper).—Joe

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Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 41)

"Listen, my friend. To show this intelligent horse that you understand him and to win his gratitude, remove the saddle and blanket at once and then with handfuls of dry grass rub the caked mud and sweat from his skin. Later, when we arrive in camp, we shall bathe him and he can rest refreshed."

The cow-buyer followed Miguel's advice. The next morning Don Miguel mounted Alacran and followed by the cow-buyer, rode to the spot where the runaway horse had left the road. The horse now seemed disinclined to follow his old tracks, but Don Miguel knew that he, like many other range horses, was expert at trailing himself. As he was gently made to understand what was desired, he began to step in the very tracks he had made two nights and one day preceding.

"Watch for wallowing places," cautioned Don Miguel.

For hours, going at a walk, the trailers traveled. Frequently Alacran put his nose to the well-turfed ground to smell. About midday the men came to a spot where

"If that's the way you feel, I'll take my business elsewhere."

the runaway had drunk from a waterhole and then wallowed energetically. Pesos were shining in the sand. By sundown most of the missing money had been recovered from a half dozen or so wallowing places. Then Alacran forsook the trail he had so patiently followed and made for camp. He had done his duty. It was unsaddling time.

That night the cow-buyer, whose education in the management of an intelligent horse had been very much advanced, insisted on Don Miguel's accepting a considerable amount of the recovered money. When he rode off the next morning, he was more than the owner and admirer of Alacran; he was his understanding friend and partner.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH

By Harold L. Johnston

I was just a small boy when my Uncle Robert came back to Illinois for a visit. He had spent his lifetime in the West, and used to regale me with stories about his adventures.

One that I remember most vividly concerned a fight between a grizzly and a bull. As Uncle Robert told it . . . .

"I had to make a trip from Stockton, California, to San Jose, a distance of about eighty miles. I started on horseback about three hours before daylight, knowing it would be late the following morning before I would arrive.

"As soon as the sun came up I saw that a storm was in the making. By noon, when I stopped to cook something to eat and let my horse graze, the clouds had built up and the air was silent with that awful stillness that precedes a storm. I had tied my horse with a long lariat to a peg which I'd driven into the ground, giving him room to graze but keeping him from running away.

"Suddenly the rain came, and with it thunder and lightning and a wind that soon turned into a gale. I huddled beneath a tree, my blankets pulled up over me, to keep as dry as I could.

"The downpour lasted two hours, then stopped as suddenly as it had begun. But, somehow, my horse had managed to pull the picket pin and apparently had decided to head back to Stockton.

"There was only one thing to do and that was to try and catch up with him. I started trying to trail him. This was a hard job as the rain had washed out most of his tracks. I was so busy trying to read the signs that I didn't notice what was going on around me. First thing I knew I was facing a large herd of wild cattle led by a great fierce bull who was bellowing and throwing dirt over his back.

"The bull was already starting the herd in my direction and it was coming fast. I looked around for a tree. There was one about a thousand feet behind me. I never was much at running but I made that distance in nothing flat and went up the tree like a squirrel. I didn't have a second to spare. The bull stood looking at me. His eyes were red with anger and he bellowed and pawed the earth as if daring me to come on down and fight.

"I figured that he would go away after a little while, and I was right. I was just getting ready to come down from my perch when there arose a fearful uproar. I knew that the lord of the herd had run into trouble.

"From the brush came a hoarse bellowing and growling. There was a crashing of bushes and the tall saplings were swaying to and fro; I knew there was a terrific battle going on and I had a limbside seat. The only trouble was that I couldn't see the contestants. But I was soon to find out.

"The bull backed out from the brush. He had a bloody head and there were deep furrows scratched on his shoulders. Whatever he was fighting would soon find out that he wasn't backing away from the fight, but was trying to lead his enemy into the open so he could lunge and use his sharp horns. The bull was a massive brute. I didn't have long to wait to see what was fighting him. Out from the brush came a great grizzly bear. No sooner was the bear in the open than the bull lowered his head and charged straight at him.

"The bear, on his hind legs, caught the bull by the horns and shoved his head into the dirt and weeds. He then started clawing with his hind legs on sides and shoulders. It looked like an even match. They were about the same weight, but the bull was quicker in his movements. They were locked together for a few moments, the bear using tooth and claw. The bull was trying to get away for another charge; the bear was holding on and never stopping that terrible raking and biting.

(Continued on next page)

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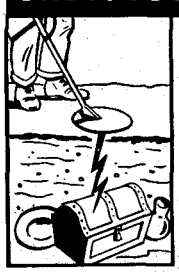

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"They seemed to pause for breath, giving the bull a chance to get clear. He was a horrible sight to see. His ears were in shreds and he was covered with blood. As soon as the bull gained space, he charged again. This time one horn ripped the bear's belly. They rolled together on the ground into another deadly struggle and again the bull fought free, but now he was in a horrible condition. He had lost an eye and the bear had bitten off part of his tongue. But still he wouldn't give up. Time after time he gored the grizzly. When he knew that the bear was dead he tried to bellow his triumph but as he did so his legs trembled, then spread far apart and with a rattling groan he fell to the ground and lay still.

"Needless to say, I gave both the combatants a wide berth when I finally climbed down from my perch. Never before or since, have I witnessed such a terrible battle. Half-expecting a huge grizzly to leap out from behind every bush I passed, I continued trailing my horse and found him after a couple of miles.

"I felt better when I was safely mounted again and on my way to San Jose. I had walked right past that grizzly without even knowing it."

MYSTERY OF COLOSSAL CAVE

By Nina Johnson

ONE of the few unsolved crimes of frontier history is a train robbery that took place in the 1880's. Four men successfully got away with $65,000 in gold coins.

The crime was very carefully planned. The robbers were waiting for the train when it made its regular stop for water at Vail, Arizona. They entered the express car, overpowered the guard and escaped on horses, with the bags of gold coins from the Wells, Fargo strongbox.

The sheriff took up the chase at once with a quickly-formed posse. He trailed the four riders to Colossal Cave in the nearby mountains, where the outlaws left their horses and carried their loot inside.

Placing his men in position to guard the entrance to the cave, the sheriff planned to wait until hunger and thirst forced the fugitives to leave their hiding place.

After several days of fruitless waiting, the determined sheriff sent a man to town for supplies and for any messages his office may have received during his absence.

At the corner saloon, the messenger found four strange gunmen drinking and gambling with gold coins. He quickly returned to the posse and told the law officer what he had seen.

A search of the cave failed to turn up the fugitives who had escaped through a little known back entrance and left their horses tied out front.

The posse found the four suspected men at the saloon and a gun fight followed during which all but one were killed. The one who came through it unharmed was Phil Carver, who denied any knowledge of the robbery. However, the jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to twenty-eight years in the Yuma Prison.

Wells, Fargo agents searched the cave for the missing $65,000 but found nothing.

Having finally served eighteen years of his sentence, Carver was released. The story persists that after a few days he managed to slip away with three burros and visit the cave. But he was not there when the sheriff rode to the scene. All he found were several empty money sacks.

How authentic the tale of Carver's return to the cave is, no one can say. But the mystery persists after eighty years, nevertheless. Some believe the money is still in the cave.

ABOUT THE LETTER ON PAGE 30: J. H. Smith, the noted artist, was born in 1861 in Pleasant Valley, Illinois. As a boy he broke Western horses before he ever traveled beyond the Mississippi. When he was eighteen he found his way to Leadville, Colorado, where the silver mining boom was under way. In 1889 he was assigned to the Northwest by LESLIE'S WEEKLY to paint all phases of ranch life, Indians and happenings on the frontier in general. His letter in this issue is one of seven still known to exist. We are indebted to Mr. Fred T. Darvill for his cooperation in helping us present another TRUE WEST "first."

MULESKINNER BLUES

By Loren Hancock

WHEN the Easterner got off the train at Laramie, he looked for the baggage depot. Seeing it at the end of the freight station, he began walking for his luggage. While on his way, he passed a muleskinner cursing violently. The old skinner was hitting a mule over the head with a club. The Easterner could not condone this uncivilized act. Walking back to the skinner and seizing his arm, he said, "Please sir, that's only a dumb animal; don't hit him with that club, talk nice to him. I'm sure that you will get much better results that way."

The skinner bellowed back, "I will talk nice to him, but right now I'm trying to get his attention."

The Mad Crusader

(Continued from page 29)

prison at Lansing and decided, as he said, "to drive the thieves from the legislature as Jesus drove the money changers from the temple of the Lord."

One morning, during an unusually dull session, a legislator woke up enough to glance up to the gallery—and dive for a haven under his desk. Boston Corbett was standing at the railing of the gallery with his pet Navy Colt in hand, apparently about to fire on two of the other doorkeepers.

Space under desks was at an all time premium; the exits were jammed in a mad rush to escape. The chief-sergeant-at-arms sent an assistant into the gallery to try to persuade this madman to put away his artillery. When Boston turned and trained his gun on this party, he broke all records for high jumps. The sergeant-at-arms was ordered by the Speaker to disarm Corbett. He slowly climbed the stairs, speaking soothingly to Corbett. He beat an inglorious retreat as Boston aimed at his Adam's apple.

At the time, there were several men on the police force and in the sheriff's office who had what it takes. They formed a group at the foot of the stairs. A speaker for the group called to Corbett telling him they were coming up—and

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shooting. Corbett surrendered and was lodged in the county jail. He was tried for insanity with county attorney Charles Curtis as prosecutor (Curtis was later U.S. Senator and Vice President), and was sent to the state insane asylum, just a few miles from the state house.

JUST before Boston Corbett pulled his stunt in the legislature, he came to father's office and left a 128-page booklet printed in Philadelphia. It contained a description of the details of Lincoln's assassination and Booth's slaying and was illustrated with woodcuts. It even described in considerable detail the exploits of Corbett as he helped corner and shoot Booth. Corbett had purchased the book in Washington in 1865 and had brought it to Kansas when he came to homestead his claim.

Corbett also left a soldier's land grant to a quarter section of land within a few miles of Lawrence. He was thinking of buying this tract and wanted father to examine the title. The grant was signed by President James Buchanan in 1860.

Colonel George Veale and I were among those present when Corbett related his version of his slaying of Booth.

"You can't be too careful who you pick up these days."

I record it in his words, since they, more accurately than any description, show how much a fanatic he was:

"I am a descendant of one of Cromwell's soldiers. Cromwell's soldiers were without fear because they knew that God marched with them. They broke up and dispersed the finest trained troops in Europe. They went into battle chanting the Psalms of David. I was converted in Boston and assumed the name Boston. When the Civil War broke out I enlisted. The Almighty told me that I must start a crusade to save the souls of all the soldiers in my regiment.

"I started a sort of camp meeting where we held religious services every minute that we had away from our military duties."

Colonel Veale interrupted to ask about the incident which led to Corbett's capture by the Confederates and his sojourn in Andersonville prison.

Said Corbett, "I was sent out on a scouting party to get information about Mosby's command. We were completely surrounded by Mosby's soldiers and everyone surrendered except me. I hid in a dry well, taking with me three rifles and a quantity of ammunition. I held off the Rebs until my ammunition was gone. I just sat there and ate some hardtack. They found me and took me prisoner. I was sent to that hell hole Andersonville and kept there like a wild beast for ten months.

"I tried to hold prayer meeting there but they said I made too much noise and confusion. After my release I returned to Washington and was there when Lincoln was shot. I was detailed to go with others and find Booth. We had orders to take him alive. We finally cornered him in a barn at the Garrett farm in Maryland. He refused to surrender and we fired the barn.

"Booth's companion, David Herold, surrendered but Booth held out until the heat and smoke almost overpowered him. I walked close to a crack in the door and saw Booth staggering toward me. He was using a piece of wood as a crutch and his leg was dragging. I was afraid he might escape so I stuck my gun through the crack and shot him.

"I jerked the door open and he staggered out and fell, face down at my feet. I saw that my bullet has struck him about an inch behind his ear, the exact spot where his bullet had struck President Lincoln. I called out, 'What a God we have! He told me to avenge Lincoln.'"

Colonel Veale asked, "Were you not court martialed for your disobedience to orders to take Booth alive?"

"Yes," replied Corbett, "I was court martialed and found guilty. I was not punished. I was told that the Secretary of War intervened on my behalf."

ONE day while taking a regularly-scheduled stroll with about 100 other patients in the custody of an attendant, Corbett broke away and escaped on the horse of a man who was visiting the asylum office. The horse was discovered two days later in Neodesha. According to Judge George A. Huron, Corbett spent two days there with an old army friend, Richard Thatcher. But I have my doubts.

No one knows for certain what happened to Corbett after that; he simply disappeared. One story is that he lived in Enid, Oklahoma, for some time and died there many years after his flight. Others have come up with reports, none of them verifiable, that he was seen here and there, hither and yon, in various states. But I have reason to believe the answer lies less than two miles from the Kansas state insane asylum at Topeka.

For weeks after his disappearance, the search for Corbett continued without the least clue. People reported Corbett had been seen in the Strip, others claimed he was in Texas, in Colorado, and even as far away as Tucson, Arizona. Finally the search was called off.

An employee of the Santa Fe Railroad, a man named Barrows, was fishing near the junction of the road leading away from the asylum and the side road bordering the river. He was pulling in his trot-lines when he noticed a man—unquestionably Boston Corbett—approaching the river. Barrows was having a time landing a whopper of a catfish and, simultaneously, his boat ran onto a sandbar.

He only saw the man distinctly for one moment before his own problems commanded his complete attention. When he looked around again, the stranger had disappeared. There was no place near where he could have hidden and he could not have walked or run far enough to be out of Barrows' sight so soon. There is but one answer: Boston Corbett was caught in quicksand and was gone in minutes.

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AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalogue on request from Canyon Records, 834 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix 2, Arizona.

Robbers' Cave

(Continued from page 37)

of capturing the persons inhabiting the cave.

As a rule the chiefs and tribal councils were as eager as the white men to drive out the renegades, for they preyed on reds as well as whites; however, memories of the post-war treatment of those who fought for the South in the Civil War were still painfully fresh and the councils wanted no more than four lawmen prowling about their territory at one time.

Parker decided to fall back on persuasion while he marked time and tried to get help from the Indian agents and commissioners in persuading the chiefs to allow ten or more deputies to cross the property lines and arrest the white outlaws.

Henry Starr, who reputedly used Robbers' Cave to evade the law.

Oklahoma Historical Society

One other stumbling block for the deputies was the general attitude of the Indians living along the creeks and rivers near the cave. Many of them had fought for the South with Stand Watie and other Indian generals. As a result they had felt the wrath of their people who had fought for the Union when peace came again.

So strongly did most of them feel about past injustices that they would simply turn their backs and walk away when questioned by a deputy. At times the sight of Parker's distinctive badge was enough to bring an angry order to get out. In addition, many of the Indians were friends or relatives of the outlaws and warned them when Parker's men came around.

Still another factor that tended to stump the deputies was the constant fear of reprisal by the outlaws or their friends. With feeling so high and tempers so uncertain, residents feared a visit by the outlaws if they were seen talking to a Parker man. There are cases on record where merely giving a deputy or his horse a drink of water or information about roads was enough to bring about a midnight visit from savage gang members.

"THERE'S only one way to end this menace to civilization," Judge Issac Charles Parker told U.S. Marshal Yoes. "Get a man into the cave who can find its secret passageways and outlets. Then our deputies will know what they're about when they go there in numbers. As things stand, we'd lose half our forces and the outlaws would still be safe enough."

Deputy Heck Bruner drew the assignment because of past performances. He had taken several outlaw gangs in his stride and if any man could get into Robbers' Cave, he would, Yoes told the judge.

This was the way matters stood when Heck Bruner was sent off on his secret mission. Only Marshal Yoes knew where he was going.

By moving at night and keeping to back trails, Bruner managed to get to the cave undetected. Leaving his horse in the stone corral and blocking up the single opening with brush, he set up camp in the empty cave and began his explorations. He began his search at a small opening he found under the rock outcropping a few feet downhill from the cave, but immediately dismissed it as a possible entrance to the secret underground route. It was no more than a hole, about four feet deep, with no connecting tunnels to any other part of the cave.

He spent that day and the next investigating endless blind alleys and niches, some only a foot or two deep and others leading back into the hill for some distance before ending abruptly against solid rock.

When he cooked and ate supper the second day, he knew almost every inch of the maze that had confounded other officers for so long, but he had not found the secret route. Time was running short and he had no way of knowing when a gang would gather at the cave. He slept with his rifle close to him.

The next morning, frustrated but unwilling to quit, he decided that the area he had first explored might contain the

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upper end of a tunnel that would lead somewhere. While probing about for the opening, he slipped and went hurtling through a concealed opening, sliding and rolling until he landed thirty feet below. Startled and shaken, he sat up to take stock of his condition. Aside from skin missing from knuckles, elbows and knees, he was uninjured. He had landed in a bed of soft moist sand, and the moment he put out his hand to try to get an idea of what sort of hole he was in, his hand touched wood and metal.

In pitch darkness, Bruner had to depend on his sense of touch. When he was finally certain of what he held in his hands, he forgot his bruises; he held a bucket such as people used to lower perishables into a well or spring! He was sitting in the outlaw's own natural refrigerator, which they used to keep their provisions cold. By carefully following the twists and turns of the passage he had just discovered, Heck easily found his way out of the cave by the same secret trail the outlaws had used as an escape route.

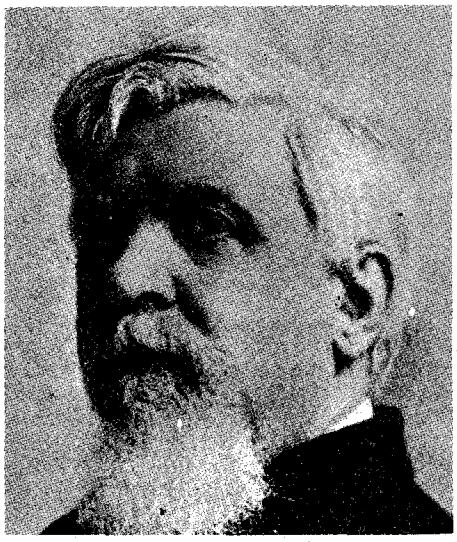
WHEN Heck rode away that night, he had not only the entrance to the all important secret route well marked but the exits as well. He considered a few bruises and some lost skin a fair price to pay for such important information.

When the expedition was finally approved, the result was far different than the skeptical deputies expected. They moved in on the hill at Bruner's order, took the stations assigned to them and waited while Bruner stood in the middle of the path leading up to the cave and called to the outlaws to surrender. There was the usual climbing scrambling chase with only Heck and two partners taking part. As always, the outlaws vanished one by one. But this time the deputies knew their ground well enough to press the outlaws hard and drive them into the secret passage in a hurry. As the trapped men emerged, outraged at such unsportsmanlike conduct, they were arrested and handcuffed. This time the deputies, not the outlaws, were grinning and jeering.

The hidden route was a secret no longer, and lawmen were careful to spread the news. Most of the attraction of the cave died out, although it was used several times after that when someone found it necessary to drop out of sight for a while. The last outlaws known to have used it were Henry Starr and more recently, Machine Gun Kelly.

The cave is now a part of Oklahoma's system of State Parks and perfectly safe from flying bullets. One can scramble over the same rocks and paths and passages used by the Daltons, the Doolins, the Youngers, the Jameses and the indomitable Belle Starr.

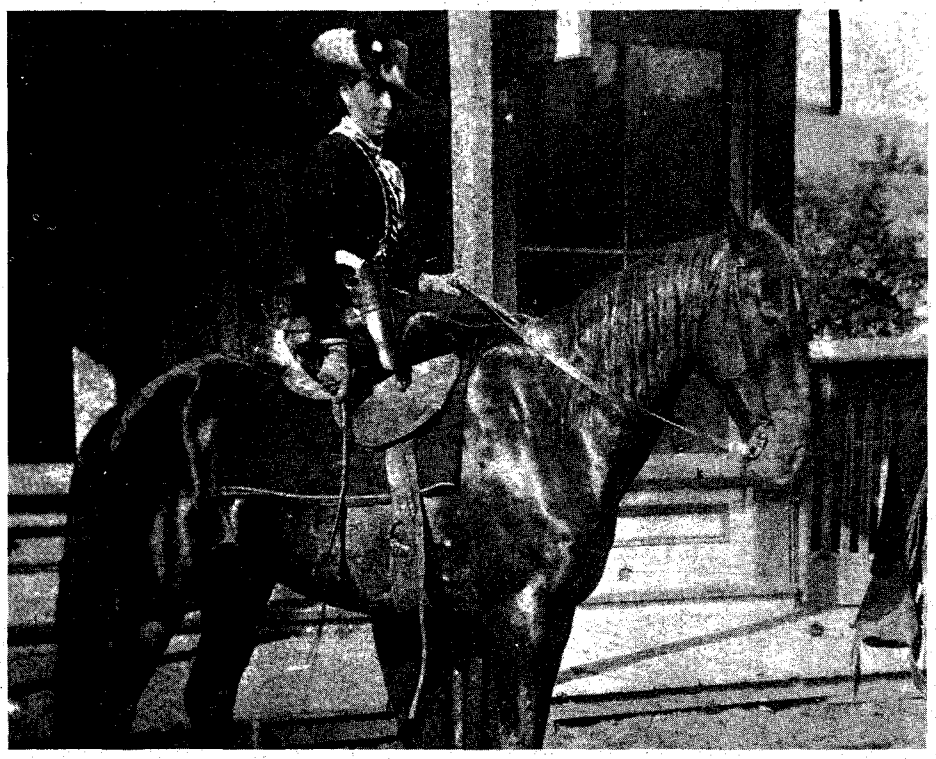
Oklahoma Historical Society



Judge Charles Isaac Parker

Belle Starr, another of the cave's frequent visitors.

Oklahoma Historical Society



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Miscellaneous

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

6,000 Miles of Fence (University of Texas Press, $4.50) is by Cordia Sloan Duke, wife of the last manager of the XIT Ranch with some writing and much editorial help by Joe B. Frantz, of the University's History Department. Mrs. Duke went to the ranch as a bride in 1907 and her diary is the basis for the book. However, this is not her only contribution—she persuaded many of the XIT cowboys to write down their workday memories. Over the years she accumulated much source material. This permitted the arrangement of the book into logical chapters with such titles as "Work," "Herding," "Roundup," "Stampedes," "Rustling" and "Frolicking" and assignment of the appropriate material contributed by the actual participants. J. Evetts Haley wrote a scholarly book on the XIT and Lewis Nordyke, one in a somewhat romantic style. This book in no way duplicates either. It is the story of the life on the ranch as told by the men and women who lived and worked there. As such, it is unusual and worthwhile. Joe Frantz wrote the preface, a brief, biographical sketch of Mrs. Duke, and notes in addition to performing well in his editorial role. The photographs used to illustrate the book are mostly from Mrs. Duke's collection and many have never been published.

The Old Bookaroos are happy to review the latest book by *bueno amigo,* Ramon Adams, *The Oldtime Cowhand* (Macmillan Co., $7.50). Ramon has been collecting the lingo and books on cowboys for half a century and his writings on the subject are among the best in the trade. He has gathered his information from cowboys at roundups, from cattlemen at conventions and at trail drivers' meetings. He has hunted facts from coast to coast and has received scholarships and grants to pursue his work from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Huntington Library and a Blakely Grant.

Adams presents the cowboy as he was —a hard working range man who punched cows for a living. The old-time cowboy had neither the time nor the aptitude for the freakish performances engaged in by TV cowboys for he seldom held up banks, never rode his horse on the dead run for hours at a time, and rarely played the guitar. He never saw nor would he have worn the effeminate duds used by our modern theatrical heroes.

The cowboy led a distinctive life and his lingo was colorful and his trappings unique. Adams is really at home when it comes to describing the cowboy's horse, cattle, clothes, saddle, rope, spurs, bed roll; eating and drinking habits; camp life; attitude toward women and religion; code of ethics; and boss. Also there are forty excellent black and white drawings by cowboy artist, Nick Eggenhofer. This one is a must for all eastern libraries interested in the real thing and it will be completely at home in the collections west of The River.

From Mustanger to Lawyer (privately printed by the author, Lubbock, Texas, $5) is by Max Coleman and the second issue of a book first released in 1952. It is a fictionalized autobiography of an old-timer on the South Plains of Texas. There is a lot about the early day ranches, cowmen, and cowboys and some very good old-time photos. There is a lot of meat in this one but it takes a little gnawing to get at some of it.

Lost Trails of the Cimarron (Sage, $5) by Harry E. Chrisman is a regional history of the ranching and cattle business in the Central Great Plains in the Canadian and Cimarron River watersheds. Dozens of pioneer trails crossed this grassland empire that filled with cattle after the hide men killed off the buffaloes and Indians were held on reservations.

The book is loaded with tales about the chuck line rider who earned his supper and oats for his horse by carrying news from camp to camp; the mavericker who started in business with a short iron and a long rope; the ranchers who wolfed it in dugouts and made their stakes before bringing in their women folk. Horse theft, cow theft, and murder were collateral crimes, each punishable by death at the end of a rope.

Chrisman has straightened the record on Print Olive, long accused of burning the bodies of two cattle rustlers who killed his brother in Nebraska.

There was no jail in Beaver City, Oklahoma but law-breakers were staked under a steer hide until brought to justice. After one time under the rawhide—roughnecks fought shy of Beaver.

People often settled their own scores against offenders as did Pussy Cat Nell, a local madame. Mean Brush Bush caved her face in with the butt end of his pistol. A week later Nell prepared Brushy for his funeral when she fired two loads of buckshot into his neck.

Cowboys who died on the trail were given simple funerals by their pals who knew little about the formalities of burying but were long on sentiment on such occasions. Charley Thompson was trying to hold a herd of nervous cattle in a rainstorm when he was killed by lightning. At his graveside another cowboy said the final words for him and asked God to give Thompson credit for being a good cowboy—one who would stand his guard come hell or high water.

This book has over forty photographs of old-time cowboys and ranch scenes. We recommend it highly.

SALT!

The El Paso Salt War of 1877 (Carl Hertzog and The Texas Western Press, wraps, $2 and cloth, $5) is the first separate printing of a chapter from C. L. Sonnichsen's book, *Ten Texas Feuds* (Albuquerque, 1957). It is a beautifully done job with illustrations by Jose Cisneros and typography by the master designer, Carl Hertzog. Dr. Sonnichsen provided an added foreword for this new printing. The writers of El Paso history, including W. W. Mills and Owen P. White, have all had their say on the salt troubles but this is best documented account of this sad little war. It was highlighted by the duping and surrender of a detachment of Texas Rangers to armed Mexicans from both sides of the Rio Grande—true the Rangers were 30-day "temporaries," recruited locally and poorly led but it took the regular Rangers a spell to live it down. In the Valley, the concensus is still that the greedy Missourian, Howard, got what he deserved but that after he was executed, things got a little out of hand—and they sadly nod.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

Younger Brothers (Naylor, $5.95) by veteran writer Carl Breihan covers the outlaw careers of Cole, James, Bob and John Younger, fleet-footed bandidos who plagued the Middle West before and after the Civil War. Carl describes the wild Missouri foothill borderland—an environment which bred and sprouted men of violence like Quantrill, the James and Younger Brothers.

The Younger modus operandi of bank and train robbing is reviewed and the details of escape, gunplay, capture and incarceration are given expert treatment. Several pages of letters from Cole Younger add interesting information on the Younger tribe and its exploits. In one letter Cole destroys the legend that the James Brothers and Youngers were cousins. He says they were not related.

Henry Plummer, Montana Outlaw Boss (Frontier Book Co., $1.50) was compiled from old newspaper files by Ed Bartholomew. Ed does not know when the news stories were printed but thinks it must have been before the turn of the century. One of the stories gives the details of Plummer's life in Idaho before he went to the Montana diggings. The edition is limited to 500 copies.

BOUNDARY SURVEY

U. S.-Mexican boundary surveyors led a life fraught with danger and hardship. The candid experiences of some United States topographical engineers engaged in a boundary survey are set forth in *The Whipple Report* (Westernlore Press, $5.50) by Lt. A. W. Whipple.

The lieutenant's journal of the expedition from San Diego, California to the Rio Colorado, from September 11 to December 11, 1849, deals with U. S. Government's task of running the new international boundary line in the vicinity of the Gila and Colorado Rivers in accordance with terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Whipple kept an impeccable and interesting diary. Also there's a first rate introduction plus notes and bibliography by editor E. I. Edwards.

The Lost Treasure of Cherry Creek

(Continued from page 15)

down to the creek to wash up and saw them talking. Larkin seemed to be the spokesman, with Bullock listening and now and then shaking his head as though he did not fully agree.

When the two came back to camp, Larkin seemed to be in a hurry to get the pack train on its way.

"What's the hurry?" Gavin said. "We've got two days travel no matter how you figure it."

Larkin did not reply.

(Continued on page 72)

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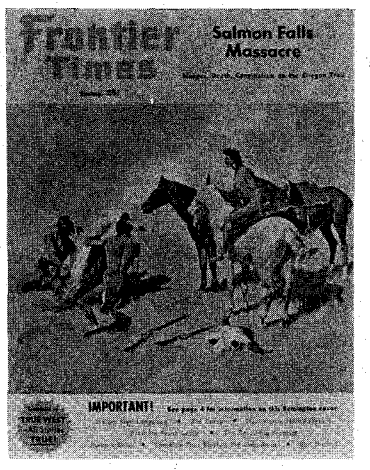

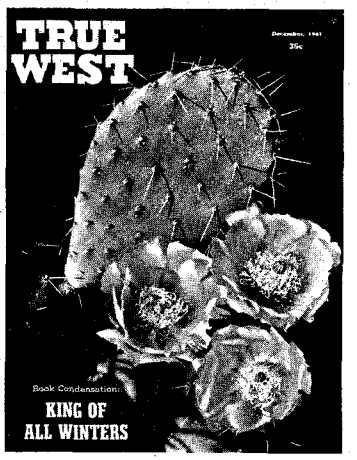

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They were on the headwaters of Cherry Creek, which was still wild country. Down the stream a few miles they would run into the first tents of the gold seekers who were scattered along its banks, many of them Easterners who had expected to get rich overnight. All were disillusioned and some were ready to turn back. Gavin had little hope of finding any of them with gold to sell, but he didn't want to pass up any chances to make a profitable deal.

THEIR train consisted of four pack horses loaded with the gold four-leaf clovers. Gavin nominated Larkin to lead the way. Bullock was to ride behind two of the pack horses and Gavin behind the remaining two. He had thought up this arrangement during breakfast as a precautionary move, just in case his partners planned something.

They had traveled only about a mile when Gavin noticed that Larkin was pushing the two lead pack animals at an unreasonable gait, leaving a wide gap between them and Bullock. He spurred his horse ahead to see why Larkin was in such a hurry, then realized this could be a trap. He was riding right into it, but had already made his move; it was too late to turn back.

"What's the matter up front?" he yelled at Bullock as he rode past him. "Why's Pete in such a hurry?"

Bullock replied with his pistol. The force of the bullet slamming into Gavin's left shoulder knocked him out of the saddle.

A clump of brush broke his fall. When he looked back up the hill, Gavin saw Bullock dismounting. He drew his own gun and when Bullock turned to face him, gun in hand, Gavin fired and Bullock dropped. He died on the spot.

The shooting startled the pack animals and they started plunging along the creek in the wake of those ahead. Gavin's horse, also frightened, leaped across the creek and fled up the opposite bank. It was the last time he was ever to see it.

But he was not stranded. Bullock's horse, an older animal, hardly had moved out of its tracks. Despite his wound, Gavin pulled himself into the saddle.

Looking down the deer trail, he saw Larkin riding back toward the scene of disturbance. Larkin saw Gavin at about the same time and fired twice at him, but the shots went wild.

Returning the fire, Gavin urged his mount forward as Larkin turned to flee. The going was too rough for fast riding, but for a mile or more the two partners, one chasing the other, exchanged shots, pausing long enough to reload when their guns were empty.

In attempting to cross the creek, Larkin's horse stumbled and fell with him. He was thrown clear of the saddle and managed to hold on to his revolver. But the spill enabled Gavin to overtake his antagonist. He dismounted quickly and ducked behind a rock, continuing to fire. Scrambling to shelter, Larkin answered him shot for shot.

At last something happened that gave Gavin the advantage. Two of the pack animals came charging along the creek. Larkin had to move or be trampled. As he leaped back out of the way, Gavin had a clear shot at him. The bullet slammed into Larkin's chest; he was dead before he hit the ground.

THOUGH he had taken a bullet in the shoulder from Bullock's revolver, Gavin still could move his left arm. His immediate concern was for the gold. Mounting, he rode downstream and finally overtook the pack animals which had stopped to graze in a green meadow. All four packs were secure.

Weak from loss of blood, Gavin was afraid to continue with the pack animals, knowing he might not be able to control them. And he didn't want to leave them, for with all that gold, those gold-hungry campers would certainly help themselves if they opened one of the packs and discovered what it contained.

Glancing up the hillside, he saw the mounds of several marmot dens, the animals known as groundhogs in Colorado. Where could he find a better place to hide the gold?

Leading the pack animals one by one up the ridge, he dumped the golden four-leaf clovers into a dozen marmot holes and covered them up. The marmots no doubt would dig around the gold, which was too heavy to be pushed out of their dens, and it would remain concealed there until he had time to come back for it. No one would ever look for it in a marmot den, which rattlesnakes often inhabited as well. When he had finished this task, Gavin was so weak he feared he would not make it into Denver City.

Herding the animals another mile downstream, he took off their packs and stashed them in the brush. He also caught Larkin's horse, unsaddled and released it.

Campers along lower Cherry Creek late that afternoon saw a horse with a man barely able to remain in the saddle. Carried into one of the tents, Gavin asked that he be taken to a doctor in Denver City and that his family be notified of his condition. He said nothing about notifying the mint officials, fearing that he might start a stampede of miners up the creek.

The doctor did not arrive until four o'clock the next morning, but Gavin's son, Tom, aged fourteen, arrived during the night. Gangrene had already infected his father's shoulder wound.

Asking the others to leave the tent, Gavin told Tom what had happened to the money, but he neglected to say just how far up the creek it had been concealed, and the boy, concerned about his father's sinking condition, neglected to ask. Gavin died at three that afternoon.

THE mint was duly notified of what had happened and an official searched Cherry Creek to its headwaters for the pack saddles, which would provide a starting point. But no saddles were found and no one along the creek would admit having taken them. Apparently someone had found and appropriated them.

The story of what happened was held up for more than a year while mint officials and Gavin's two sons searched for the gold. There were many marmot colonies along the ridges above Cherry Creek and because the gold was below the surface, it was necessary to excavate whole colonies. So far as is known, not one single golden clover-leaf has ever been recovered.

Later Tom Gavin told the story as his father had related it to him on his deathbed, and it has probably been enlarged upon since. It appeared in a newspaper believed to have been the *Western Mountaineer* published at Golden, Colorado, during 1861 and '62, but a recent search through the pages of that paper on file at Golden failed to locate the piece. I saw the clippings myself, which had been cut from the paper with no effort to retain the identity of the publication. Mrs. Cora Youngblood of Golden, who had kept them for twenty-six years, said they had been taken from the *Western Mountaineer*. She refused to give them up or to let me take them to be photographed.

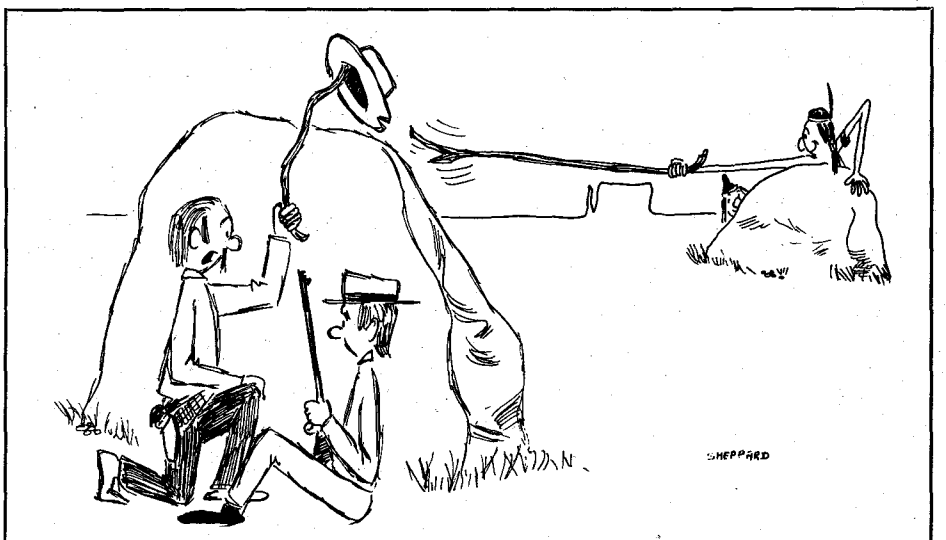
Bill Forbes, who made the final inquiry into the story, failed to locate Mrs. Youngblood when he tried to find her only a few months ago. Neighbors said she had moved to Texas, but they did not know to what town. The local post office could not help him.

Forbes contacted all the Gavins in the Denver, Golden, Greeley, Boulder and Colorado Springs telephone books but found none claiming kinship to the Gavins in the story.

So there is no known documentary evidence to authenticate the tale, other than the fact that some Colorado newspaper back in 1861 or '62 believed sufficiently in it to print seven columns about it.

Several old-timers around Golden, whose families settled there in the early days, told Forbes they remembered the story about the Gavin gold but the details were vague. It had been passed on to them by their parents, and they had been very young at the time.

However, several parts of the story fit together and in my humble opinion I feel certain it is true.



"I'm not sure, but I think those thievin' Redskins are gone."

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15th ANNUAL ROUNDUP

WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

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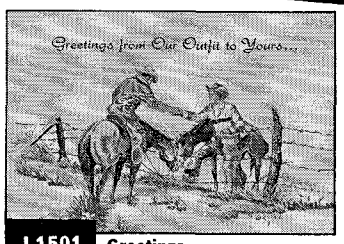
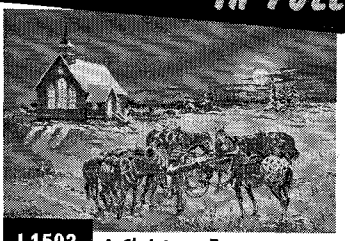
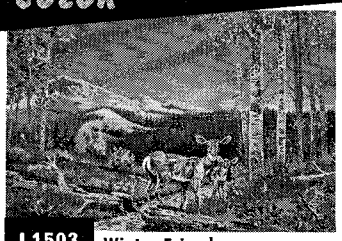


L1501 **Greetings . . .**
With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

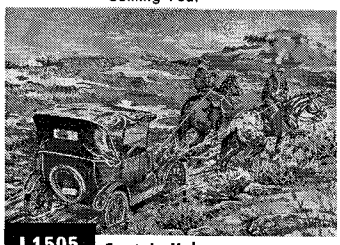


L1502 **A Christmas Prayer**
Greeting is a sincere and appropriate verse



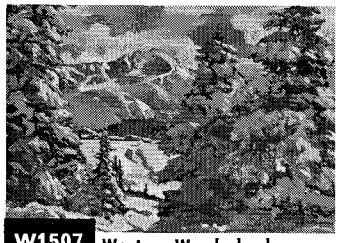
L1503 **Winter Friends**
Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year

D1504 **Merry Christmas**
With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

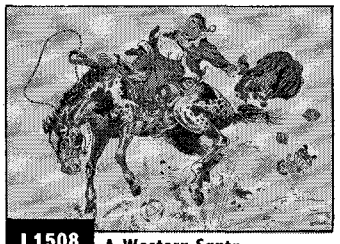


L1505 **Santa's Helpers**
Greeting is a friendly and appropriate verse

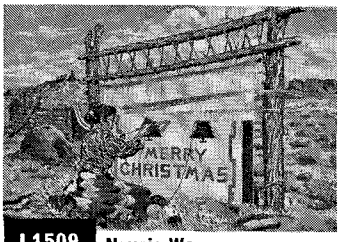
T1506 **Sign of the Season**
Glad Tidings along the trail and Good Prospects for the New Year



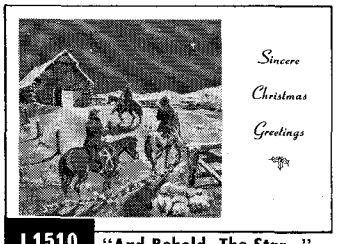
W1507 **Western Wonderland**
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



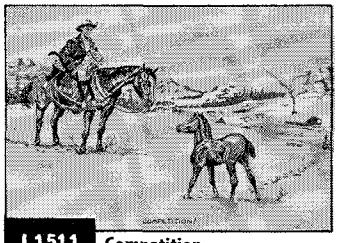
L1508 **A Western Santa**
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



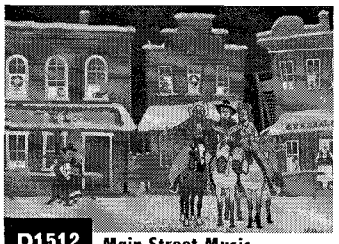
L1509 **Navajo Weaver**
With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season



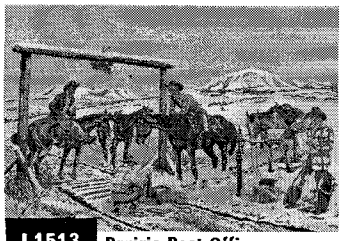
L1510 **"And Behold, The Star—"**
With Best Wishes for the Season and Happiness throughout the Coming Year



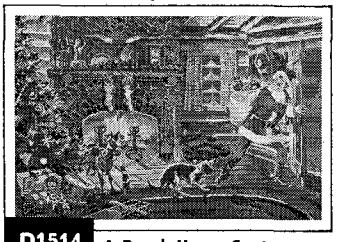
L1511 **Competition**
Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



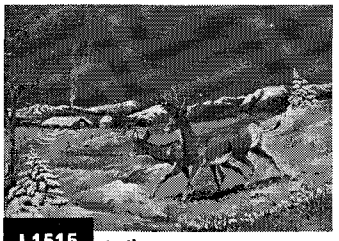
D1512 **Main Street Music**
A very Merry Christmas and Best Wishes in the Coming Year



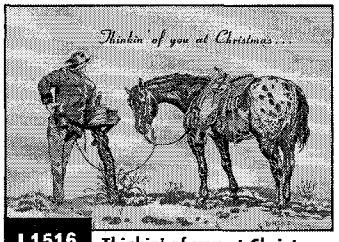
L1513 **Prairie Post Office**
With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to Your Outfit from Ours



D1514 **A Ranch House Santa**
A friendly greeting at Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year

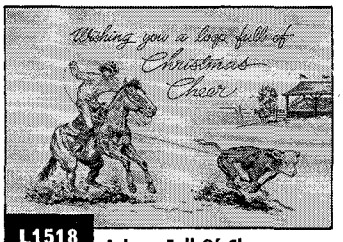


L1515 **A Christmas Visit**
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



L1516 **Thinkin' of you at Christmas**
Best Wishes for the Holidays and Happiness throughout the New Year

H1517 **Candles of The Lord**
May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You Throughout the Coming Year



L1518 **A Loop Full Of Cheer**
With Health, Wealth, and Happiness through all the Coming Year

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